

JULY A REVIEW OF OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAY 10 Cents
PERSONALITY OF THE FILIPINOS, By Peter Mac Queen

Timely Articles — ILLUSTRATED — Clever Stories

NATIONAL



MAGAZINE

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THE BEST OF REASONS.

"This soap is simply lovely."

"Of course, dear, it's Pears'."

All sorts of people use **Pears' Soap** all sorts of stores sell it,—
especially druggists.

The Story of Vanilla.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY ROBERT MANTON.

WHEN the good housewife takes a bottle of Burnett's vanilla extract from the pantry shelf to give zest, fragrance and flavor to her cake, pastry or frozen dainties, she little imagines the untiring patience, the almost endless labor and the peculiar skill that have been joined together to produce it.

Every bean from which Burnett's vanilla extract is made is handled more than one hundred and twenty times in the process of curing alone.

It should be remembered that four or five years must elapse before a vanilla plant will produce beans, and then many more months are needed to cure and market them. The whole operation of growing and curing is a complex science, and nothing else. It is mastered only in the school of long experience. It is a life's study of nature in the tropics, and only one of Nature's products at that.

The picking of vanilla beans begins in November, but the real harvest is in December and January. The green beans are brought from the forests to the town of Papantla, Mexico, by the Indians. The distance is about 15 or 20 miles, and the method of transportation is upon the backs of the Indians. (See Illustration.)

Green vanilla beans resemble an unripe banana, and a thousand of them weigh from 70 to 80 pounds. In earlier times the beans were sold by the thousand, but the custom to-day is to buy and sell by weight.

The beans have to be sweated repeatedly. They are placed in layers between the folds of blankets, and are then in turn removed and exposed to the air. After a seemingly endless repetition of this operation, the beans are spread out upon blankets in the open air, when the sun gives them a new color. Gradually they change from a yellowish tinge to a rich brown, running almost to black.

The curer goes over his beans with a watchful eye, using wisdom born of experience, to determine the exact length of time required to properly cure each individual bean. The curing cannot be done in bulk in a haphazard way, but each separate bean must be given constant

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scrutiny. When the curing is finished, the beans have been reduced to about one-seventh their original weight.

The vanilla bean rapidly deteriorates in value when improperly cured. It is pretty sure to become mouldy, even before it can be sent out of Mexico. It is a very doubtful speculation for any one not thoroughly familiar with the process of curing to invest his money in vanilla. Many inexperienced Americans have gone down into Mexico to speculate in the fragrant beans, and have come back much wiser but much poorer in purse.

Burnett's vanilla extract is the joint product of knowledge, honesty and capital. The one concern which stands foremost and highest in the manufacture of Extracts is the Joseph Burnett Company of Boston, Mass. For more than half a century Burnett's vanilla extract has had a conspicuous place in all the better class of stores throughout the world. The Company has stood firm and steadfast against the tendency of the times to reduce qualities by adulteration so the price might also be reduced. Burnett's Extracts are to-day, as they always have been, the best and purest. Their excellence proceeds from a technical knowledge of the vanilla bean and also from upright business principles.

(To be continued.)



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—ON—

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—BY—

MARY JOHNSON

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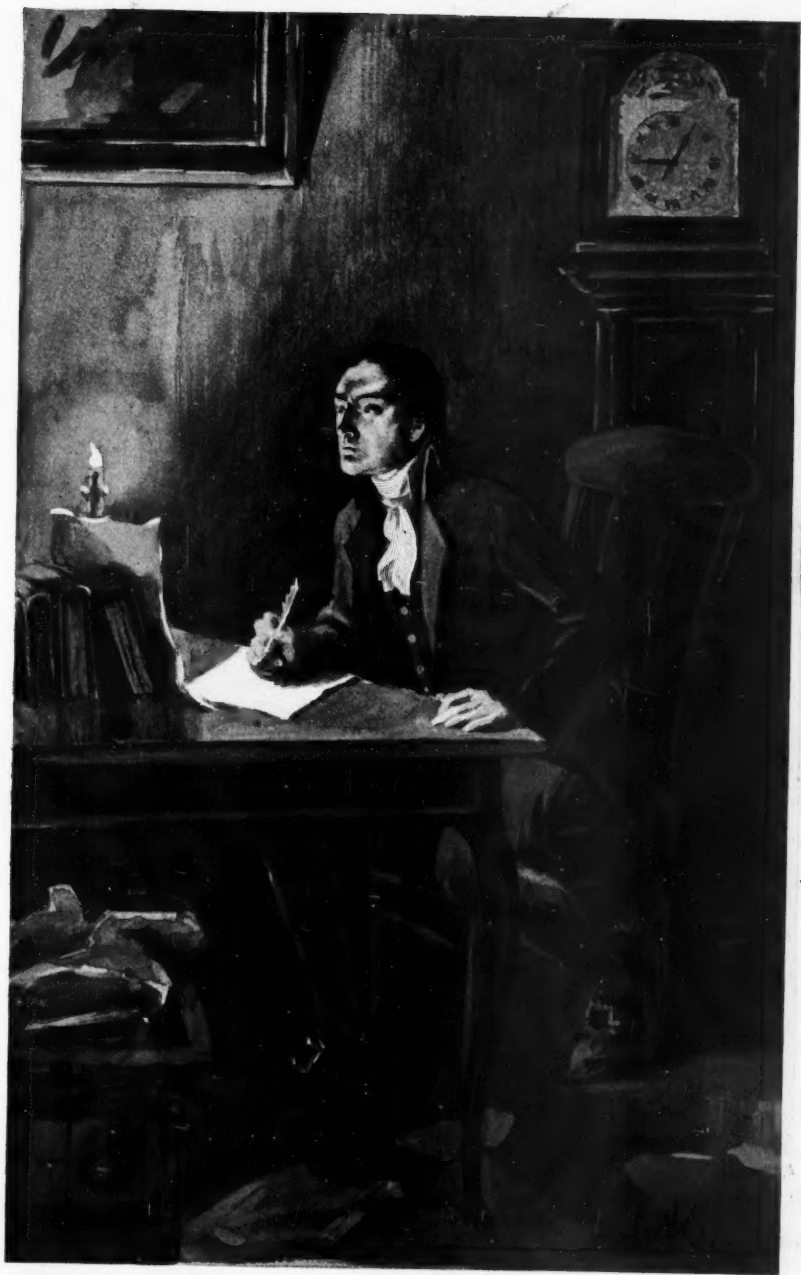
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THOMAS JEFFERSON WRITING THE LAST DRAFT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Drawn by J. W. Kennedy



By permission Lothrop Publishing Company

**LAFAYETTE AT MONMOUTH, LEADING THE CHARGE IN SPITE OF GEN. C. LEE'S ORDER
FOR DELAY, JUNE 28, 1777**

Frontispiece from "The True Story of Lafayette, the Friend of America," by Elbridge S. Brooks, just published

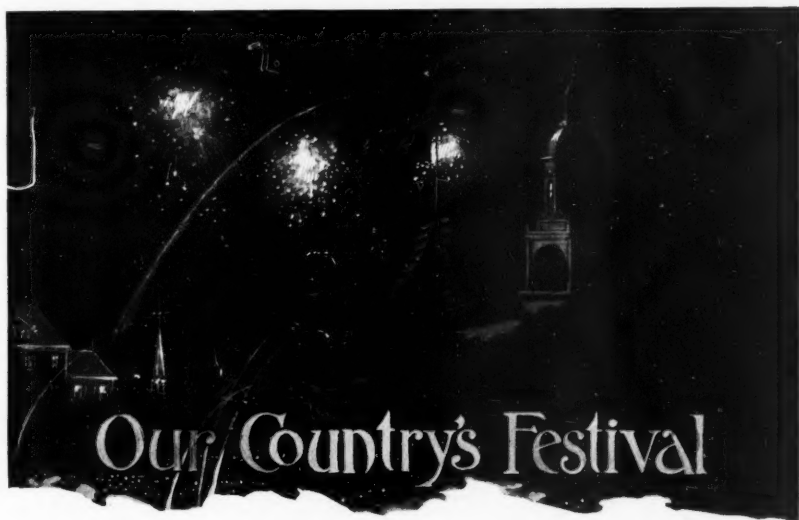
Drawn by Victor A. Searles

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No. 4



By Charles W. Hall



THE Fourth of July prophesy of John Adams in 1776 indicated the estimation in which the American people should hold the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and the most popular and effective methods of perpetuating it in the hearts of the people. Illuminated with the almost divine light of the dawn of American liberty, and with lips fresh from the

chrism of new born Freedom, he declared the fourth day of July would hereafter be "solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bon fires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other." It was evident that John Adams, Federalist and autocrat as he was, knew that every heart should be enabled to voice its own patriotism; and that the methods he indicated, alone could satisfy the men, who in battle and peril were founding the

republic, and who in hardship and labor must make it great and enduring.

FIRST FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION

With the first anniversary, wherever an American town, hamlet, force or fleet was able to do so, bonfires, illuminations, regular salutes and individual feux de joi ushered in the day and prolonged the night, while oration, prayer and praise prepared the hearts of men for their generally decorous, if somewhat noisy and varied demonstrations which made up the general holiday.

At Boston, July 5, 1779, the forts, batteries, ships of the navy, privateersmen and most private vessels, (for few craft went unarmed in those days) fired salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset, the church bells clanged in every steeple, and bonfires and tar barrels blazed at night all over the country, and this same program was carried out in nearly every American city.

In 1780, the day came on Tuesday and was ushered in as before with bonfires, the ringing of bells and with a general cannonade by the numerous vessels in the harbor, as well as the regular service, salutes and by a military parade. The dinner took place at Colonel Martin's hostelry, where the following toasts were drank in due course.

1. "The Grand Congress of the United States."
2. "General Washington and the American Army."
3. "His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France."
4. "His Most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain."
5. "The Strength and Unity of the Triple Alliance."
6. "The Council of the Massachusetts State."
7. "The New Levies for the War in 1780."
8. "General Lincoln, and the Officers and Soldiers in Captivity."
9. "The Marquis La Fayette."
10. "May the officers of the Boston Regiment be spirited; may they be supported in making the regiment of the town respectable."
11. "To the memory of General Montgomery and all the officers and soldiers who have fallen in the glorious cause of liberty."
12. "May Americans never forget that virtue, valor and science (wisdom) are the bulwarks of their high beneficence."
13. "May the Anniversary of American Independence be celebrated till time shall be no more."

It was doubtless a rude repast, according to modern ideas of a banquet

and washed down with more cider, ale and wine than is now considered proper or allowable; but the student of history and ethics will find that the toasts as given showed an intelligent appreciation of the political situation, and a sense of manly patriotism and sensibility. Fireworks, chiefly small rockets and portfires, or blue lights, blazed at times amid the darkness and not infrequently such toasts as are above recited were drank standing, to the roar of cannon and salvos of vollied musketry.

The small boys had to content themselves with "squibs" or small balls of moistened gunpowder, which fizzed and gave out sparks in the darkness; with the rapid waving of fire brands; the sight of glowing bonfires; and perhaps a limited participation in the "fun of fire;" i.e., the tossing of fire balls made of tow, saturated with tar or turpentine, into the air; an amusement in which many men and boys frequently took part.

AND THE ANVIL CHORUS BEGAN

In the country places, where there were no cannon, the blacksmiths lent their anvils, each of which had a small square depression in the base, holding from half an ounce to an ounce of powder. This being filled in one of the anvils, a loose priming of powder was spread to the edge of the loaded anvil and the other placed upside down over the charge. A long heated nail-rod was used to light the priming, and a loud report resulted. Sometimes a very thick, flat ring was hammered over and placed between the anvils, which doubled the charge, the report and the danger. Short sections of wooden pump-log, breeched and bound with iron, and like rude artillery, were also utilized, and the musket or fowling piece, which hung on the hooks over the fireplace, was

seldom silent on Independence day. An old horse pistol, or one of the clumsy, short barreled, flint-locked pocket-pieces of that period was a precious possession in the eyes of a patriotic American boy, at the end of the eighteenth century; and any old gun and pistol barrels, tubes of iron and brass, and even the great keys of those days helped to furnish a substitute for legitimate weapons, as indeed they still do to this day in some sections of the country.

"Republicans a little later, and hereafter called Democrats," was bitter in the extreme.

The Democrats held their banquet in a marque on the grassy slopes of Copp's Hill, and had made unwonted preparations for a memorable feast. Landlord Eben Eager of the Jefferson Tavern on Prince street had agreed for three hundred guests at \$1.00 per plate, but had been directed to "provide liberally" for a much greater number.



From an old print

FOURTH OF JULY ON BOSTON COMMON

NOISE WAS THE GREAT ESSENTIAL

It should be said, however, that in that age, nearly every seaport and frontier hamlet possessed one or more small cannon, swivels, pateraros, Asia-tis jingals, boat guns, blunderbusses, or the like, capable of making a great deal of noise, with a comparatively moderate expenditure of powder. And this was the principal feature of a celebration at that period.

A TEMPESTUOUS ERA

The celebration at Boston in 1806 took place during the presidency of Jefferson, and at a time when the struggle between Federalists and the

Only three hundred and sixty sat down to eat, and the committee found themselves confronting a moderately large deficit. They offered Eager three hundred and sixty dollars, but he was eager for more.

Benjamin Austin, then Loan Officer, had been especially active in getting up the banquet and lost his temper. He refused to pay Eager more than three hundred and sixty dollars; and the landlord at once employed Thomas Oliver Selfridge, a lawyer living at Medford, to bring suit for him. This was done, and Selfridge, hearing that the Federal press proposed to open out again upon the Democrat commit-

tee, induced the editors to refrain from so doing until the case had been tried. Then Eager, settled through a friend, and not through his attorney, and the editor regretted his lost opportunity, and ill-timed complaisance.

So he told Selfridge that Austin had said, that Selfridge had busied himself in making trouble for the committee, and had stirred up Eager to begin the suit. Selfridge sent a friend to Austin, who acknowledged that he had slandered Selfridge, but refused to to make a public apology, or to give his authority for the statement as made.

Selfridge felt that Austin would neither fight nor apologize; that he was too old or too unmanly to horse-whip, and so he determined to post this bitter and fatal notice which may still be read by the curious in the Boston Gazette of Aug. 4, 1806.

The notice read as follows:

"Benjamin Austin, Loan Officer, having acknowledged that he has circulated an infamous falsehood about my professional conduct in a certain cause, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman in similar cases, I hereby publish the said Austin as a "coward," a "liar" and a scoundrel, and if said Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of this charge, he shall be silenced by irrefragable proof.

Thomas O. Selfridge.

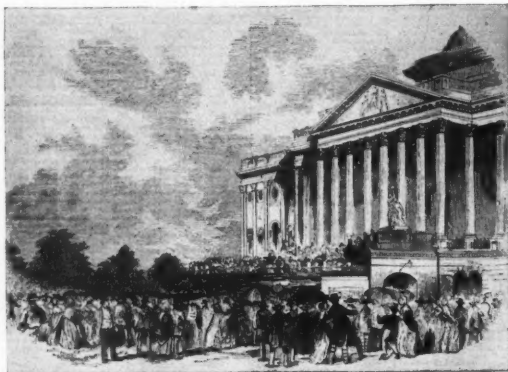
A FATAL SEQUEL

Charles Ausrin, son of Benjamin Austin, then in his senior year at Harvard, determined to punish Selfridge, and attacked him on State street, while passing from his law office in the old State House to the Merchants' Exchange. Selfridge drew a pistol and mortally wounded Austin in the left breast, for which he was afterward tried and acquitted. The trial was an event of national political interest.

THE HALF-CENTURY CELEBRATION

The fiftieth anniversary fell on Monday, July 4, 1825. At New York, the

reception to General La Fayette gave intense interest to the occasion. An immense procession, a grand review, receptions, races, regattas, banquets, followed each other without intervals; Castle Garden



DANIEL WEBSTER DELIVERING THE FOURTH OF JULY ORATION FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL IN 1851

From an old print

being the scene of the evening display of fireworks.

In the forties and fifties, came a period of great processions, larger reviews, and more splendid displays of fireworks.

Wherever one finds a group of Americans on the "glorious fourth," at home or abroad, on land or sea, they are always unsatisfied, unless the explosive and demonstrative spirit of the Fourth of July is asserted in no uncertain manner and their patriotism satisfied.



FOURTH OF JULY IN THE KLONDIKE

By Dr. Lydia R. Clements



ASLEIGH-RIDE in the dominion of Uncle Sam, on the Fourth of July! Who of our forefathers would have thought this possible when they were signing the Declaration of Independence?

It was my good fortune to be the first woman, from east of the Rockies, to go by Chilkoot Pass, coming out by the way of the Yukon and St. Michaels, and the experience is one especially associated with my celebration of the Fourth of July within the arctic circle, yet on soil within the jurisdiction of the United States.

At first, the thought of going to the Klondike may seem appalling to a woman, but it does not compare with a journey to Chicago from Boston,

eighty or one hundred years ago. In all that long journey of 7,000 miles I felt quite as safe as if traversing the forests of Maine or of the Adirondacks; and I could never quite forget the fact that I was under the protection of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Although, of course, I mingled in and partook of the hardships of frontier society, made up as it was of gold-seekers from all parts of the world, there was never a place in which a woman could not intuitively feel that she was among gentlemen and cavaliers, who held woman as sacred as the memory of their mothers.

[READY FOR THE CHILKOOT PASS ROUTE

Ketchikan, a small fishing hamlet on an island, was our first stopping-place, and here the gold fever began to show acute symptoms. Fort Wrangle, the next stop, is one of the oldest settlements in Alaska, and was at one time

an important Russian trading, military and missionary station. Up to the development of the Klondike, it was a fair sample of a "busted boom town." There had not been a building constructed there for years. When the attempt was made to have an "All Canadian route," the real estate boom was resuscitated, and property sold again at fabulous prices. When we arrived the boom had again "flattened." Of course I could stop and tell you volumes concerning the queer inhabitants of this place, and of the Indian totem poles which represent in crude hieroglyphics the family history; but that is another story by itself.

We reached Skaguay the following morning, which is the Sodom of Alaska. Here many a poor fellow has used up his hopes and ambitions in dissipation, for it is distinctively a "tough" place. Six miles from here, at the extreme end of the canal, is Dyea, and we were domiciled in a three-story hotel constructed of sheathed rough boards. Our goods were to be packed to Lake Lindermann at seven cents per pound, which was quite a contrast from thirty-eight cents per pound the year previous.

We took a cart for Canyon City, nine miles distant, which is as far as a wagon can go. About 20 miles from Canyon City is the terminus of the tramway which carries goods over the summit with an overhead cable—a triumph of American ingenuity.

Then the tedious walk to Sheep Camp, twelve miles distant, began. I abandoned civilized garb and donned a shirt waist, short skirt and bloomers. The climb was very laborious, and we stopped often to rest, consequently we were very tired and glad when we reached the big hotel at our destination. The next day we procured horses for the other lady of the party

and myself for the trip to the "Scales," a big rock at the summit, which is as far as the pack trains can go.

This was the morning of the Fourth of July, 1898, bright, warm and clear, with the sunlight dancing on the snow on the mountains above us, while in the valley, woodland flowers were blooming in all their beauty. From Sheep Camp the trail becomes much rougher and steeper, crossing and re-crossing the stream many times, and great boulders, large as ordinary houses, which had been torn from their mountain fastness by the action of glaciers lining the pass, often break loose and come tearing down the valley as one did a year ago in the Sheep Camp disaster, carrying death and destruction in its wake. One of these immense rocks, called the "Stone House," is as large as a six-story brick block, and the glacier slide just mentioned tore it from its resting-place, where some former slide had left it and, carried it two hundred yards, splitting it in two. The scenery was ruggedly picturesque, but the trail was so rough that the horse had to jump from rock to rock, which naturally kept me in constant terror of my life.

We passed near the place where a few months before the great snow slide buried nearly one hundred people, killing about seventy. The trail we were on, however, was perfectly safe at all times, only a little rougher, for which reason so many used the lower and more dangerous trail.

Without any serious mishap we arrived at the "Scales" about noon, and after a short rest and lunch, we began the climb of the famous Chilkoot Pass. The snow was not yet all gone, even on the south side of the mountain at that place, which made our work all the more difficult. The trail along here was strewn with the carcasses of dead horses.

It is nearly a mile to the custom house at the very summit of the first high mountain, and here we leave the domain of Uncle Sam. The packers carry up over one hundred pounds each, and some as much as 198 pounds.

From the summit we had a sleigh-ride, on a Yukon sled, across Crater

goods at \$3.50 per day. We embarked on a boat 26 feet long, carrying two tons to a portage, to be ferried across a mile or so, in a narrow stream of water filled with rocks, to Lake Bennett.

There were a large number of boats with us, including the Salvation Army



DR. LYDIA R. CLEMENTS

In costume in which she made the trip over the Chilkoot Pass

Lake, which was still frozen over; this on the glorious Fourth of July.

We only went as far as Deep Lake that night, where we took lodgings in a canvass hotel. The guide said it was a summer picnic compared with the year previous. The next morning we walked over the trail to Lake Linderman, where we stopped a day or so at a hotel and we feasted on canned

boat. Eva Ballington Booth had come with them that far, but was compelled to return, owing to illness. We tied up that night at a picturesque and historical cove, which had been a former haunt of the earlier pilgrims.

We were now in the land of no night—no darkness, and yet nature demands sleep. Our whole party fell asleep; I was the only one awake, and

a feeling of awe came over me as I thought how far I was from the dear ones at home. What would they think to see me waking and watching in that isolated camp, on a great lake in Alaska? But I was not afraid, for the night birds kept me company.

At Tagish we met the irrepressible mounted police, who were always so delightful to us, and after being labeled and numbered by them they allowed us to proceed, and the swift current of Sixty Mile river carried us at a rapid pace through the enchanting scenery between the great grim mountains, scarred by volcanic eruptions, and pedestaled with pine and spruce. Wherever the hand of man had touched, a bunch of blossoms burst forth—bright magenta, looking something like verbenas scattered here and there—and the grand, primeval impressiveness of it all was inspiring. We camped on an island near the foot of Lake Marsh, a sheltered cove, where we found another party of campers already located. Two married couples from Chicago, who were enjoying their honeymoon, had been there several days.

At White-Horse Rapids, a little farther on, we found about one thousand people encamped. It was at the foot of the falls that we met the first steamer put on the lakes, the "Willie Irving," coming from Dawson on her first return trip. There were great preparations for packing outfits around the rapids, while some sent them over the horse tram railway. Leaving our boat below, we pitched camp in a typical London fog, with the mosquitoes as thick as the plague of Egypt. We were also kept awake by a number of men who were chasing about and staking out many claims. In a few hours, even before breakfast, claims had been staked out five miles down the river, and they were asking

as high as \$5000 for some of them. But this was only an outbreak of the gambling spirit that controls frontier life.

We had to lay up at the head of Le Barge two days, and found two hundred boats there ahead of us, and a white tented city had sprung up in a night, having nearly a thousand people. There was a beautiful grove of cottonwood and spruce, and a lovely carpet of grass that made it an ideal camping ground.

Here, we had a chance to visit and meet other pilgrims, who like us, were all bound for the gold fields, and exchanged experiences.

We met people from nearly every state in the Union, and civilized nation on earth, many of whom could not speak a word of English. Some had been on the trail for months, and others had just come right through.

LeBarge is the largest of the long chain of lakes that form the source of the mighty Yukon, and after getting through this lake we entered Thirty-mile River, which has a current so swift that it never freezes, even with the thermometer sixty degrees below zero. We made the run of thirty miles in two hours, passing many wrecks where other unfortunates had left their all, and sometimes their lives as well, by striking a rock.

Our pilot kept the sail up, and passed dozens of boats, the occupants crying to us, "take down your sail," but we sped on.

At the junction of the Hootainqua and Thirty-mile rivers, there is another Police Post.

The Five Fingers is where the great rock islands divide the Yukon into as many channels, but there is only one that is safe for a boat to go through, and even by this route it takes a clear brain and a steady hand to carry a boat through safely. We

arrived at Fort Selkirk, formerly a principal post of the Hudson Bay Co., that evening. It is situated on a high plateau, at the junction of the Pelly and Lewes rivers, and has been selected as the capital of the Yukon

then went on to Stewart River, one hundred miles farther, where we found over five thousand people camped, and some pretense to the dignity of a settlement. Many had built "caches" on four posts, about ten feet high,



DR. LYDIA R. CLEMENTS

In the winter costume of the Klondike

Territory, and will be the terminus of the White Pass railway this summer.

There were about one thousand people camped here, many of them discouraged and wanting to turn back before they had reached the promised and. We remained here a day and

where they had stored their goods while they were gone up the river to prospect. The other thousands who remained there, were idling their time away, waiting for the word from their friends, who had gone up the river.

The only means of travel at this time was by boat, and there were over a thousand tied to the banks. As none of the boats which had been used to come down from Bennett could be taken up the Stewart on account of the swift current, those wishing to go up, had to build long narrow batteaus, which they could alternately row and pull according to the speed of the current. There were more women here, than I had before seen on the way in, and I visited a great many of them. Some I found to be highly edu-

were not only strangers to me, but as much so to each other; and that I did not know a half dozen people in all that throng, and not one I had known for over a few weeks.

We could see the town some time before we reached it, and the tents on the flat in the town, and stretching back into the hills, looked like patches of snow on the landscape. As we got nearer, the boats, lining the waterfront for two miles, were from three to six deep, so that it was impossible to get to the shore, and as the current



THE YUKON RIVER BOAT LANDING AT ST. MICHAELS

cated and cultivated ladies, and found that I was not the only lady physician, as two had arrived some time previous and gone on to Dawson.

We arrived at Dawson about six o'clock in the evening, and I shall never forget my first sight of the place, and the impression it left. I did not realize, until we were actually there, that this was the end of our journey.

The trip had inspired so much interest, that the time and even the object of our journey had almost been forgotten, and I could scarcely realize that here I was, a frail little woman; 7,000 miles from home and just about to land among 30,000 people, who

was very swift, we had great difficulty in landing at all.

As soon as the boat was made fast, I started up town to enquire for a hotel. Although nearly midnight it was still daylight. They charged \$6.50 a night for a single room with only a canvas partition, dividing one off from a lot of snoring, drunken men, and of course we could not remain under any consideration, so I went back to the boat and had them spread some canvas as it was beginning to rain, and we two ladies stayed on the boat that night. I sat up most the night and didn't sleep.

Dr. Grant, the Presbyterian minister who had charge of the New Good

Samaritan Hospital, gave us permission to pitch our tent on the hospital reserve next to his own. It was a privilege never to be forgotten. I never wearied of the constant and feverish excitement which dominated the people here and my friends in Dawson seemed like every one else. They didn't know one day, what their plans would be for the next. The people, or at least most of them, seemed to have lost their reason, and would go walking aimlessly up and down the street, making plans one hour for their future, only to change them the next. The greatest excitement was caused by the sound of a steamboat whistle, when 10,000 people would surge down to the landing, to see the boat come in, and scan the faces of passengers for a familiar countenance. The passengers would be just as anxiously looking for a familiar face, and for an encouraging word of welcome.

But there was little to encourage. Homesick men tramped the streets and trail night and day, and thousands never took their goods from their boats, except to take them to second hand dealers, to be auctioned off under the red flag, to obtain money to get home.

As soon as the steamer was ready for the return trip either up or down river, the crowds would again gather to see if perchance there was a friend there who, more fortunate than themselves, would take a letter or word of explanation of conditions to friends at home; and when the boat pulled out to the accompaniment of whistles from other steamers in port, the homesickness and longing in the faces of those left behind was pitiful.

"Home again!" How sweet the words! I left Dawson hoping to re-

turn and visit the land of gold and feverish enterprise, of arctic cold and winter darkness.

The return trip was one continuous succession of crowding and discomforts, but we bore it all good naturedly in the thought of once more getting home. The outrageous impositions and insolence of transportation companies and their agents were forgotten. We left September 14th in a crowded boat, arriving in three days at Circle City, where we met other steamers bound up. Eight days more took us to St. Michaels, a continuous passage through a desolate country, stopping nearly every hour for wood and meeting the native Indians. Another thirteen days were spent at St. Michaels in a stuffy, crowded hotel or on board ship—waiting—waiting.

But there is an end to all things, and all these annoyances are forgotten in the happy memories and associations of home—even the inspiring Fourth of July spent on an icebound lake, and with a sleigh-ride, the lonely midnight voyages by daylight over desert lakes, and the downward rushes through swift rivers,—a trip of 18,000 miles—are not experiences to exchange for the content and serenity of home.

We landed at many Indian villages coming out from Dawson on our return trip down the Yukon. The Russian Indians have a strange way of catching fish in a cage, and adopt even more humane methods than the whites, as they kill them by hitting them on the head with knives.

An interesting visit was made to the Greek church at the old Roman mission, established over a hundred years ago, which is filled with interesting pictures and views.



MISS ANNA FARQUHAR

ANNA FARQUHAR AND HER LATEST NOVEL

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



WHILE it may not be in strict accordance with the ethics of literature to manifest a personal interest in the author of a popular novel, it is an inextinguishable custom, and the moment a novel succeeds the readers are always interested in the personality which the story represents. The ordeal of submitting to the public demand in this respect must prove annoying to an author and very often they are at loss

to satisfy the craving of romantic admirers. It is asked of them if the characters drawn are "real" persons and if the descriptions of scenic bits are of "actual" places. The kodac enthusiast attempts his snapshots and the interviewer insists upon knowing just how the author came to unfold his tale; what were the innate feelings experienced as the events uncoiled chapter after chapter. In nearly every case the author asserts that the characters drawn are often composites or the blending of types and personal-

ities known to them. The "realities" of the picture are invariably secondary to artistic effect—with a great stress upon the selective rather than the creative faculty

* * *

Not very many years ago a little girl of six wrote her first letter to one of those middle-aged friends who seem always first in the hearts of little girls. The letter cost a great deal of effort in keeping the penmanship within Spencerian bounds, and positive little tails were affixed to the commas that they might not be mistaken for periods. The phrasing was as if she were talking to him, simple and profuse, but the letter brought as its reward a dainty and shining gold dollar.

This act of encouragement on the part of a kind friend has its place in giving to the world the author of "The Professor's Daughter." Miss Anna Farquhar is a "Hoosier" and a native of that state made famous by James Whitcomb Riley in his dialect poems. Her father, Hon. John H. Farquhar, was member of congress from Indiana during war times and a close and intimate friend of President Lincoln. Her musical talent developed very early and her ambition was to be an opera singer, and with that purpose in view she studied in Boston, singing in the leading churches and then going abroad to complete her education. Just as she was about to make her debut and realize the fruits of her study, an illness came which affected her voice and the whole course of life was altered—she was compelled to give up the profession in which she had so admirably succeeded and turn to other methods for an expression of her artistic temperament.

* * *

Miss Farquhar did her first important literary work during her several

years' residence abroad. She was the regular European and London correspondent for the *Boston Transcript*; her letters were marvels in strength and scope and attracted much attention which immediately caused a demand for her work in the field of literature.

Her first novel, "A Singer's Heart" brought out by one of the best publishing houses in Boston, was a success. Her dramatic and musical criticisms in the *Transcript* still further added to her rapidly expanding literary reputation. Her recent stories in various other prominent publications and her strong vigorous literary work under nom-de-plumes has attached a wide circle of readers, attracted by the strong individuality expressed in everything she writes.

* * *

"The Professor's Daughter", her latest book, first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and it has placed Miss Farquhar in the front rank of the younger American authors. There is a vital touch of life and human interest in her fiction, and the delicate coloring of word pictures at once shows the master hand of artist and craftsman, never drifting from the analytical appreciation of human interest. In fact "The Professor's Daughter" has all the swift epigrammatic force of the French school combined with the purity and solidity of English letters. Miss Farquhar, a distinctly American author, has foreshadowed the true status of the American school—a blending of the prominent characteristics in English and French literature, devoid of imitative suggestion. This is also true because of the strong and original faculty apparent in younger American writers, an outgrowth of environment and a just compensation for the hardships of pioneer life.

When a young girl Miss Farquhar accompanied her parents for a summer outing at a beach in Rhode Island. There she acquired close and sympathetic touch with Rhode Island folk, which has led to the developing of a literary field, distinctively and exclusively her own. Her writings will be valued as a historical record of the ways, manners and dialect of a distinctive American type. Her work along these original lines has hewn a niche of no small proportions in American literature.

It is quite apparent from her writings that Miss Farquhar's great delight is in the outdoor pleasures at the seaside, fishing, rowing and sailing; that there is a wholesome appreciation of the freedom and vigor of life among these quiet fisher folk with which she is personally familiar. The local color in her literary work, always strong and pronounced, subtly indicates the author's tastes for a life full of robust undertaking and hardy achievements.

The clearest conception that future generations can obtain of the life and character of the present time is expressed in current fiction. We are inclined to be skeptical as to this statement when we see the mass of novels that descends like an avalanche on the bookstalls at every quarter of the moon, almost rivalling the daily newspaper in the rapidity of production; but it is, nevertheless, true. In what more enduring form are epochs reflected than in fiction? Fiction deals with human beings—concrete individuals of flesh and blood, depicted from real life, without placing them upon an historical pedestal with the everlasting perfunctory adulation or denunciation of the conventional historian, who deals in the abstract.

Some books belong to the restful and happy days of summer sunshine.

They are best when read out of doors, where the clover, the hedges, the cool lanes, the picturesque sand dune; in fact, where all Nature seems attuned to the spirit of the book; then the environments are complete, and such a companion helps to pass many hours of luxurious ease. In the memories of a happy summer who does not remember the companionship of a novel quite as distinctly and pleasantly as that of a new and valued acquaintance? The selection of one's books is as peculiarly essential as the choice of rooms or other subsidiary comforts and conveniences—at the beach, springs, country or mountains.

"The Professor's Daughter" is a novel that will go with the summer sojourner to the beach. It contains all the elements necessary to meet the highest demands of popular taste. It is luminous without being voluminous; it has poetic beauty contrasted with dramatic strength, and throughout possesses a refreshing, epigrammatic philosophy touching each individual reader at some point.

The story opens with a scene in the office of Dr. Layton of New York City, a leading eye specialist. The very first chapter shows the broad strokes of this authoress in making her character sketches in the few lines, describing the waiting patients. She pictures them seated about the room with a vividness that prompts one to instinctively sniff the atmosphere peculiar to such apartments.

Louise Fremont, daughter of Prof. Fremont, had called to have her eyes examined. In a decisive way she was told to rest them. She had been assisting her father—a delightful sweet-spirited retired college professor and bookworm—in the production of certain books on Historical Research. The wife and mother is dead, and the

relationship between the father and daughter is one of the sweet tones preserved throughout the book. The gossip at the semi-fashionable New York boarding house is full of humor, spirit and epigram. Here it is that a relation of Dr. Layton's deceased wife recites one side of a pathetic domestic story concerning the doctor's past life, which causes conflicting emotions in the soul of Miss Fremont.

* * * *

At the next visit to the doctor Miss Fremont is ordered to the seashore to rest, as her eye trouble threatens to

and the cheery air of vacation days pervades the whole.

"On and on they drove, seeing on either hand a thickly-settled farming community. Occasionally a house was deserted, its roof partially gone, and decay threatened the forsaken dwelling; but as a rule the homes looked prosperous and well-conditioned. After a half hour's ride they turned off of the post-road on to a gradual declivity leading down to the sea. As they made the turn Louise exclaimed:—

"'Look! Father! Look!'



MISS FARQUHAR AT HER FAVORITE RECREATION

become serious, and the doctor also orders the professor's "History of Myths," then in preparation, on an indefinite furlough. This is readily agreed upon, and the father and daughter go to Rhode Island, at the doctor's suggestion. Here the vital action of the story begins, and the real hero, Ol Peckham, the fisherman, steps "on the boards."

The arrival at Weecapaug, their destination, and the drive from the railway station to the country house, is a delightful bit of summer reading,

"A wonderful panorama of sea, sky, sand-dunes and hillocks, covered with savin trees and huckleberry bushes, the latter in the first flush of autumnal decay, met their eyes."

* * * *

The descriptions of the Rhode Island folk, where they stop, is fascinatingly real, and the reader at once feels at home. Miss Melissa, the New England spinster, is there to greet them cordially with quaint sayings. The first introduction to Ol Peckham and his droll philosophy, shortly after

their arrival, is characteristic of his environments.

"'Ol Peckham! Quit it! Don't you shoot them turkeys! Don't!' screamed Melissa, wobbling toward him at a great rate.

"'Melissa, jus' take a reef in yure sail. I ain't a-goin' to tetch 'em; but sure's anything I'd like to drop a shot through the whiskers o' that gobbler, jus' to see what he'd do,'—and he looked up at them with a slow smile growing about his mouth as though it could not hurry."

* * * *

A touch of healthful religious sentiment creeps in.

"The professor had seated himself, and Louise stood leaning against a post as Ol Peckham made a move to go, saying: 'I mus' git a move on, same's Melissa, even if it taint along the same road to hell. Yu know she 'lows we're all sinners bound fur hell; an' I 'low if I do's good's I know how in this world I ain't going to a worse, sinner or no sinner.'"

Ol Peckham is the boyhood chum and friend of Dr. Layton. This friendship he keeps with the purest devotion, and the doctor invariably spends his vacation with Ol, hunting and fishing. Ol is a famous marksman, and on one occasion he shot a hawk, "an old pirate," he called it, much to the displeasure of Louise, who was with him at the time. In defense he says:—

"'I calculate t'aint the killin' I likes; it's the hittin'—don't think nothin' 'bout killin'. If a stone'd git up an' fly I'd enjoy shootin' at it jus' 's well. It's the sport; but women folks wan't built for it.'"

* * * *

Moonlight scenes are seemingly necessary to all ideal romances. In this book the tribute is altogether a delightful poetic expression.

"Moonlight is the soul of Nature; the moon her aureole. It is the exquisite spirit of things devoid of the warmth and deformities of flesh. All things are idealized in the moonlight. An ugly woman is uglier in the light of the sun, but the moon brings out whatever slight perfection her face may contain, screening the defects, while a beautiful woman is perfected under its idealizing influence."

The practical side of moonlight was related by Ol Peckham, from experience he once had.

"'Al Hepburne, my mate, waked me up shaking o' me hard, saying: 'You fool, do you calculate to get moon-struck? Git out o' this!' I heard them words but not a gurgle even could I get out o' my mouth. He hauled me to my feet, standin', and I 'low I carried on same's a fool 'th drink. I never was drunk, but I felt the same's them as drinks' looks. My head wouldn't work any more'n a donkey's, and it wan't right again until mornin'. Did you know the moon'd spile a mess of fish layin' out in it sooner sun do? If we's ketch a mess now an' lay em' out yonder on the sand, they'd be spilt before mornin'.'"

* * * *

Ol Peckham's description of his visit to a city is a delightful touch of humor.

"'It's as much as a man's life's wuth to walk's fur's a fathom 'd be in New York. Doc took me around one day, an' says I, by evenin', 'By Gui, Doc, I've had enough! I'll lose my mind a-lookin'. I'll take the first train hum;' but we went to a theayter the same night, an', by Gui, I never did see such heat. 'Twere 'nough to roast clams in. It took a holt o' my feet so's I had to take off my shoes an' rest 'em while. Couldn't stand it no-how.'"

"'Ol, do you mean that you took off

your shoes right there in the theatre?"

" 'I cal'late I did—just! I were wearin' them red socks Mrs. Clark knits fur her boys, an' my feet looked jus' similar to two briled lobsters, an' folks looked mighty hard at 'em; but I wa'n't carin' nothin' 'bout 'em, twa'n't none o' their bizness; and comfort's the furst thing more'n style, to my way of thinkin'.' "

An uncle of Doctor Layton's arrives and he proves to be an old college chum of the professor. The two revel in memories of the old college days, and unconsciously forget their present surroundings:—that is,—they do not pay much attention to the young people, who manage to take good care of themselves. The time passes on fairy wings, but Louise remains cold and reserved, with the exalted and lofty ideal of only a pure man, but she later underwent an auto-analysis when Ol Peckam philosophized:

" 'Gurl, you won't mind me, will you, if I say's you don't know how to feels, well's you might fur all folks? You stan' back from 'em, an' that makes 'em stand back from you theirselves. Its love makes love, every time.' "

The dramatic episode in the story is reached in Ol Peckam's heroic action to save Louise from drowning, in which they both nearly lose their lives.

* * * *

The summer wooing must be left to the delight of the reader. Louise confesses her love but will not marry Doctor Layton because he is below her ideal, for, in his rugged honesty he had confessed it. The cataract on Louise's eye kept steadily growing worse, and she is to suffer an entire loss of sight. When this stage is reached the growth may be removed and sight restored, but not until then; it may take months and it may take

years. But this only causes the Doctor to press his suit more earnestly, so that he may protect her through it all, and we find her answering him:

" 'Now listen to me for the last time. If the man I love is not my ideal when I find him, he must grow toward it, if he wishes to claim me. If you continue to drink as much alcoholic stuff as thousands of American men do, with your nervous temperament and hard work, you will be a wreck of yourself in another ten years. I have heard that physicians frequently go that way,—they take it to keep up their nerves. You know what I demand of you in all ways without explaining. Besides, Oh, Everett, I could not be a burden to you. I forget when I say these things and give you some hope, that I will be unfitted to be any man's wife.' "

* * * *

In this pathetic scene there is a trace of Kipling's subtly expressed horror of blindness.

* * * *

In the denouement Ol Peckam and his philosophic common sense serves a good purpose in bringing together the lovers. The Doctor and his nearly sightless but happy wife, Ol Peckam and his pipe "Mary Ann" are last on the scene. In a locket he has a lock of "th' gurl's" hair.

* * * *

"When the children playing on the sand at the foot of the dune ask him to open his little gold locket and let them look inside, he says good humorly: 'Could'nt do it for nothin'. My fortune's locked up in there, an' it might spill out if I was to open it.' "

Thus the story ends. There is a feeling of satisfaction even when the last page is read and the cover closed, and you sit musing as if loath to leave the characters so humanly portrayed.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE FILIPINO

By Peter Mac Queen

MANILA, Philippine Islands, May 6, 1899,



THE state of things at present prevailing here makes a tabulation of true facts very difficult. No one knows the whole situation. Yet we are all becoming more and more familiar with our problems. The army has been eminently successful. Peace and quiet reign in Manila, and a measure of prosperity is coming to the distracted place. I have made my inquiries of all classes of people, American, German, Filipino, English, Japanese. I have made my observations on the streets of Manila at all hours, in the camp of the army, in the trenches, on the battlefield, in the homes of the natives, and in the palace in the walled city. From these inquiries and observations I can make the statements that follow as the best judgment I have just now concerning the questions involved in the present crisis here.

First. I do not consider the Filipinos as yet fit for self-government. Concerning these people there are a great many different theories. I have found them courteous, with a certain degree of brightness, but not reliable. They are good copyists, and evidently have imitated the deceit and treachery of the Spaniard, without acquiring his

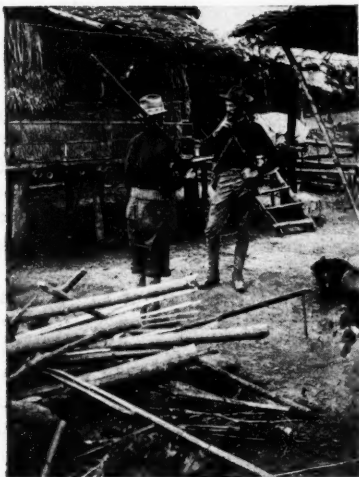
proud sense of honor. Men who, like the MacLeods, have lived here a long time, tell me that they are intelligent and have latent ability to make splendid citizens. I can see in the young boys much that is full of promise. The best blood of the native races seems to be the pure Tagal. In him, I think, is the germ of a nation like Japan. There are many half-breed Spanish-Filipino, Chinese-Filipino, a few Japanese-Filipinos, and I fear there will soon be a number of American-Filipinos. The half breeds are subjects of contempt here. Yet there are clever and honest men among them. I saw the Ygorrotes fight, and

attended one of them when wounded. He was a beautiful savage boy about fifteen years old. He had no idea of what the war was about, and not the faintest conception of civil liberty at all. Out near Tarlac I found a wound-

ed Tagal. He was shot with a Springfield and was dying. I bound him up and took his confession through an interpreter. Among other things he said: "Forgive me for fighting the Americans. I did not know what they were." He had no idea of freedom as we understand it. Many of the wounded and of the prisoners told me that they fought for some intangible idea wrapped up in the name of "Aguinaldo." They did not show hatred of America; yet the whole race



MAJOR ROGERS AND STAFF



ON DUTY

look at us sullenly; they do not love us. They are "your new-caught sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child." An old chief had surrendered to some soldiers on our march to Malolos. The boys told me to take him and send him home. I did so, and tried in every way to conciliate him, giving him food and money. When I turned my back he clutched a bolo and shook it; but a friend interfered. But with the children there is no difficulty. One boy came into McArthur's division at Malolos who had learned the whole manual of American arms. The boys are not suspicious, and are the only ones among the natives who like us. There are said to be many tribes and languages. But on inquiring from the priests and reading Spanish books written by the Jesuit Fathers, I find that there are only a few leading tribes, perhaps half-a-dozen, whereas many writers seem to think that there are nearly a hundred. I should say, from facts I can get at just now, that the leading tribes are the Tagals in Luzon and the North Islands, the Visayans in the Middle Islands and the Moros in

Mindanao and the Sulu Islands. Perhaps further research will show me differently. The languages as given me by the fathers of the Recoleta Order, are Tagalo, Visaya, Pangasinan, Moro, Negrito, Pampango—these are at least the leading dialects. In the towns and villages taken by our army, under Gen. Wheaton, in his march on Pasig, and Gen. McArthur in his march from Malabon to Malolos, I found old books and manuscripts, many of which were written by the priests in the Tagalo language.

The tribes are said to be at enmity one with the other. But I do not think this counts much in a war with a white race; for though they may not understand liberty in our western sense, they do know that white is one skin and black is another. Thus I saw the men of Tarlac and some big mountain fellows wounded. They did not seem to understand each other very well; but they came and besought us to let them help one another as they lay wounded and in captivity. We must make allowance for the oriental



A SPANISH COURT IN MANILA



A BAND OF CHICKEN FORAGERS

mind. All the brown men would, I think, unite at any time against Caucasians under some mystic name or beneath the spell of some hypnotic influence. For example, Aguinaldo was a renegade in Singapore. I have good reason to believe that the Filipinos, guided by such men as Paterno, had arms hid, and 25,000 men ready for revolution at Mariquina before Dewey ever came to Manila. Spain, they said, had broken her promises, and Aguinaldo had left. They proposed to have another fight themselves.

And now behold the miracle. The great American captain of the war comes and with him the lost Aguinaldo. Some of the natives, it is told me, discovered the site of Manila by the sound of Dewey's guns, and thought it was an earthquake. Aguinaldo thus heralded becomes a God. This, coupled with his shrewd working on the superstition of the Tagals, and on their prejudices against Europeans, made this war possible.

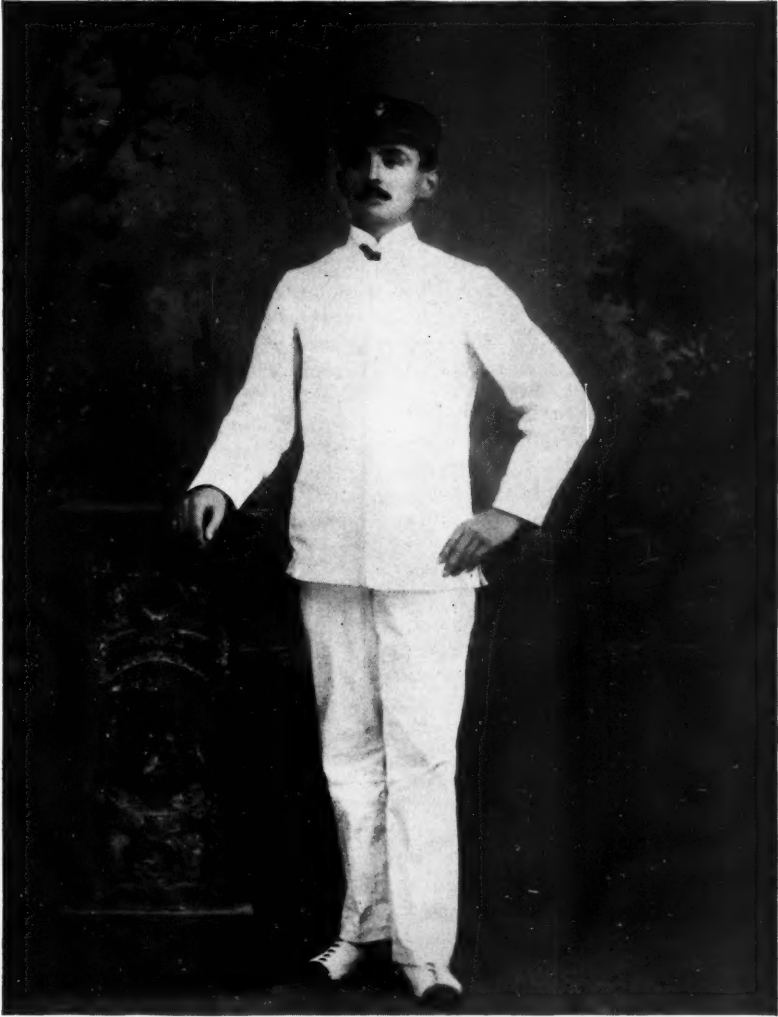
Second. The natives have some education, which I fear is worse than

none. Father McKennon, the noble Catholic chaplain of the First California Volunteers, assured me that the holy orders are more sinned against than sinning. He came here, sent by the Catholic authorities, to investigate them and report back to Rome and to America. He tells me that as the result of his inquiries he finds much to commend in the Spanish friars of the Philippines.

My own impression of the Spanish priests is not so favorable. It is evident to a keen observer that these Filipinos have the smirking smile and suave deceit of the typical ecclesiastic. That, I think, makes it more difficult for our government than if they were primitive savages. I went into the school-houses at Malolos and in other towns, and the books and charts used were certainly correct; but the curriculum must have been very limited. Then from the fact that the churches taken by our army were all fortified, I am inclined to think that the padres have mingled far more in politics than was good. These priests are also accused to me by first-rate business men



BRIDGE WHERE THE WAR BEGAN



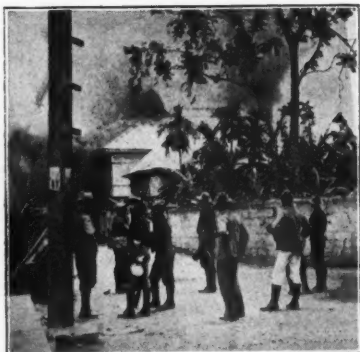
CAPTAIN M'CARTHY

Who took the "Grant" around the world, as chief officer of the vessel

in Manila with having been at the bottom of the Katipunam Society—a Society modeled somewhat after our fraternities, but devoted mainly to revolutionary aims. The Filipinos, no doubt, were sincere and right in building up this Society; but the priests are

suspected of having formented discontent in order to show the Spanish government how powerful they were with the people, . . . for they could manage the Katipunam Society when the Spanish government could not.

Our American authorities have, in



MALOLOS, REBEL CAPITAL, IN FLAMES

several instances, thought they had discovered the padres signalling from their churches in Manila to the insurrectos in the field. I went in two cases to see the priests. In both instances they happened to be the Recoleta Fathers. One case was at the San Sebastian Church in the New City, and the other was in the Recoleta Church in the Walled City. The padres received me very cordially; they were the mildest mannered men that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat. I went to the towers of the buildings in question to get a look at how our lines lay from them. In the San Sebastian Church they had a good view of our lines, but in the Recoleta Church it was rather a poor outlook towards Paranaque. I rather think the good fathers, at least in the latter case, were at prayers and not at war. I am going to meet the archbishop and some more of the fathers, and will be able later to give a more intelligent view of the friars. In the meantime, let me add, that in the Filipino villages I find the title-deeds to estates are quite often made out in the names of women. This seems to show that the padres, in disposing of lands, like to deal with women, because they are easier coaxed with religious trumpery.

In wandering through the churches I am struck with the crude idolatry of forms. The ideals the Virgin Mary teaches may have elevated the women, who, I am told, are phenomenally chaste. But to our intelligent soldier lads, Catholic and Protestant, it seemed little of a sacrilege to take these fanes of prayer and make them into barracks.

When we came upon any books or vestments of the padres, it was evident to us that these men lacked nothing of the good things of a genteel life; and I found often in their libraries a fine collection of books. It is said that many of the priests were formerly Spanish soldiers, who, having seen the luxury of the clergy here,



PETER MACQUEEN CONFESSING A DYING FILIPINO AND GIVING A LAST DRINK

went back to Spain, took holy orders and returned to these islands. Upon the whole, I do not think the priests expect the United States to maintain them in their former supremacy. This gives me room to believe that they may be in some way connected with the present rebellion. Although much is said about the Filipinos hating the priests, yet one can see that the Filipinos are deeply religious. Nearly all of them that I see have crosses and scapulars. The insurrecto soldiers think that such things are charms, and render them bullet proof.

Concerning the habits of the Filipinos, I notice they are temperate and

very cleanly about their persons and their clothing. They are forever washing their bodies and their vestments. But they do not understand sanitation very well at all. Thus in the water-closets at Malolos we found a great menace to our health. If one of the natives has small-pox he says: "It is the will of God." If a soldier of Aguinaldo dies, they think it is a fate. The men I have seen among the insurgents fighting, or wounded, or dying, showed remarkable courage and endurance. They do not bemoan themselves; they are stoical. They suffer and die like men and heroes. Much ought to be possible to these men.

Third. I think that while this war will make the old and middle-aged

with great effect. And in talking with Filipinos, I noticed they felt very bitter about it.

This matter of maintaining the status quo of Spanish laws until the Islands are pacified, is also made use of as a handle by German and English residents, who, by the way, are not favorable to our presence here. England, for reasons of statecraft, may say she wants us here; but I have yet to find a British merchant in Manila, or hear of one in Hong Kong who does want us. It goes without saying that there is no such a thing possible as international friendship. England and Germany are our natural enemies here, because they are our natural competitors; whereas France and Russia are neither of them so fiercely in competition with America, and are, therefore, better allies. England is fiercely hated in the Orient. It is beyond a question that every educated Hindu is a rebel. England's alliance would mean a dreadful loss of money and prestige for America, in my judgment.

But right here comes in a proposition which may be wrong and may be premature. I venture to make it. With wise laws in the Philippines we can educate the natives, and make every educated man a loyal friend, where England makes them rebels.



SENTINEL IN RICE FIELDS

people bitter against us for a long time, yet we shall have their loyalty if not their love, provided we are great enough to guide wisely and govern well.

I have it on the authority of Hon. Timothy W. Coakley of Boston, an American lawyer here, that the drivers of cabs, etc., pay \$28 a year for taxes (Mexican), and in many cases the whole outfit is worth \$100 Mexican. We all understand that this is war time. But these poor folk have been so long deceived that they think this is only another cloak for tyranny, and that we shall never give them better forms of taxation. I am told that Aguinaldo's men used this argument



BRIDGE BLOWN UP BY INSURGENTS

And why? Because England treats India with great arrogance. Americans, on the other hand, are not arrogant, and are really willing to give free, just rights to all. The Americans can become very popular with the natives if they will act wisely. In this respect Russia is far and away the strongest power among orientals, because the Slav is the meek man. The Americans will have to watch one weak tendency of ours. We are too free and easy. In the West call a man a thief and he tends to become a thief. Bully a man with us, and you degrade him. Now it is different here. You must, I will not say bully a man—you must assert your power. The oriental construes hesitating kindness as a sign of weakness. You can be uncompromising with him, and still be kind. But you must show no sign of hesitancy. Hence, I think it was good for our Commissioners to put in their proclamation that everywhere American authority would be asserted.

Some other things work to our prejudice, both with the natives and with the Europeans who live here. They do not know what nationality I belong to, therefore they talk to me quite freely. I talk especially with Englishmen and Germans. One thing is the Custom House. It is asserted that our officials in the Custom House are very uncivil, and that the delays and annoyances are worse now than they were under the Spanish regime. Of the tariffs and the "open door" policy I cannot speak, because I do not fully understand them. No doubt the Government intends to have the Custom House in splendid shape very soon: and to give up imposing the bad Spanish taxes. For every dollar raised from such things as exorbitant taxes it will cost the government a hundred dollars to put down rebellions; the islands are especially suited for petty wars.

The cleanliness and quiet which are the rule in Manila to-day reflect the



THEIR DOMESTIC LIFE IS SIMPLE FOR THEIR WANTS ARE FEW



OUR PARTY AMID THE RUINS. THE ONLY WHITE MEN IN CITY NIGHT AFTER THE FIRE
 Petr Mac Queen, correspondent of "The National Magazine", sitting on extreme left.

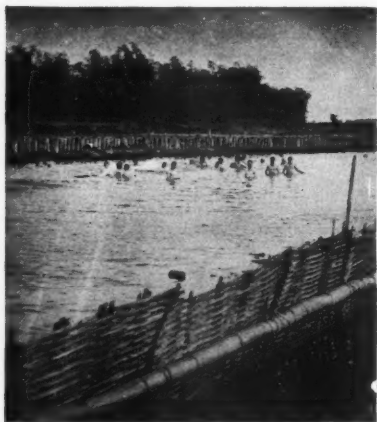
greatest possible credit upon the American rule. And the people of that city never saw so much money as now circulates. There are irregularities among our soldiers: and I have seen them take away the carrametas from the drivers, and beat Chinamen without a cause. But the officers are very strict when they find out any such offence. The vast majority of American soldiers, however, are gentlemen; and I doubt if in all the world's history, an army ever took possession of a city and behaved so well.

The volunteers fear that the rebels will make a guerilla war, and in that case would like to get home. But if there is a fair fight on, the men will all, regular and volunteer, wish to

stay and do their manly best. A big Nebraskan said to me the other day: "Do you think Gen. Meiklejohn will get us home soon?" But that same man scaled one of the strong forts at Malabon and fought his way through heaps of slain. You have nothing to be ashamed of in the soldiers you have here. But there are too many saloons; and the saloon-keepers are making the most money just now in Manila. The temptation is very great for the boys to go on a lark pay-day. Life is dull and hard for them, and a good drunk is a change.

In respect to the soil and climate here I can only speak for my own ideas. The months of March, April and May have certainly been very fair. The weather is dry and I have tested

the temperature and have found it to range in the shade from 62 at six in the morning to 91 at noon. It is somewhat damp, but I have felt hardly any discomfort. The nights are delightful. The country where our army has been operating is level and covered with rice fields. Where the fields are wet, as those near the Pasig River are, the rice is green and lush. In the villages and towns taken by the army I found



BOYS BATHING AT WATERWORKS

thousands of bushels of rice, which seems to be a staple. But tobacco and sugar could be raised with equal ease. The Chinese in the suburbs have fine market-gardens. All tropic fruits and vegetables would grow. Here the world of vegetation is in "the morn and liquid dew of youth." The country is rich in the furrowed field, rich in the forest heights, and in the hills crowded with waiting metals. The soldiers of Colorado and the mining States have panned gold between the skirmishes.

Fourth and last. Only men of highest wisdom and probity can make the situation here safe for the American people. Many such men are in office here. There is complaint that all are

not. All offices where there is money to handle should have been above lust of office, the allurements of bribes, and the temptation to arrogance. There are thousands of such men in America. Here we are on trial. The nations of the world are the jury. We have in the fortunes of war come by an empire nearly as large and richer than Japan. It is a quaint old-world place. The climate is good enough. We die of dysentery in Manila; but you die of pneumonia in Boston. By every fair means keep and govern wisely the Philippines; at least for a time, until we find out whether they are rich.

The old Filipinos we shall have to let die in peace. The young men will make splendid native militia under American officers, to police the islands and clean out the nests of villains that



CHURCH AND RUINS OF MALABON

are in nearly every mountain fastness. The children can be put to the American schools. Then as time unfolds, we shall know what we want to do. America should stand alone as she always has done. This is my judgment as far as I have gone in these investigations. If at any time I see reasonable cause to change I will do so. In another month I am going to Negros, etc., and will report again. Through the kindness of Gen. Lawton and his staff I have been greatly aided in my studies.



GENERAL LAWTON

CAMPAIGNING WITH GENERAL LAWTON

By Peter Mac Queen

MANILA, Philippine Islands, May 6, 1899.

HERE we are, after fifteen days hard "hyking." The verb "to hyke" means to travel, trudge, sweat, drink all sorts of water, fight and charge the enemy. Since April 22nd General Lawton and 3,500 men have been pushing up through the hills of Norzagaray towards San Miguel, in order to drive the rebels out of the mountains and throw them over towards the Dagupan railroad, where General McArthur is operating with 10,000 men.

On this expedition we have had more wild, romantic scenery and rich, abounding vistas than before. The road as far as Novaliches is good. For the next six miles it is as bad as could be. No road at all. Wild trails through unknown mountain tribes. We traveled in caribao bull-carts. These caribao are water buffaloes, and in the high, dry lands, we had not water to throw upon them, so they died—twelve of them. General Lawton and his staff worked harder than

the men, if that were possible, and we were two days going five miles. It was a marvel to get cannon and wagons over such roads; and, to make it worse, our guide turned traitor, leading us back into a hostile country. We were attacked and harassed night and day. With my chum, Peter Dutkewich, of Warsaw, Poland, and Mr. Ching-Ching, the coolie, from Hong-Kong, I, unfortunately, took quarters between the main body of troops and our pickets. The enemy's scouts came up at night, showing great bravery

Lawton is very strict about looting or plundering or any kind of interference with peaceful inhabitants; but with armed men he is a very scourge of God. He walks and eats and sleeps just like the soldiers. When our bull-carts were stuck in a deep gulch he saw that there were heavy boxes in some of the wagons.

"What is in these boxes?" inquired the old Indian exterminator.

"Apollinaris water," answered the teamster.

"For whom is it?"

"For the officers, sir."

"Off with it," said Lawton. "I'm an officer and I don't want Apollinaris. They're no better than I am. Let the officers drink water like the men."

Indeed, they might well drink the water of the hills; for it is sweet and limpid. Springs are in the deep dells; mountain brooks rush off as if they heard the deep sea calling. They clatter over golden sands; for I examined the sand one day, and, with a practised

miner, found golden signs of promise. "If they discover a gold mine," remarked the miner, "the United States will not need an army to subdue these islands. Just give a few Western men a claim and a gun and turn them loose." The land must be tilled to the sea, for the rivers run with rapid currents. I crossed the Norzagaras River, wading up to the shoulders, with Major Eastwick and the First Battalion of the Oregons. I had to hold on to a man's gun, and even then was swept down, but caught and got tangled among the men; so came safely to land.

At Norzagaray, as at other towns, I



FILIPINO OFFICER RESTING AT HOUSE OF AN "AMGO"

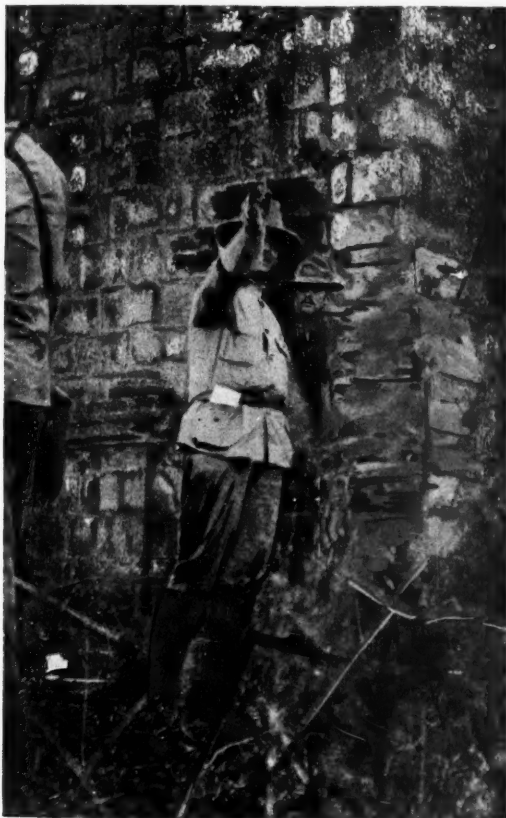
and coolness. They saw our light both at San Jose and at Angat, and fired on the hut; at San Jose the bullets went over us; at Angat they came through the hut and we slept not.

A boy named Trenham, of the Thirteenth Minnesotas, saw one of these scouts crawl near us one night. Crackle went his Krag Jorgensen, and in the jungle, sixty yards from him, they found a stout Filipino with a bullet in his spine. We buried him after breakfast. As they rolled his uncared-for body into the grave, I thought were his cause a winner he would go down as one of the men of Leonidas Von Winkleried or Wallace.

noted signs of culture. Some houses had quite good china ware in them; others had fairly well selected libraries. In one there was a fine edition of Teller's History of Greek Philosophy, written in French. The rebels peppered us at Novalichs and laughed at our cannon, although St. Scott, of

awful lot of shooting to kill a man in this up-to-date warfare.

No one can overstate the work and heroic endurance of the doctors and their aides of the ambulance department. Here and there one may find a crank among them, but as a rule they are very self-sacrificing.



GENERAL LAWTON DIRECTING THE BATTLE

the Sixth Artillery landed shells right in their trenches. At Norzagaray an insurrecto came out in front of a platoon of our men and waved his hat and held it up for them to hit. Thirty-six shots were fired at him. Then he coolly walked away. It takes an

One of the great results of Lawton's expeditions is that he induces the natives to come back to their homes. From Bocane to Angat, is 18 miles. I trudged that one hot day. All along the road for many miles are the nipa-huts of the Tagals. In

this country by May 5, they had returned, put white flags on their houses, and were working the rice-fields.

Home life among the Tagals is very pure and sweet as I am given to understand and as I see in visiting the homes and villages. I have thus far visited 60 or 70 towns and villages. The Catholic faith enjoins fidelity to conjugal ties; and I am told and I am inclined to believe it, that the people are phenomenally true to all their marriage vows. As I look into the faces of the people I can discern no signs of debauchery at all.

The Chinese coolies have acted splendidly as litter-bearers. They rush into the battle singing and with a cheer. I saw two of them shot down as they ran to lift a wounded man. Of course some are cowards, but the "heathen Chinese" is good for war.

Our own men, Catholic and Protestant, paid little heed to the churches. They burned the wooden images of the Apostles for firewood. And it was a question which was the greater sacrilege—the men using the figures of Christ to cook coffee, or the government agents sending such abominable coffee for the men to use. They have a song:

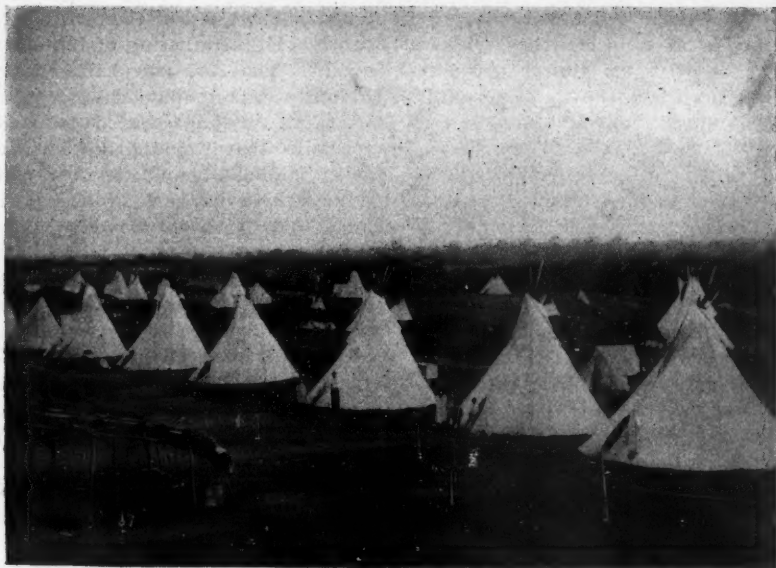
"Hard-tack and bacon;
Bacon and hard-tack.
We wash it down with coffee
Which is vile as it is black.

The soldiers are great big good natured boys out on a picnic. Sometimes they get it, sometimes they do not.

Lawton has organized a party of 25 scouts from the North Dakotas, Oregon and other western troops. The leader is W. H. Young, a famous veteran scout. He is the best shot in the command. The scouts are all the time looking for trouble. They usually get it, for the Filipinos are fighting a rear-guard fight and are showing excellent ability in their methods of retreat. Yesterday four of us went

out to take the picture of some dead rebels and horses. When we reached the scene we were three miles outside of our lines. Peter Dutkewick was with me; he sees more "niggers" in a day than any man in the service would see in a week. "There goes von neeger"—shouted Peter as a white hat appeared above a ridge 800 yards away. "Oh nonsense," says I. It was General Garcia. As good fortune would have it our scouts turned up at this point. The rebels opened on us. It was a terrific hail of iron. I jumped the biggest jump of my life and landed in among the mud and the decaying bodies. My comrades scattered like chaff. It was a frightful predicament. I repented of more sins in those five minutes than in all the rest of my life. The bullets dug holes, spattered dust on the road and threw mud in our faces. Finally a lull came and then our scouts opened. They drove 200 rebels over six ridges. We sent a man into Balinag after assistance. The Fourth Cavalry under Lieutenant Boyd sent a troop down the road. In a few minutes they came up to the scouts; just as the scouts were running out of ammunition.

At Balinag we found many valuable stores and caught some important prisoners. General Lawton seems to have been hampered and embarrassed very much by orders from the palace. We all expected he would have full command of all the forces, and Otis holds both the civil and military power. Otis is a hard worker but an old woman in many ways. The soldiers all believe in Lawton's ability and would fight under him like Trojans. McArthur is a good man but booky. Weaton is a strong fighter. But the toughest fighter of all, with all odds against him, holding off the richest power on earth, is that little piece of Mestigo clay called Aguinaldo,



INDIAN VILLAGE NEAR FORT SILL

IN THE LAND OF THE RED MAN

By Florence Bledsoe Crofford

FEW patriotic Americans are aware of the unreconcilable fact that the natal day of our Independence is observed with hilarious enthusiasm by an alien race in an alien country. That there is a spot in the very heart of our great Republic where the American citizen cannot exercise his mighty prerogative of voting. The rusty wheels of government creak in his listening ears, while he furiously gnashes his teeth because of his impotency to use a few of his own bright ideas as a lubricious application. The "pore, pesky intruders," as our red brothers have dubbed us in derision, is a castaway in his own country. He sees the string pulled and the button pressed by ignorant semi-savages and incompetent

"Squaw-men." Why does he stand idly by and not raise a hue and cry of indignant protest? is asked. He has no rights; he is a puppet in the hands of a careless government; capitalists pushed him out of the states; he sought a home in that much-talked-of Eldorado, the Indian Territory, but, like the villain in the play, "they still pursued him."

Cattle syndicates and Squaw-men drive him to the wall even here. But when the Glorious Fourth rolls round he forgets his wrongs, fans the dying embers of his patriotism, and makes ready to enjoy the gala day of the year in the territory. He hitches his mangy mules to his wobbling wagon, deposits his large and interesting family therein, and hies him to

one of the railroad towns. Here he celebrates in true territory style, nip and tuck with his glum, greasy, revolting neighbors, the blanket Indians, and his supercilious and would-be superior landlord, the "Squaw-man." The latter is accompanied by his dusky spouse (who isn't dusky at all in most cases, but is as fair as her "intruding" sisters), and his Indian olive-branches, on which rich slice of territorial pie he has built his fortune.

If our patriotic intruder selects Anadarko, the agency of the Comanche, Kiowa and Apache Reservation, he will see the full-bloods from the far-off interior hills. This is a great day to sullen Indian and sturdy intruder. It is one of the few opportunities af-

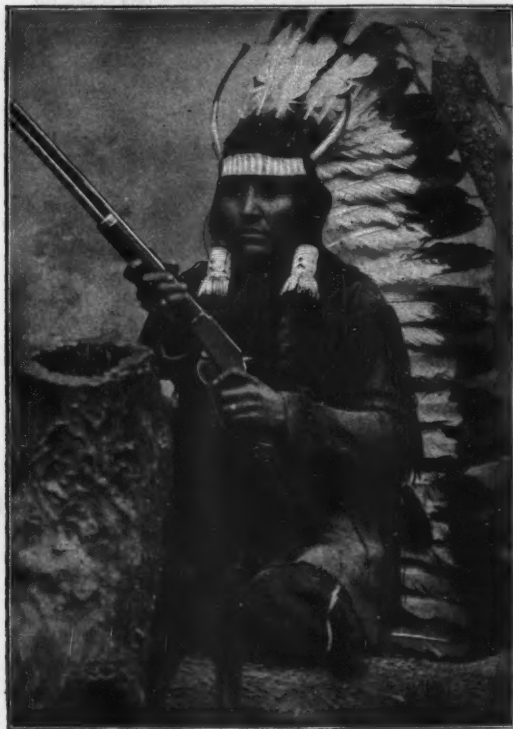
forded the whites of the territory to witness a large gathering of full-blood Indians. The Red man hauls out his hidden paraphernalia of gorgeous buckskin, tinkling, beaded trinkets, moccasins that would drive a curio-seeker wild, and bonnets adorned with trailing eagle feathers for the great chiefs and valiant braves. These buckskin robes, profusely fringed and beaded, and ranging in color from palest yellow to exquisite sea-green, are rare and costly. They are seldom seen, except on great occasions.

Our festive friends select a convenient coigne of vantage from which to view the "dress parade" of the Indian, beginning about ten o'clock. The military band from Fort Sill

strikes up some inspiring airs—at least to the music-starved ears of the denizens of the territory. The toot of a tin horn and the wierd wail of the tum-tum comes from towards the river.

"Look out, Injuns comin!" some one shouts. A bucking broncho leads the motley procession bearing a gaily-painted chief. The proud warrior looks neither to the right nor to the left; his drooping eagle feathers wave in the wind; his dazzling white buckskin suit is deeply fringed and beautifully beaded; his moccasins are dreams of woven color; his crimson breech-clout is drawn gracefully about his waist and knotted at one side.

This is the poetry of Indian life. Now comes the prose. A pair of ancient looking ponies painfully draw a rattling wagon, around which capers a yelp-



COMANCHE WARRIOR

ing throng of measly Mexican dogs, into view. A dirty old squaw, sitting flat down in the bottom of the wagon, holds the lines. Her black, greasy hair, bare of covering, glistens in the sunlight. Several other squaws of similar appearance, and some repulsive papooses, fill the wagon. There is nothing picturesque about them. Then comes a white pony, grotesquely adorned with dabs of red paint and covered with United States flags and jingling bells. A young boy, gaudily dressed and waving an immense flag, is his rider. He is the son of the old chief, and feels his importance.

The red, white and blue is greatly in evidence. The next horseman provokes roars of hearty laughter. He is a ferocious warrior—feathers, war-paint and all—mincingly holding a tiny red cotton parasol over his bare head. And thus the incongruous procession marches proudly by. What does "poor Lo" know of the eternal fitness of things? He has done his best.

The dress parade over, there is a hurrying of vehicles and horsemen to the bald prairie beyond the settlement to witness and participate in the issue of beeves to the Indians. At a given signal a cow is driven from the pen to the open plain. The waiting braves on their wiry bronchos dash madly after the poor, frightened animal with wild whoops. The cow rushes straight towards a crowd of spectators viewing



KIOWA SQUAW AND PAPOOSE

the scene from their wagons. There is a sudden scattering. The prairie is a medley of flying ponies, buggies, wagons, Indians and "Intruders." An old Apache succeeds in roping and throwing the cow. "To the victor belongs the spoils." The cow is shot and turned over to an eager gang of Apache squaws. Cutting up a cow is squaw's work. The valiant braves rush off to chase another animal.

It is a revolting sight to watch these savage women as their work. They plunge their glittering knives into the quivering cow, their arms bloody to the elbows. A young boy catches the spurting life blood in the hollow of his hand and drinks it off with gusto.

camp fires is curling from the tops of the white tepees dotted over the plains. The squaws are preparing the feast of half-cooked beef. Our friends find a cool spot under a big cotton-wood tree on the banks of the beautiful Washita, and with congenial company enjoy a



KIOWA GIRL IN FULL DRESS

The warm blood is supposed to engender a warlike spirit.

In this manner seventeen beeves are issued and disposed of to the different tribes—Apaches, Kiowas and Comanches.

About mid-day the smoke of the

royal feast of good things. In the afternoon the crowds collect under the harbor at the fair grounds to see the Indians race their sturdy, shaggy little ponies. It is rather more amusing than exciting.

The lemonade and soda-pop venders

do a rushing business. The Indians are their best customers and take kindly to the Pale-faces' progressive pink lemonade, peanuts and pop.

The Red man does not assimilate with his white brother. When spoken to he grunts and sullenly shakes his head. The conquered race carries an unforgiving heart beneath that painted exterior.

After the ponies have been run to a finish, foot-races and Indian games occupy a few hours. A game of baseball—Indians versus whites—draws the crowd; but they return to witness a procession of grotesquely mud-plastered figures solemnly walking up and down the race track—some even riding mud-bedaubed ponies.

But the best has been reserved for the last. Just as the sun drops suddenly below the broad expanse, a ball of glaring glory, an old medicine man begins to tap the tum-tum (war-drum) at measured intervals. Then a musician draws weird, wailing cadences from a reed-pipe and the war-dance begins. Two or three figures begin to dance slowly around the tum-tum, single file, with a peculiar measured hop.

More and more join the moving circle. The music gets faster and louder, and in a twinkling a panting, perspiring throng of excited Indians are dancing vigorously.

Another tribe starts up their own peculiar dance close by; and still another of the tum-tum begins and the noise waxes loud and furious. The exhausted dancers drop out and rush to the lemonade stands. "Fire-water" is strictly prohibited.

Others hop into the vacated places. Squaws, braves, papooses and medicine men caper and swing, howl and sweat. A solemn, crooning chant accompanies the dance, and adds to the

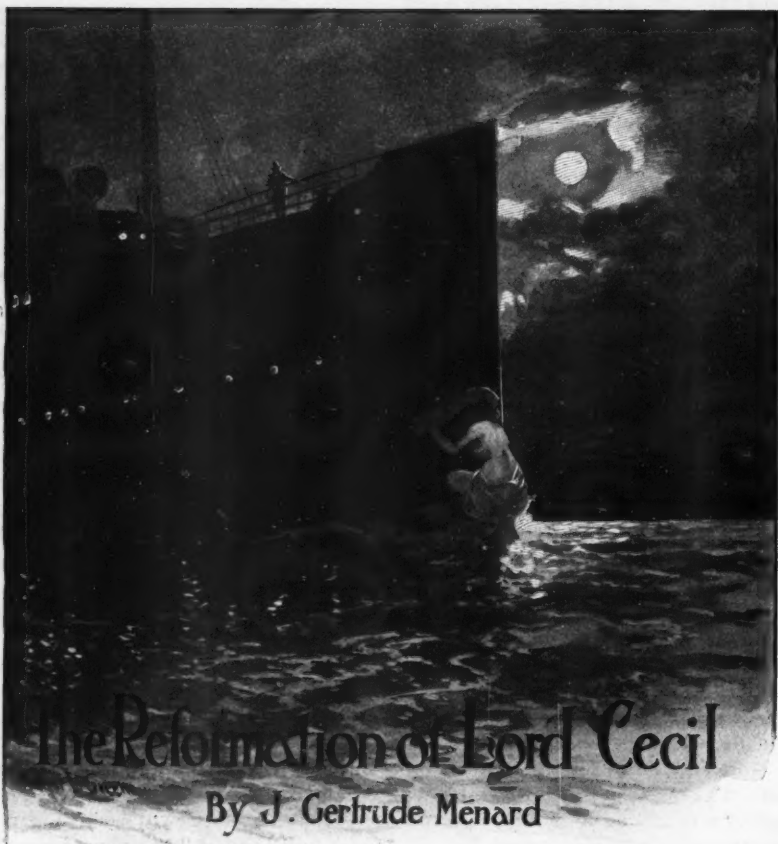
deafening din. Several lithe, handsome squaws arrayed in snow white buckskin and gleaming beads bear proudly aloft the ensigns of eagle feathers, designating the different tribes.

Nearly all carry numbers of United States flags, which they flaunt gayly. One leering, painted savage had, in some way, gained possession of a mirror, which he ostentatiously flashed in the faces of the onlookers. Another with a sense of humor, no doubt, had constructed a caudal appendage of turkey feathers. This he tied on, and going around bent double he wagged it in what was intended to be a very fetching manner.

The tiny, brown papooses peeping from the blankets over their mother's shoulders evidently enjoyed the jogging motion of the dance, for their little heads soon toppled over in slumber. The pupils from the Mission Schools watched their relatives' gyrations with mingled feelings of pity and envy. The slumbering savage cannot be entirely obliterated by civilization and education. Yet it is a grand sight to see these neatly-dressed, bright-faced Indian children as brands snatched from the burning.

The war-dance will soon be a relic of barbarism. The government is making efforts to put a stop to it altogether. It is trifling with danger, for the heat and excitement of the dance "gets the blood up" and incites a desire to go on the war path. It will not be witnessed at many more Fourth-of-July celebrations. They dance all night, and break 'o day still finds them hopping around the tireless tum-tum.

I doubt if any of our liberty-loving citizens celebrate the Fourth more enthusiastically than "poor Lo" on his native heath.



E could not forget her. All through the long, dreamy voyage, when, eschewing the companionship of cordial fellow passengers, lounging moodily in a secluded corner of the deck, or brooding disconsolately in the more congenial privacy of his cabin, her laughing face and swaying form haunted and allured him. Now, siren-like, she mocked him from some curling wave, her eyes green and lu-

cent, her coiling arms an alternate menace and caress. Now elusive and remote, she gleamed at him across the quiet moonlight, or danced before him in the glittering sunshine, witchery in her changing attitudes, rapture in her shining face. The spray curling from the vessel's prow was the swirl of her fleecy garments, tossed and snarled in a thousand intricate manipulations. The wind blowing through the rigging was the echo of her voice, rising and falling in the cadence of that wild,

sweet song he knew so well. The fleck of foam upon his cheek was the touch of her dainty finger-tips—a ghost-touch now, that filled him with a flood of bitter longing and despair.

He had only to close his eyes to see it all again—the gilded music-hall, the sea of flushed, familiar faces, the smoke, the dust, the glare; and at the end of the palpitating vista—slim, fair, bewildering, lost now in a maze of floating draperies, revealed again in a flash of dazzling loveliness, the mad young queen of the revel—she for whose sake he was now an alien and a wanderer.

Try as he would he could not loosen the spell she had cast upon him. Sea, air, and sky were full of her—a restless, flashing, tantalizing vision that tortured his brain by night and by day, and left him no strength for the contemplation of either the present or the future.

It was from such dreams as these that he awoke on the seventh day of his journeying to hear an unusual commotion going on around him, and to find himself, upon reaching the deck, confronted by a huge mountain of rock, which seemed to have risen out of the water for the purpose of barring his farther flight. The sight did not altogether surprise him. The rock, he knew, was Quebec—the city of his exile. Quebec the gray, the solemn, the mysterious.

Somewhere within the city, discussing his advent, without doubt, in disapproving whispers, waited those affectionate but vigilant kinspeople who were to receive him into their austere home, and to effect, by such means as might seem expedient, his reformation from ways unholy.

His reformation! The thought was a novel one. Lord Cecil smiled in spite of himself. He wondered how they would set about it.

Chapter I.

You have not far to walk outside the city before you come to the Beaudion farm, and the walk is a pleasant one, too. Here and there you lose sight of the St. Lawrence, but it is only for a minute or two, and then the great, shifting, blue expanse swings back again, so close at times that you can feel its cool breath on your cheek, and hear the murmur of its deep, sweet voice.

On one side of the road a wilderness of fertile hills, covered with waving rye, oats, and barley, stretch up, up, toward the glimmering sky. On the other are only the young woods which line the river's edge and lay their network of glossy green against its vivid blue. There is no sidewalk along the highway, and its clayey soil is stiffened into a multitude of tortuous seams, which not even the long droughts of midsummer have power to eliminate; but along its edges, close to the steep, bramble-covered banks, are two broad wheel-ruts which the country wagons, following always in the same curves, keep in a uniformly smooth condition, and which form a not undesirable foot-path for the infrequent pedestrian.

The long, golden, July afternoon was wearing to its close when Lord Cecil found himself following, with a sort of unconscious fascination, this same winding roadway. Already, along the edges of the hills, a few slant shadows were beginning to appear; the wheat had in it that strange, whispering rustle which betokens the coming of the evening wind; and the amber haze that had hung all day over the water was rising slowly, disclosing a cooling vista of tiny, foam-capped waves, that tumbled and broke upon one another with a pleasant turbulence.

He walked slowly, aimlessly, his mind lost in a maze of absorbing retro-

spect, and yet conscious also, of the little humble happenings by the way.

Sometimes, to his disgust, a swarm of grasshoppers rising suddenly from the wayside thicket, swooped wildly down upon his person, and clung to him with all the tenacity of their prickly bodies. Sometimes a little ground-thrush, fearful for a hidden nest, fluttered timorously before him, endeavoring by pathetic wiles to lure him from the dangerous vicinity. Spears of bearded barley leaned insolently over neighboring fences and tapped his cheek with a smartness which made him wince. Bumble-bees, heavy with the day's accumulated sweets, dashed blindly into his face. Crickets and cicadas shrilled at him from tangles of dusty buttercups and chicory; and huge thistles lurking trap-like beside the road, clutched at him with thorny fingers and held him for a brief but highly interjected space. His sense of loneliness and isolation was complete. Once only, when he had begun to believe himself in a wilderness untenanted by his kind, he heard the cheery rattle of wheels and saw approaching him around a bend of the road, one of the high two-wheeled country carts with which he was already familiar. The driver, a sun-burned, barefooted boy, touched the rim of his old straw hat and uttered a courteous "*Bon jour, m'sieu*," as he passed, to which Cecil replied with equal politeness.

He had been walking in this manner for a couple of hours perhaps, when he noted with listless interest that a subtle change had taken place in his surroundings. The fences, hitherto a mere pretence against the possible marauder, showed a trimly upright and regular appearance; the monotonous stretches of grain began to be intersected by strips of carefully planted vegetables; sections of pasture land

also gleamed greenly here and there, in one of which he saw a flock of sheep grazing contentedly, in another a group of young horses standing picturesquely neck to neck.

He knew by these signs that he must be nearing a habitation of some sort, and he was not surprised a moment later, to see the broad chimney and whitewashed walls of a comfortable farmhouse standing at some distance from him by the wayside. It was evident that he was penetrating well into the country in his preoccupation, and he paused, debating within himself whether to continue his ramble for a closer inspection of the lonely dwelling, or to retrace his steps immediately to the city. He had just decided upon the latter course, when the sound of a human voice so close at hand that it made him start in half alarm, fell shrilly upon his ear:

"*Vaches, vaches, vaches; ici vaches!*"

It was a girl's voice, a high, sweet, penetrating treble, that stirred and thrilled the drowsing hush with the insistence of a wild bird's call.

"*Vaches, mes vaches, i-c-i!*"

The tender, long-drawn cry lingered throbbingly on the air for a moment, and then died away in a little rippling note of delightful persuasion.

Lord Cecil stood perfectly still, listening intently, and looking eagerly around him for some sign of his mysterious neighbor. He could see no one however. The grasshoppers shrilled, the bees hummed, the butterflies whirled and eddied, but except for these humble companions, his solitude seemed as unbroken as before. He was just beginning to think that the sweet, bewildering voicing had been a creation of his fancy, when once more the light, clear tones floated out on the afternoon silence, jubilantly this time, and in a flood of clearly defined melody

that left him in no doubt as to the reality of his impressions.

"Par derriere chez ma tante
Lul va-t-un bois joll ;
Le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la mit.
Gai lon la, gai le rosier
Du joll mois de mai."

The song ended as abruptly as it had begun, but Lord Cecil hesitated no longer. At his right hand grew a strip of corn, dense and green, and with feathery plumes that reached as high as his head. He knew now that somewhere behind this shimmering wall lurked the tantalizing songstress he was seeking. He moved forward quickly, skirting the field so closely that the great spears brushed his face. In a dozen strides he had reached its farther boundary.

Then he saw her.

She was standing in the angle of the fences. Behind her rose the glossy, tangled masses of the corn; before her stretched a broad, level enclosure, from a distant corner of which two or three cows were moving in slow and sedate procession. In her hand she held a roughly-made milking stool and at her feet were a couple of empty milk pails. She was very young, not more than sixteen, and her slight figure clearly outlined against its effective background, showed lithe and graceful. Her small, round face was as brown as a berry, but her lips were like poppies, and her dark eyes, as long-lashed as an infant's, were full of a flashing light, half deprecating, half audacious. She was clad in a freshly-ironed pink calico dress, and on her head, pushed far back from her brow, was a huge straw hat whose pointed crown and sweeping rim gave a certain appropriate picturesqueness to her appearance. Her attitude was one of extreme ease and grace, and the mellow sunshine falling full upon her, brought out her dainty elf-like beauty with startling vividness.

Lord Cecil regarded her intently for several minutes. Then he coughed slightly, and moved toward the fences, wondering as he went if his French were all right.

* * * * *

It was about an hour afterward, when, pushing the last cow away from her, the girl rose from her stool and prepared to depart. A deep pink showed in her brown cheeks and the rings of hair under the big hat lay damp upon her forehead. The sun had wholly disappeared behind the western hills, and in the shadowy hollows near the river a soft gray mist was slowly gathering.

Still Lord Cecil lingered.

"I should like to know your name," he said at last, when he could find no further excuse for delay.

The girl looked up at him, smiling archly.

"Yours first, m'sieu," she replied.

Lord Cecil laughed softly and stood thinking a moment. Then a gleam of amusement shot into his eyes.

"What was that song you were singing as I came up?" he said. "Something about 'mois de mai' was it not? Well, call me that—Monsieur Mois de Mai—it is not a bad name. And now, your own?"

The girl stooped, and grasping a foaming pail in each firm little hand, moved away a pace or two. Then she stopped and looked back at him mischievously over her shoulder.

"If you are Monsieur Mois de Mai," she said, and laughed, "then I must be Mademoiselle Rossignol."

"Rossignol," he repeated, "very good; I like the sound of it. And now, au revoir, little Rossignol."

II.

It did not take long to become acquainted with the Beaudoin family. On his third meeting with little Alphon-

sine Marie, or, as she was more familiarly known, Bebe, Cecil was conducted to the farm-house and duly presented to old Ovide, and Lucie, his wife.

Ovide was a tall, gaunt, weather-beaten man with a fringe of gray whisker just visible beneath his chin, and an arch of bushy eyebrows jutting out over a pair of small, twinkling, black eyes.

Lucie was a tiny woman, wrinkled and bent, and oppressed by the weight of much spinning, weaving, and churning. Neither of the pair paid much attention to Monsieur May, as Cecil had requested, seriously, to be introduced. Bebe had already explained her meeting with the stranger and his desire for further acquaintance, and the old couple saw no reason to deny his request. The girl, it was to be expected, would have her cavaliers. Indeed, for that matter, she had three already—strong young sons of neighboring farmers whom she had laughed at for a while, and then sent away. Probably she was laughing at this fine gentleman also. They did not know. But Bebe was wise; she could manage her affairs; and besides that, was she not the last ewe lamb left to them of a flock of nine and therefore to be spoiled a little? Assuredly.

The fact that the newcomer was an Englishman, living in the city, appalled them a little at first; but Ovide could harbor no suspicions of a man who spoke such good French, and as for Lucie, the marrying of many daughters had long since dulled her appreciation of things romantic. They came as long as it pleased them, these men, and then suddenly, when you had begun to know them a little, they went away and took one of your daughters with them, and there was one less in the house. It would be pleasant, she thought, to keep the little Bebe al-

ways with her; but this of course might not be, for some day Bebe, too, would go flitting away, leaving Ovide and herself alone on the old place,

And thus, easily, naturally, with little comment on the part of the hospitable parents, and even briefer explanation on his own, Lord Cecil slipped into the quaint, primitive life at the Beaudion farm. He came often, spending long days in dreamy, pastoral delights, which he derided, even while seeking, and yet which had for him a charm that their novelty only half explained.

Bebe did not work hard, the fond old mother would not allow that, but she had plenty of light tasks to perform, and it became the pastime of Lord Cecil to follow her about on these duties, assisting her at times, but oftener sitting an indolent but appreciative observer of her deft and always picturesque performances.

In the cool, dim sanctuary of the milk-house, where Lucie's shining pails glowed moon-like along the walls, and the ripple of the tiny stream beneath the floor made a pleasant music in his ears, he watched her gather the great folds of cream from the brimming pans, her wooden spoon a sceptre of cunning power, her fingers full of a deftness as unfamiliar as it was entertaining. She would permit no flippant interruptions at this impressive ceremony, but from the vantage-point of a neighboring bench he was free to look at the dimples in her bare arms, the sweep of velvet lashes on her cheek, and the curve of her red lips, tense and unsmiling with the anxiety of the moment.

Again, approaching the house on sultry mornings or drowsy afternoons, he heard, far down the quiet road, the sleepy burr and rattle of the spinning-wheel, and on following the sound to a shady corner of the porch or a se-



"IN HER HAND SHE HELD A ROUGHLY-MADE MILKING STOOL AND AT HER FEET WERE
A COUPLE OF EMPTY MILK CANS"

Drawn by W. H. Upham

cluded spot beneath the poplars, discovered Bebe perched like a small brown fairy before the clumsy machine, the snow of the May shearing lying white in her lap and floating in tiny particles over her dress and hair.

"O M'sieu' Mois de Mai!" she would cry in mock alarm perhaps, as he seated himself beside her. "This is no place for a gentil-homme like you. Go into the house and I will talk to you through the window."

"But, Rossignol, I wish to look at you. I have come a long distance for that purpose."

Bebe would laugh.

"Was it to look at me that you came from England, m'sieu'?"

"It would seem so."

"Then you may stay; but you will have to wear a coat of my wool back to the city."

"That is nothing. I do not mind appearing in sheep's clothing for once."

"As long as there is no wolf underneath, eh, m'sieu'?"

To which Cecil, laughing, would answer nothing.

But not all of the girl's occupations were of a similarly absorbing nature. When the clear morning sunshine rippled invitingly across the fields and the little whispering poplar leaves gleamed silver in the wind, Bebe remembered that the wild strawberries needed for the year's supply of confitures had not been gathered; and swinging a couple of baskets on their arms, the pair would start forth for a tour of numerous luscious nooks and crannies, returning hours later with sunburned cheeks and stained fingers, to lay their treasures at the grateful Lucie's feet, and receive her customary patient "Bon enfants" in reward.

Bebe on these out-door excursions always bubbled with song and laughter. Her "gai lon las," and "luron

lures" rippled continuously from her lips. Occasionally, when her excess of spirits would not be relieved by these simple ebullitions, she would throw aside her rake or basket and challenge Cecil to a bareback race upon some of the young horses roaming near at hand. He invariably accepted the challenge, and then ensued, forthwith, a mad ride across the stubby pastures that made his eyes sparkle and his cheeks glow as they had not for many a day.

And meanwhile, the brief, sweet summer crept steadily away, and autumn, with subtle but infallible touch, began to retint the familiar landscape. The flax lost its cloud of blue and took on a dull, useful yellow; the buckwheat showed brown and crisp in the sun; the miles of grain were ripening for the scythe. There were no more cherries on the bent trees and no more strawberries in the grass; but Lord Cecil still followed the dusty cart ruts to where Bebe Beaudion roamed happily through her ancestral pastures; and he was still "Monsieur Mois de Mai," and she was still "Mademoiselle Rossignol."

III.

Such moonlight lay upon the world—the weird, hushed glow of midnight, the pensive, melancholy beam of late September. The great fields held their breath beneath it; the harvests stood like the harvests in a dream; even the river, caught in a current mightier than its own, lay voiceless and transfixed. In the pastures the sleeping animals, huddled close for warmth, loomed strange and ghostlike through the silver mist, and the few night birds seemed like spectral silhouettes hung midway in the air. There was no wind, but now and then a vague, mysterious sound like the echo of a long-drawn sigh stirred downward from the hills, and when it came

the dew in the bending grain dripped softly to the damp earth, and the crickets in the grass stirred uneasily and uttered their little mournful trill.

In the midst of this scene the farmhouse of Ovide Beaudion rose peaceful and secure. Its whitewashed walls gleamed immaculate as snow in the searching light, and its closed doors and tightly-fastened shutters bespoke tranquil and profound repose. It was evident that the family Beaudion slept—the sleep of the weary and the just.

Presently, however, a slight, furtive, hesitating movement broke the almost deathlike quiet of the dwelling. Drawn by an unseen hand the front door opened slowly an inch or two, and then rested cautiously upon its hinges. After an interval it swung a little farther ajar, and then, quickly and noiselessly, Bebe Beaudion stepped out and stood in the moonlight.

She was carefully dressed in hat and coat, and in her hand she carried a little bundle. She paused a moment, looking back irresolutely at the house. Then she turned, and walking rapidly to the road, crossed it and entered the field on the opposite side. Near the bars lay a brown mare, drowsing, with a little foal cuddled close at her side. The girl chirruped softly once or twice, and the creature rose reluctantly and came and stood before her. Grasping her bundle in one hand, Bebe climbed nimbly upon the topmost round of the bars, and from that eminence mounted lightly. As she did so a clump of young willows growing near brushed her knee, and stooping, she plucked a little tasselled rod. Then she touched the mare sharply once or twice, and set off at a brisk canter across the field, the foal following stumbly in the rear.

In a few minutes the opposite fence began to show its outline blackly against the moonlight, and at the

same time the figure of a man became visible, leaning over it from the adjoining pasture. Bebe quickened her pace as she caught sight of it, and in another second she had slipped from her steed and was running forward with a little gasping cry of greeting.

"I have come, you see," she said breathlessly.

But Lord Cecil, for it was he, drew back as she approached, and regarded her soberly.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and so have I; but it is to tell you that I cannot do it."

Bebe laid her bundle on the ground and looked at him wonderingly.

"Cannot do what?" she asked blankly.

"The great wrong I was going to do you. Listen, Rossignol," he went on seriously, as Bebe started to speak, "It is a strange story that I am going to tell you—particularly strange coming from me, but it is true, nevertheless, and I want you to hear it to the end.

"When I started to come here to-night, it was to carry out a plan which I have had in my mind almost all the time I have been coming to your house. You have believed in me, of course, for you are young and innocent; and although you did not promise yesterday to meet me here as I proposed, I felt very sure that at the last moment you would decide to come.

"And so, as I say, I set out to-night in very good humor, partly because of the easy success of my wretched scheme in regard to you, and partly because I had managed to enjoy myself in Canada tolerably well in spite of them all. I walked slowly, for I had plenty of time, and I wanted to take a good last look at the familiar road. I think I have never seen such a night. The moonlight almost dazzled me. It seemed to come in a great shaft from

the sky down into the tops of those wheat-covered hills, and the river sparkled so that I could follow its windings for twenty miles, I believe. The stillness, too, was wonderful. I could hear the grain rustling in the fields, and the dry leaves falling from the trees by the shore, and all sorts of strange, unearthly, creeping sounds that I had never heard before.

"At first I did not mind these things. I whistled and sang and thought of all the lively times I had had in the past, and of the still livelier ones I intended to have in the future, and was, in fact, generally hilarious. But after a while, the noise I was making began to jar on my ear—it seemed out of place somehow. I stopped singing and walked on quietly for a while, and then, all of a sudden, the strangest feeling began to creep over me—I cannot describe it. The moonlight, I think, and the awful silence got into my head. I have been out at midnight often enough, Heaven knows! But never in a place like this. The horrible solitude frightened me. I felt as if I were walking in my sleep, or as if I were the only human being on this side of the earth, and a very insignificant one at that. And presently, the thought of the purpose which had brought me out at that hour came back to my mind, and with it there flashed upon me a realization of my own baseness and ingratitude, and—well, I suppose it was what the preachers call 'a change of heart,' but I knew at once I could go no further with the disgraceful business. I knew I could not spoil your life and bring sorrow to your parents, just to give myself a passing diversion.

"That is all. It sounds romantic I know, and silly, and probably I have not half made you understand; but there is one thing you can understand, Rossignol,—you can understand that

but for your moonlight here, and your fields, and your river, a very great tragedy would have come into your life to-night."

He paused and looked at his companion.

Bebe's figure had become rigid; her little face showed as pale as death in the moonlight, her great eyes burned like coals of fire.

"Do you mean," she said hoarsely, "that you were not going to marry me, there in the States?"

Lord Cecil bent his head. "That is what I mean," he said humbly.

Bebe looked at him in terrible silence. Rage, shame, fear, dismay,—all the emotions of her excitable nature were surging through her in a mighty wave that stilled her blood and choked her utterance. For a minute she stood thus, scorching him with her eyes. Then suddenly her fingers tightened round the rod which she still held, and raising her arm she struck him across the face with all the fury of her strong young body.

Lord Cecil's face grew as white as her own, and a deep crimson welt began immediately to swell and burn along his smooth cheek, but he did not wince or move.

"I am glad you struck me," he said quietly; "you may do so again if you would like to."

But Bebe did not strike him again. Instead, the rod dropped from her hand and she leaned forward heavily upon the fence. Her anger had exhausted itself in that one blow, and she looked weak and faint.

Lord Cecil moved a step nearer.

"Rossignol," he said gently, "I was tempted to turn back to-night and never see you again; but I thought perhaps it would be better for me to tell you with my own lips how wicked and deceitful I was going to be, so that you might not—but of course you will

not really care when I have gone away, will you?"

Then across the stillness came the echo of a faint, shrill whistle. It was the signal of the midnight train which was to have carried them to the States. Bebe started at the sound and looked at the bundle lying at her feet.

"Shall I care?" she repeated slowly, in a strange, colorless voice. "How can I tell? I do not understand yet."

"But I will make you understand," cried Cecil eagerly. "I will tell you everything. It is perfectly true that my name is May, as I have said, and that I am come only recently from England. But at home I am known as Lord Cecil Albert Algernon May, and my father is the Earl of——. I am not much older than you, Bebe, but I know the world very well. Last spring, in London, I fell in love with a music-hall star—a girl who sings and dances upon the stage, you know,—and I was about to marry her when my father heard of the affair and sent me off to Canada. I had been here only a week or two when I met you, and—you know the rest. I am bad enough, I know, but still I cannot be wholly depraved or I could not have had the strange experience I have had to-night. Do you not see that?"

But Bebe did not answer. She was staring at Lord Cecil with an astonishment that was almost terror, depicted on her countenance. *M'sieu' Mois de Mai* a lord! His father an earl! She gasped for breath. She had heard of such titles. She knew that the august governors of her country bore them, and other beings of equally remote and lofty position. But that she, Bebe Beaudion, had been entertaining all summer, in her own off-hand fashion, such a noble individual—nay, had even consented, as a novel and exciting escapade, to run away to the States

and marry him—it was beyond her powers of comprehension. She forgot her just wrath and the causes of it—she forgot everything except that here before her, bearing the mark of her whip upon his cheek, stood such a personage as she had never expected to see during the whole course of her life.

"Tell me, Bebe," he went on entreatingly, "that you are not going to think about me at all, after to-night, except to loathe and despise me; that this past summer will mean nothing to you but a very happy playtime, which fortunately ended as harmlessly as it began."

Lord Cecil looked at her a moment somewhat as he had done that first day by the cornfield. Then he sighed and leaned over the fence that separated them.

"You must go home now," he said gently. "It is cold here and they may miss you. As for me, I shall go back to England in a few days, reformed, I suppose, as they wanted me to be. And so, little *Rossignol*, it must be good-by to-night."

He stretched out his hands to her but she moved back quickly and stood just out of his reach.

"Good-by," she said quietly; and Lord Cecil answered simply, "Good-by," and turned away.

Bebe watched him as he walked slowly across the field. Something in his bent head and humble figure seemed to touch her.

"*M'sieu' Mois de Mai*," she called softly.

There was silence for a little space—a silence full of tenderness and regret. They knew that never again would they call to each other in those dear, sweet, foolish names.

"*M'sieu' Mois de Mai*, do not be unhappy about me. I shall not care, very long."

A MONK OF VENICE

By George Henry Galpin



O the Church, Pasquale."

The words came impatiently from the lips of a woman reclining upon the gay cushions of a gondola, the enamel and gilded carving of which showed it to be the property of a wealthy resident or visitor. The tawny silk rugs wrinkling carelessly over the seat and the cushions threw into strong relief the dark Odalisque beauty of the occupant, and showed to the best advantage the outlines of her superb figure in its rich dark gown.

It was in fair old Venice just at the time when the canals and lagoons are generally deserted, by all save the traffickers or a chance tourist or two prowling about for the sake of curiosity, or perhaps, art, in sublime disregard of the beating rays of the sun or the dazzling reflections in the waters.

The iron hammers of the bronze time-keepers beat out the strokes of the hour. As the last died away the lady's order was repeated, this time accompanied by a gesture of command.

"The Cathedral, Pasquale! Hurry—we shall be late!"

Obediently the man sent the boat gliding swiftly toward the church.

The gray old pile is not enchanting in the glare of the sun. All Venice needs the glorious sheen of the sunset or, better still, the mystic shimmer of the moonlight with the rare sweet Venetian music for an accompaniment,

in order to awaken in the mind the old tales and legends grown familiar through repetition, or the recollections which are ever present and dear to the frequenter of her quaint beautiful water-ways.

But even the dazzling glitter of the sunlight could not detract from the bright scene being enacted upon the steps of the Cathedral.

The approaches were closed almost entirely with innumerable gondolas and different species of water-craft. Even the steps themselves were filled to overflowing with an enthusiastic, chattering crowd of bright faced men and women.

It was the day of the First Communion, and many of the on-lookers could point proudly to a little white robed "bambina" in veil and cotton gloves, marching solemnly toward the church.

The procession of communicants had just arrived, and the gondola of Madame was not allowed to approach until after the children had passed, which they soon did, and entered the church,—the crowd bowing their heads and becoming instantly quiet and most devout. Soon the organ began the chant, which was taken quickly up by those in the church. Gradually the crowd in the vestibules and corridors joined in,—then the mass of beggars and hangers-on assembled on the outside added their voices to the grand anthem until the whole multitude was singing, as if with one voice,

"Verbum caro, panem verum
verbo carmen efficit,
Fitque Sanguis Christi merum
Et si sensus deficit:
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit,"—

The services had far progressed, the holy wafers given, and the "O Solutaris hostia! qui caeli pandis ostia," sung, before the gondola of Pasquale had reached the steps.

As the prow ran close to the wet stone of the lower one, Madame stepped quickly out and hastened toward the church.

The interior presented a sight more beautiful than any work of a master. The bowed heads of the dark robed multitude, the glittering brasses and fringes, the tall black columns, the small white figures before the altar steps, the richly robed priests and bishops, all formed parts of this beautiful picture, while over the bowed heads and spotless robes of the little band of communicants fell in a glorious shower the tinted beams of light from the colored windows.

The archbishop passed slowly along the line of bowed faces, giving to each one the silver crucifix, to be kept until the Festa of the Corpus Domini, the loaf of bread for the collazione, the medal with its pink ribbon, and the card with the saint's picture.

The subdued light from the swinging lamps and the intoxicating aroma arising from the hundred censurs lent an indescribable atmosphere to it all, the charm of which was felt by every one, and even had the power to soften the hard lines about Madame's mouth, as she stood erect and scornful in the shadow of a pillar.

Some distance from children, and half concealed by a brazier of candles, stood a silent figure clad in the garments of a priest. The face and attitude denoted the student, the eyes alone excepted. Deep set, full of a fiery pathos, they seemed to kindle and flame with each thought of the owner as well as with each move of one of the childish figures kneeling at the altar steps—save when he met the

child's eyes and answered the look in them by one so gentle and compassionate, that one knew, (even without the telling,) aye, and saw—the tears that dimmed them.

As the services ended and the crowd filed slowly out, he bowed his head in prayer until the organ ceased. With a sigh, sad as the lines about the mouth through which it came, he rose and turned to behold standing before him—Madame, a mocking smile upon her lips, a sneer upon the fair face.

"Mon Dieu! Celeste! What means it—Ah—Could you not spare me even this day? Our day—not yours."

The woman laughed.

"Come, come Monsieur, this is no time nor place for scenes. I would have a word with you. Take me to some quiet corner of your old rookery here, where there is a seat. And mind its a cool corner, for the sun is broiling hot."

Without a word, his face gray in its pallor, the priest led the way to a small garden overlooking a side canal, and placed a chair beside a table in the shadow of the wall.

"Now, what is it," he asked as he nervously drew his handkerchief across his lips, the cambric alone preventing his nails from cutting into the palms under the pressure brought to bear upon them. "I—I will listen, but be short. In mercy, be short."

"Ah! Still as theatrical as ever, I see. You should join me, Henri, and come to Paris. I'll introduce you to my own manager. What a bill it would be. 'Mons. Henri Roubaud and Mlle. Celeste,'" and the woman laughed merrily in appreciation of her words.

The face of the man grew stern, his eyes flashed as he turned without a word and placed his hand on her arm, pointing with the other to a window just above, the room of the Superior.

"Oh! I see, you do not wish to be seen here 'en tete a tete' with a woman, eh? Oh you good man! What would your holy brethren say if they knew that there in the Church your—"

"Silence!"

"Bah! you are insufferable. But you always were. Come, let go my arm, I want to talk business. I am going away."

"Ah."

"Oh, you like that, don't you? Well, so do I. I am going to America, the music halls you know. It seems a good chance, and—well, I am tired of Paris, and—er—I am also tired of Mons. Harcourt."

"Mons. Harcourt?"

"Yes, the Englishman, you know—He is here with me."

"You are with him, you mean."

"Well, either way—it's all the same to me."

With a gesture of disgust the priest began to pace rapidly back and forth. He stopped at length before the chair of the woman.

"What do you want with me?"

"So! I thought your curiosity would soon get the better of you. Well, Monsieur, I want my child."

"What? You want—My God! You cannot mean it. You want that child, that baby?"

"Well really! Although you are her uncle and guardian, yet I am not sure you have the right to question me, her mother. Besides, I am of age now, please don't forget that."

"Her mother! Oh the pity of it—Yes, you are her mother, you!"

"Come, Henri, don't get personal. It's bad taste. Don't do it."

"What do you want with the child?"

"There you go again. Oh, well, I suppose I may as well tell you now as later on. I want her to take with me."

"Celeste!" The lips of the man grew white and rigid; his hands clutched

themselves fiercely in the effort for self control.

"Yes," indifferently, "I think she has a good voice, if I can remember rightly, and I am quite sure I can make her a success on the stage. Besides, I want her. Do you understand?"

With a stifled groan the man turned and staggered rather than walked to a stone settle placed some way down the walk and facing the sea, its high back toward the woman by the wall.

"Oh Father in Heaven help me!" he groaned, as he sank heavily down upon the seat, "I cannot give her up. I cannot!" and a sob burst from the drawn lips. At the sound, a tiny white figure stirred and sat up at the other end of the seat.

"Julie! You here! Sh! Be silent! No, not a word! Nay, do not move. I do not want you to be seen. This high old seat hides you. So! Be still, as still as if you were dead!—Dead! Why not?" He moved close up to the child. "Julie! listen to me. Do not move from here until you hear me call you. Promise me, child, promise."

"Yes, padre," came the awestruck whisper of the child. "Is it a new game?"

"Yes child, yes? A new game for a priest to lie," he added to himself.

"Will you call soon, Padre?"

"Yes, soon. Only lie still! Remember, still!" and raising his finger to his lips he rose and went back to where Mlle. Celeste gazed meditatively at the windows of the church. As he approached she turned.

"Well, have you gotten over your sulks?"

"Celeste!"

"Well!"

"I—I cannot give you Julie."

"Eh? Can not? Will not, you mean! Come, a truce to this. I—" "Listen." He interrupted sharply. I cannot because, because she is—dead."



"NOW, WHAT IS IT?" HE ASKED, AS HE NERVOUSLY DREW HIS HANDKERCHIEF
ACROSS HIS LIPS"

Drawn by W. H. Upham

In a second the woman was on her feet, her hands moving aimlessly about for something to sustain her. For a moment they stood facing each other.

"I am in no mood for practical jokes, Henri. Stop it. You are dealing with no fool."

No answer.

In surprise Celeste turned toward him.

"Why—why—you're crying! My God—is it true then—Henri! Tell me. Was it the truth you uttered just now when you said—you said—oh my God, I cannot believe it—I cannot, I cannot."

"I said that she was dead."

"Dead." The grief in the voice would have softened any other man perhaps,—but the stern face of the priest showed no relenting, even though the eyes were moist and the lips trembling.

"Dead!—Julie dead—O Father in Heaven have mercy—" and covering her face, the woman sobbed piteously. Gradually she became calmer, and at length raised her head with a gesture of determination mingled with a touch of impatience.

"When did she die? You may as well tell me all."

"Some months ago."

"Why was I not informed? 'Tis you I can thank for this. You, with your long face and your black robe. Bah! the sight of you sickens me. So Julie is dead. Well, perhaps 'tis better so. Where did you bury her?—Come man, answer me!"

"At Murano."

"Oh, well. I might have known when I allowed her to come here that you would kill her. Curse you—Yes, kill her, you—"

"Celeste, be silent!" The man spoke harshly. The tears no longer dimmed the eyes. It was a face full of vengeance and wrath instead of grief and and forbearance. No pity—no sym-

pathy. The eyes blazing, the lips set.

"Allowed her to come here, you say. Woman, when you broke my brother's heart and left him, what did you do with his child? You deserted her in the streets of Paris, where she would have perished had a brother monk not found her. False wife, false mother. Go! and never let me see your face again."

A laugh hard and bitter answered the outburst.

"Yes, I will go." The woman paused and seemed thoughtful for a moment. "You have been good to her I have no doubt," she said, "How much am I indebted to you, my good man?"

"Spare me your insults. Go! Go!"

With a toss of her head and a flounce of her silk skirts the woman rose, and after giving the priest a sweeping courtesy, walked slowly toward the door. A laugh, as false as it was studied, issued from her lips as she cast a glance back at the bowed head. Suddenly she turned full round, and, with the look and air of a Paris "grisette," blew a kiss from her gloved fingers, then went on through the deserted church toward the steps where waited her gondolier.

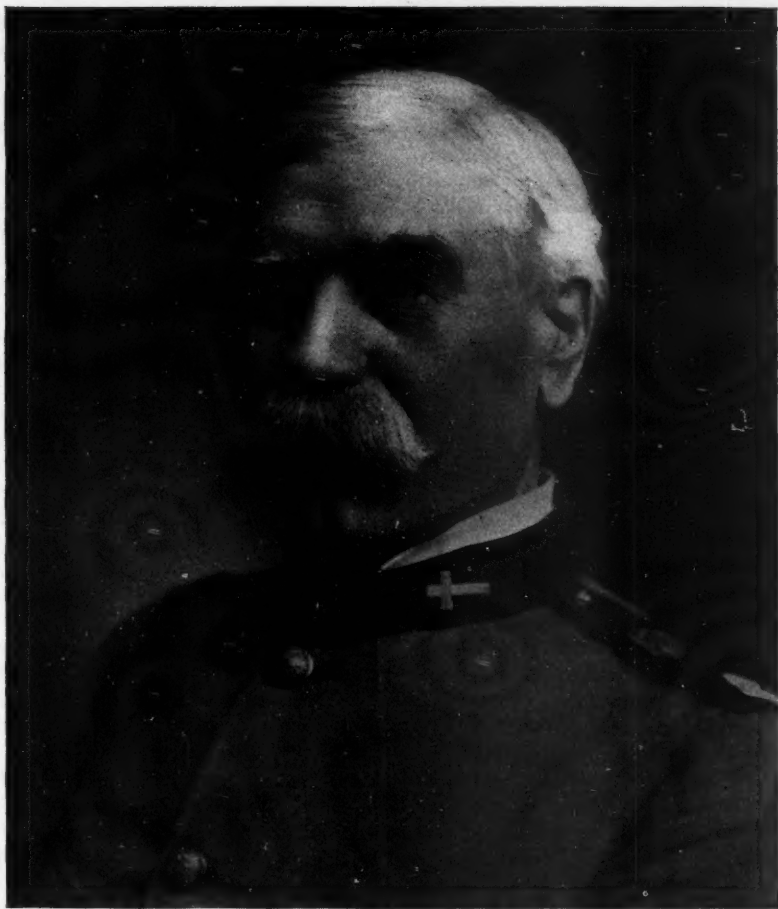
As the rustle of the silk died away, the man ran to the door, and bolted it, leaning upon the huge handle panting heavily. Then he raised his head and called "Julie, Julie."

From behind the carved back of the settle the child ran out in high glee, crying,

"Such a pretty game, padre, only I had to keep still so long, and I wanted to speak to the pretty lady."

"Next time it will not be so long. Ma chere," said the priest as he folded her closely in his trembling arms.

"Come" he said, and lifting the child with almost reverent tenderness, passed slowly into the cool grey shadows of the quiet old cloister.



CHAPLAIN FRANCIS MURPHY OF THE FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS. WORLD
FAMOUS TEMPERANCE APOSTLE

THIRTY YEARS OF TEMPERANCE REFORM

By Francis Murphy

THE drink habit to-day, compared with what it was thirty years ago, is as different as day is to night.

There is very much less general drinking now than there was

thirty years ago. Nearly everybody drank then. Treating was universal both in the home and saloon.

There has been a great reform, and it is constantly increasing. The splendid competition of business has been

one of the great sources of education. The great improvement in labor saving machinery is a potent factor for temperance, and the press and the pulpit and the school have also powerfully contributed their share to the elevation of the masses. The fourteen million children in our public schools are an army in the cause of temperance, and every business concern is a practical temperance society.

Few people realize the effect of the improvements in machinery—the wonderful developments of electricity—requiring the most skilled and competent workmen. No one but sober men can handle the delicate machinery of to-day; so it has become a necessity for men, before they can take first-class positions in the industries of this country, that they must be total abstainers.

In my own city of Pittsburg no man can procure a position as a motorman or conductor on a street railway unless he is a total abstainer; so that we have in that city five thousand men who are constantly preaching temperance in the most effective way, by example, and the accumulation of wealth. In the intricate differentiation of labor to-day every man must keep time like a splendid chronometer. If he drinks he impairs his faculties, and must make way for some man who is a total abstainer.

We have a large army of travelling men who are practical teachers of temperance. The keen competition of business houses demands sober men, with all their faculties alert and unimpaired. No business house can afford to be represented by drinking men. Thirty years ago the first thing a travelling man called for at a hotel was a drink. Now he calls for his letters and dispatches, and instead of spending his time carousing, uses every faculty to compete with his competitors.

I do not believe that statutory prohibition will ever be seriously considered as giving any relief from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors. It has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It has been a sore disappointment to its best friends. They tried to pass a law in the Legislature of Wisconsin, last winter, against tight lacing. It would not have been a success; neither would a law prohibiting the wearing of tight shoes have been a success. The drink habit is to be cured by the Gospel plan of loving kindness. Legislation has been only able to make the liquor seller the criminal; but you have never been able to convict the drinker. The man who buys is equally guilty with the seller. In those states where prohibition has been placed on the statute books, public sentiment has been divided, and it has been impossible to enforce the law.

It has cultivated a spirit of interfering with the action of private individuals that is very repugnant, and it has tempted men to perjury—which is the greatest of all crimes.

Thirty years of experience has more and more convinced me of the futility of bringing the temperance question into politics, or of attempting to stop drinking by legislation.

What, then, is the remedy for the protection of society?

Educate the people and spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the age of reason. It is not the age of Caesarism. It is the age of school houses, of thought, of moral sunshine, that is to open our blind eyes and restore our withered hands. If legislation could have saved humanity, Moses would have been the Christ.

The great need of the age is to follow the teachings of the world's great Redeemer in restoring men. Those that are well need not the physician,

but those who are sick. We have been devoting too much of our time to well people, and putting nearly all the ointment on them. The work to do is right at our own doors and not in foreign countries. Five dollars spent at home is better than a thousand dollars spent in China. Organization should be encouraged, and to that end I am a friend to all temperance societies, especially when they work with the motto: "With malice toward none and charity for all."

Civilization is going to make itself sober, so the people need not worry. The so-called Murphy movement differs from others, in that it works strictly in line with its chosen motto, "With malice toward none and charity for all." We believe the Gospel of mercy, as taught by the world's Redeemer, is the supreme remedy for the sins of mankind, and drinking is only one form of sin. I always visit saloons, and receive the kindest

treatment. I get acquainted with the drinking man and the rumseller, and the latter often helps me.

The only way to shut up saloons is to induce the drinking men to close the saloon between their nose and chin, then the rest will close.

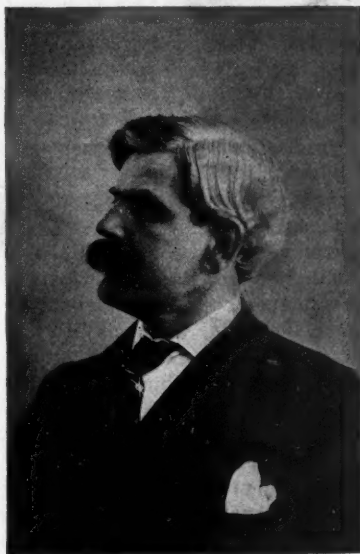
For the past thirty years I have devoted my entire time to the cause of temperance. A victim of alcoholism myself, I became through the power of Jesus Christ a sober man. I have

traveled thousands of miles in the cause of temperance, and I have made fifteen thousand temperance addresses. The Murphy movement, which I originated, has resulted in fifteen million people signing the pledge in America, in Europe, Ireland and Scotland, in the Indies, the Islands of the seas, and in Canada. It has gone all over the civilized world.

Two of my sons, T. E. and W. J., are also devoted to the work, and are

in full sympathy with the movement. I spent three years in England, and my son Edward four years. We assisted in conducting a series of meetings in Spurgeon's tabernacle, and fifteen thousand signed the pledge in ten days. Spurgeon himself signed the pledge, and spoke at every meeting. I was assisted by Spurgeon, R. T. Booth, and Cannon Wilberforce, representing the established Church of England. When Mr. Spurgeon

opened his tabernacle for this work, and publicly signed the pledge and appealed to his countrymen in the name of the blessed Master that they join him in signing the pledge, all England was stirred as never before on this question. Cardinal Manning, the great Catholic prelate, gave to the movement his hearty endorsement, and took part in the public meetings. The movement was commended by Gladstone, who said that it was the only movement that



WM. J. MURPHY, SON OF FRANCIS MURPHY
A Famous and Eloquent Temperance Worker

had the confidence of his head and heart; and the Queen, in her speech upon the opening of Parliament, congratulated the people upon a Gospel temperance that had turned their faces from the public houses to their homes.

I have worked in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, and other well-known English cities, and my son T. E. Murphy's meetings in Ireland started a movement that resulted in one hundred and twenty-five thousand signers to the Murphy pledge. So great was the change in England that Fawcett, the blind postmaster under Gladstone, mentioned the fact that the public revenues had materially decreased, the savings of the common people having gone into the post office saving banks. In the United States I have consistently followed my own plan, and have observed the workings of the various temperance movements.

I introduced Francis Willard to her first audience in making a temperance address at Orchard Beach, Portland, Maine, in 1873. I was president at that time of the National Gospel Temperance Camp-Meeting Society. I have observed the result of the work of other temperance movements, the efforts of the state to prevent the manufacture or sale of liquor as a beverage, the efforts to cure men of drinking by physical treatment, and the efforts to stop men drinking by abusing the saloon keepers, who are generally no worse than the men who buy of them; and I now have an unshaken confidence in the Gospel of the world's Redeemer, operated "With malice toward none and with charity for all," as the sovereign remedy for all the sins that afflict humanity.

We have lived to witness the public sentiment against the use of intoxicating liquor become a two-edged sword. It has driven the canteen out of the soldier camp. It has [driven it out of

the navy as a ration. The commanding general of the United States Army has denounced liquor as the greatest enemy of the soldier. This is the result of the onward march of our civilization, the result of our education, the leaven which shall leaven the whole lump.

The following is the Murphy temperance pledge:—

MURPHY PLEDGE

"With Malice Toward None, With Charity for All,"

I, the undersigned, do PLEDGE my word and honor, GOD HELPING ME, to abstain from ALL Intoxicating Liquors, as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.

Name _____

Residence _____

Date _____

One of the most effective temperance movements that the world has ever known is that inaugurated by Francis Murphy, the leading advocate of which are Francis Murphy himself and his two sons, W. J. and T. E. Francis Murphy was born in Ireland in 1836, coming to America at the age of eighteen. Like John B. Gough, he was a slave to intemperance; but in 1870 he reformed, and made his first temperance speech at Portland, Maine, April 3rd. He organized the New England Reform Club, and was its first president. He held meetings throughout New England, New York, and then went to Chicago by invitation of the W. C. T. U. In 1876 he visited Pittsburg, and began a series of meetings that made the movement national and international; 45,500 people signed the pledge with him at the P. M. Methodist church on Fifth Avenue. The public press of the city spread the good news all over the world. He organized Murphy clubs in all the prominent cities in the United States, until

his work spread from New York to San Francisco. Early in the '90's he went to Europe, where his phenomenal success attracted world wide attention. His sons are in thorough harmony with the work, and, like their illustrious father, are eloquent and successful advocates of temperance reform. The Murphys are blessed with a large amount of native Irish wit, have a large fund of anecdote, and are so genial and companionable that they make friends wherever they go. Francis Murphy has been a personal friend of President McKinley for twenty years. Speaker Reed is one of his best friends. He was a personal friend and admirer of James G. Blaine, and has been on personal terms with every president since Lincoln's time with the

exception of Cleveland. He is a friend and co-worker of Dwight L. Moody, and of every prominent Christian worker in the United States. But greater than all these, is the friendship and esteem in which he is held by thousands upon thousands of working men throughout England and the United States who have been reclaimed from the drink habit by the Murphy movement. In a plain, practical way Mr. Murphy appeals to the pocket-books of the workingmen as well as to their manliness. He believes that if they would strike against the evil habit that has oppressed and enslaved them, instead of the capital that gives them employment, they could beautify their homes and educate their children and have peace and plenty.

DEAD ROSES

The roses that he gave Babette,
One morning when the skies were
blue,
Were flecked with pink and set with
dew; *
"Sweatheart," he said, "do not forget;
Be these a sign 'twixt me and you."

Then laughed and spurred his horse
anew.
Though on her little heart and true
They rested till the spring was
through—
They died before the sun had set—
The roses that he gave Babette.]

He fought and drank and loved and
slew;
What matter if he cared or knew
That far away one laid at rest
With withered roses on her breast.
Ah me! The dead hand holds them
yet,
The roses that he gave Babette.

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison



MISS WIRTA ROBINSON, CHILD SINGER AND ELOCUTIONIST, FROM ARKANSAS.

Miss Wirta is only ten years of age--a wee flower. She is undoubtedly gifted. There is something of the other-worldliness in the music of her voice. At times it rings out like an alarm bell at midnight. Again it sobs and sighs like the south wind through the magnolias, or sinks to the sweet cadence of a mother's lullaby sung over the cradle of her sleeping child. Her presence is a charm in itself for she is as "cute" and dainty as a Dresden figure.

THE PAINTER OF THE CELLAR

By Kate Gannett Wells

"D O you mean, Miss Sargent, that a girl's acceptance of a man depends somewhat upon the kind of family to which he belongs, and—"

"I do," she interrupted, though the color surged around her ear. He did not see that, and after a moment remonstrated: "But if he has none that he can speak of—if, perhaps—if he has only a child's recollection of what might have been—"

"He still owes it to her to tell that might have been; he has no right to drag her down into an unknown past, unless she knowingly has consented to —"

"Be dragged. Shall I finish your sentence, Miss Sargent?"

"As you please, Mr. Wilson," she rejoined, in lighter tone. "Have you many orders ahead? What is your specialty?"

"Interiors; and as orders may await me I bid you good afternoon."

She rose, partly from courtesy to him, partly to meet Mr. Jerome, the self-appointed critic of the Philistine coterie.

"That's Wilson?" questioned Jerome. "Haven't met him. He looks as if a cyclone had just burst over him. Don't mean to be intrusive, but we fellows can't get at him. Intimate here?"

"Oh, yes; we have taken a fancy to him, and let him talk art to us. Improving, you know;" and then they fell to chatting art gossip, as other guests came in for the ubiquitous cup of tea and badinage of platonic friendships.

Miss Sargent was a girl accustomed

to offers of marriage and to avowals of affection. Sometimes she steered them skilfully away from the breaking point, at other times she permitted them to come to open statements, as tests of her ability to settle down in life with any one man. But never before had she found herself confronted with a self unrecognized by previous experience, and she did not like it; though being fond of her reputation for common sense, she soon contrived to sleep without dreaming, and the next morning to do her daily quota of philanthropy as tribute to the social economic fads of the day.

One of these was an exhibition of pictures for the aesthetic benefit of the slums, and she had been appointed to act as interpreter. To one canvas, however, she found herself constantly turning, to understand its gressive meaning, while a few old weather-beaten tramps of womankind wondered who had known enough to paint one of their haunts.

In the background of a cellar lurked a woman's irresolute face, across which fell a ray of light from the sky beyond, while at the door stood a child, uncertain whether to go back into the darkness, or forward to catch the tiny, slanting sunbeam in his outstretched hand.

"What's them marks in the corner thar?" asked a woman of Mary Sargent—so much a hag of a woman that the policeman had only been restrained by the fair philanthropists he was guarding from ejecting her from the room.

"F. W." replied the girl, bending

down to decipher the letters she had not before noticed, and also scanning the face of the woman, as she drew her shawl over it.

"That's him," muttered the hag; "it's the old cellar, his self and meself."

With a sudden impulse the girl pulled down the shawl, whispering into the hag's ear, "Are you his mother?"

"Maybe I am and maybe I aint;" and she pulled close her shawl, peering from out of its folds with an ugly leer that caught the policeman's eye, who came up and ordered her to move on. Miss Sargent tried to check him and stop her.

"Are you?" she demanded.

"Am I what, Miss Sargent?" asked Mr. Jerome. "What's the matter? everybody has lost their heads over this picture of Wilson's. It is evanescent, tip-top, quite the thing; but it is too anemic for a cheerful show like this—too much the real thing." Though Miss Sargent had slipped away as he talked, he never lacked audiences, who fluttered around him like angels, ministering to his vanity as he continued to expound the purpose of true art.

In vain did Miss Sargent seek for the hag in by-ways, yet shunning the curious gaze of those who watched her, she retraced her steps to the hall and stood again before the picture. There she knew two things; that she loved its painter, and that she would punish him because she did. She fed her pride on hearing it commented upon day after day, bided her time and gave her mornings to slumming, till she loathed it. She grew afraid of herself. Why was he to blame for his manner of birth? If he had only told her it would be all right; and in that genial wish her eagerness to punish him changed into a desire to elevate him socially.

Goaded by her vagaries, she offered to take Jerome to Wilson's studio, for it was many days since she had seen his. That wily chaperon of art consented with the chivalric docility of an old beau, who foresaw material for his notebook. Wilson himself opened the door, and Jerome's presence compelled the artist to accept Miss Sargent's proffered hand.

"At your specialty again, Mr. Wilson—interiors, cellars, your mother and yourself," said the girl, with blithe brutality.

The painter paled, staggered, recalled himself, and in tones as hard as hers had been debonair, asked permission to show her another picture, drawing aside the curtain in front of it.

"Zounds! Capital, old fellow!" exclaimed Jerome, who, engaged in removing his overcoat, had lost Miss Sargent's remark. "That's the way you two stood the first time I saw you, Wilson, at her house; you looked as if you had just had a row. Capital likeness of you both."

"Is it for sale?" inquired the girl, calmly, hiding her clenched hands in her muff.

"To you only."

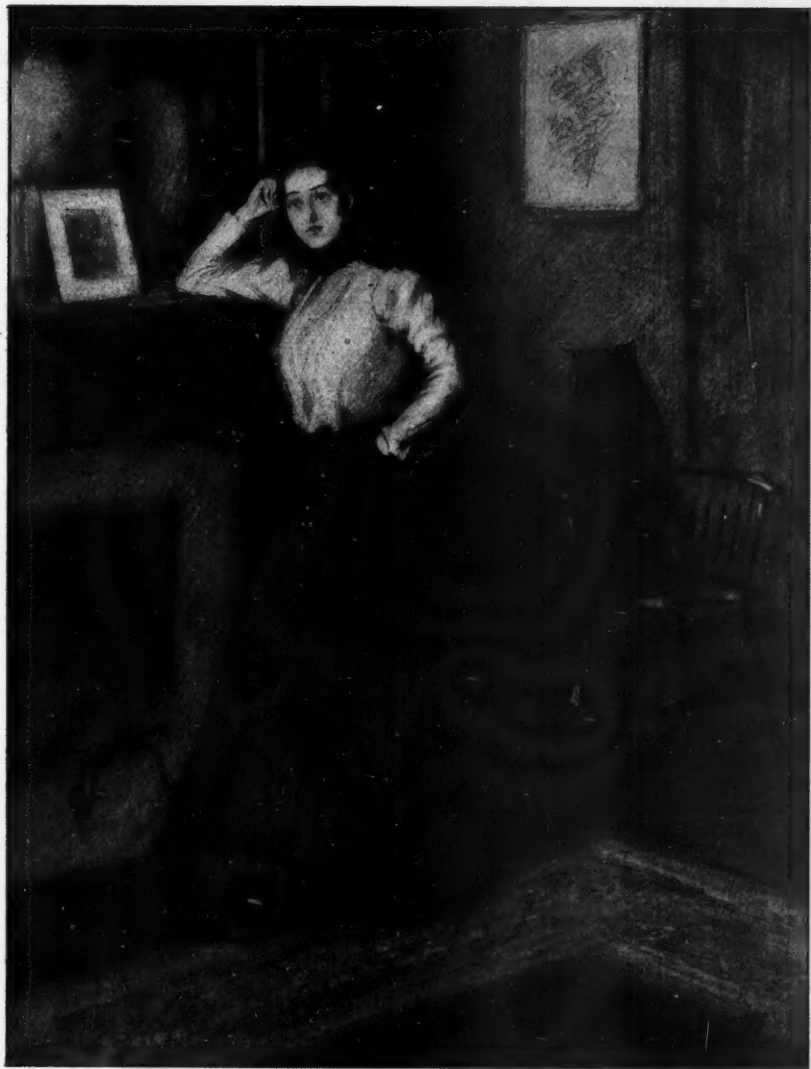
"I do not care for it." He drew again the curtain, excusing himself on account of a sitter whose portrait he was painting. "Your mother!" Miss Sargent, to her own shame, found herself saying.

"I have never seen her since I left that cellar door."

"Why, old boy, you don't say! then that picture was realistic; that is yourself and your mother?"

The artist bowed assent and withdrew. Jerome called a hack and put Miss Sargent in it. "Don't get in, I prefer to go alone," she begged.

"But you won't, my dear, till I have told you what I think of your cowardly trick," and he slammed the door;



"ERECT, INDEFINABLE, IMPERIOUS SHE RECEIVED HIM, YET LEANING AGAINST THE
MANTELPIECE"

Drawn by Albert F. Schmitt

"that man is in love with you; he'll never let you know it, though, but it is none of your business to taunt him with his mother, and to take me along to spy on a brother artist. Zounds, girl, I am ashamed of you! Why did not you come to me as your mother's friend?" and the old man's voice faltered. "I could have told you what, and now I won't, because there is nothing to tell, only he hadn't any kind of a mother, and don't know who was his father, and worked his way up and out of an almshouse—yes, ma'am, an almshouse—say it till you get used to its sound—and is the biggest artist there is going; and all we lesser fellows envy him, family or no family. He has scoured the earth for his mother; she ought to be dead by this time."

"She is not," interposed Miss Sargent, calmly.

"How do you know?"

"Because she told me so."

"And you have not told him? Then you shall."

"At my leisure. This conversation is confidential, for my mother's sake," she added, appealing to the only reason which could bind him to silence, for the early romance between him and her mother still glorified his life; and without another word she pulled the bell for the driver to stop, and ordered him to take Mr. Jerome to his club.

Miss Sargent took to slumming in the police courts, under the guidance of police matrons. One day an old woman was sentenced to the Island for drunkenness. Then the girl got passes to inspect the Island as a volunteer visitor. The woman was in the hospital with pneumonia. Miss Sargent was allowed to provide her with comforts, and persuaded her to accept a home in a safe retreat on her return to the city. The old woman knew she could not live long, and struggled silently between her desire to see her boy and to

leave him in ignorance of the kind of woman his mother was. Miss Sargent made believe she was helping Divine Providence, and that after the woman was dead, decently buried, and masses sung for her soul, Wilson should know what had been done; and that then she, Mary Sargent, would reject, punish, marry him; her intentions always became hazy at this point. But would he forgive her?

The woman failed rapidly till one night when the priest shrived her soul and sent for her son at her request. He, went—throwing down his brush, dismissing his sitter—as he had gone many times before on sudden slight chance of learning who he was.

She was crouching in her bed in the same attitude in which he last saw her thirty years ago, when, frightened by her manner, attracted by the sunlight, he had stood at the cellar door, wandered off, lost his way, grown up. He knew her now. As he bent over her she pushed up his sleeve and touched the letters F. W. on his arm. "Yer daddy did that when yer was a baby, so I always could find yer, jest 'fore he died. I've got the certificate and the ring round my neck for yer all these years," and her voice sank.

"Mother! Mammy!" He bent lower. Her wan smile touched him to the quick, and, with the reminiscent feeling of his boyhood's early dependence on her, he laid his cheek against her wrinkled neck, and she died happy, as he liked to believe in later years. Reverently he took the package from her neck, which was to him insignia of his legitimacy, and then he questioned the nurse.

She could tell him little; that she had been with his mother (how natural the word sounded) but a few days since she came up from the Island (how he shivered); that she had talked incoherently, dreamingly, or in reply to

questions, of her young husband who died soon after her baby was born; that she took to drink; could not get work; lost her baby when drunk; that sometimes she had got on, oftener she had not; that she had seen a picture and knew her boy painted it, because the marks were those on his arm; that the priest must find him when she was dying, and not before; and that an Associated Charities visitor had cared for her all the time.

Apparently some one at the door—which had been ajar—beckoned to the nurse, and he was left alone with his dead. He smoothed her hair and kissed her lips, and when the nurse returned gave her orders for the funeral.

The next day he followed his mother to Calvary, and knew not that another carriage had followed him.

It was late spring when Wilson sent in his card to Miss Sargent. Hat in hand, bowing only, he stood awaiting her. Erect, indefinable, imperious, she received him, yet leaning against the mantelpiece. "I came to ask you to take the interior you saw at my studio. My mother has died, my father—her husband—died when I was a baby. The cellar picture was the clue which brought us together. My father's life was one of poverty; hers one of shame, I fear. But she is my mother. May I leave the sketch?"

He placed it on the table and withdrew. Miss Sargent hid the picture, but studied it every day, hoping thereby to comprehend herself. She knew its painter would never venture farther unless she took the initiative, and as he now went into society she constantly ran the risk of meeting him, and was grateful to Jerome for inducing Wilson to come to the house under his patronage.

"I am going to Europe soon," said

the artist to her one evening when they were alone.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because I have no right to drag the woman I love into an unknown past."

"Have you ever told her of it?"

"I shall tell her now." She tried to rise, but he drew her back into her seat, and in rapid speech told her of his wretched babyhood, his unconscious wandering off till he was lost, picked up, carried to an almshouse, loaned out as a State child to a farmer; told her how the sunset and sunrise had painted themselves into his brain till he became a painter, searching always for his mother, until she found him, and of his gratitude to the unknown friend who had cared for her.

"Why don't you ask her to marry you?" inquired Miss Sargent. How it was that they ever became engaged, neither ever knew. Jerome always said it was his work, for his sudden appearance compelled the quick truth.

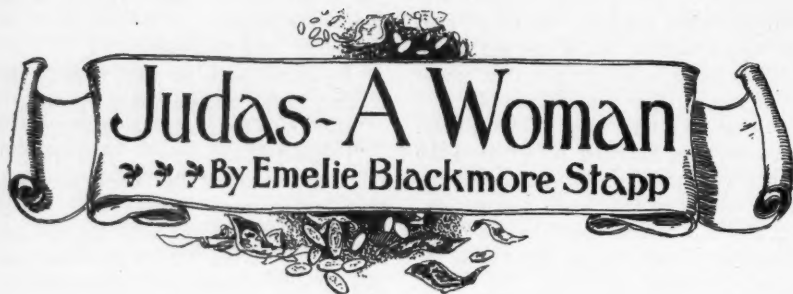
After their wedding he sent them the cellar picture, which he had purchased from its owner, thus taking his revenge upon Miss Sargent, for he fancied it would not be acceptable to her. "I would rather he had given it to the one who cared for my mother," said Wilson, examining it partly as a connoisseur.

"He did." And then his wife told him all.

"Why did you not tell me sooner?" Jerome was avenged.

"At first," she answered, "from a desire to punish you; then because I wanted to spare your seeing and knowing what she was. And then I could not, because—I found I had loved you always."

Then Wilson understood, and when the two thanked Jerome he saw he had lost his point.



Judas-A Woman

By Emelie Blackmore Stapp

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I TO VI INCLUSIVE

John Marshall, a typical overworked American professional man, marries a beautiful but mercenary and ambitious woman, who bears a daughter, Beatrice Marshall, whom she teaches to despise all really noble ambitions, and to desire great wealth, position and pleasure. The father dies suddenly and alone, and Mrs. Marshall left with only a moderate income decides to secure a desirable marriage for her daughter Beatrice, and for that reason seeks the northern lake resorts the next summer. Here Beatrice meets and is fascinated by Harmon De Loste, a southern gentleman, and finally agrees to an elopement and marriage. Beatrice Marshall, daughter of Mrs. John Marshall, a worldly and scheming widow, is induced by Harmon De Loste to consent to a secret marriage, and after the ceremony is absent from home for some days. Mrs. Marshall announces the marriage as performed with her consent, and the young couple return to find a welcome and a home with her. De Loste suddenly receives a billet doux from a former love and deserts Beatrice, and by mail informs her that the ceremony was illegal and that she is not his wife. Mrs. Marshall determines that Everett Terrill shall become the husband of Beatrice. They are married and he discovers that he has been deceived.

Chapter IX.

After Mrs. Marshall had left him, Everett returned again to his couch, where for hours he lay pondering over the strange situation. His face, from illness and the anxiety then besetting him grew haggard and old.

Every act of kindness shown him by either woman came back to him and made the blow harder to bear. He felt that if he doubted their word that it would overthrow every belief he had in womanhood.

Mrs. Marshall had sworn to the truth of her statements, and he possessed a simple code of honor that was dear to him. His mind grew confused. He felt that he would gladly give all he possessed could he but recall distinctly the events of the evening. Try as he might it all remained a confused mem-

ory. He was haunted by a feeling that he, either in a dream or else in reality, had in some way caressed Beatrice. This was so foreign to his nature that the very persistency of the thought disdisturbed him.

At one time, as he lay there in the deepening darkness and heard the cars passing toward the city, he felt an impulse to slip out of his room and, at least, to make an attempt to leave the house forever and to defy its occupants to do their worst. He banished the thought uneasily. They had befriended him and had been kind to him. Just supposing that he had wronged the girl in some way, was he so weak a man as to desert her if he was to blame? This would be a miserable return for their kindness to him.

He, who had always felt so bitterly upon such questions had little dreamed that the day would ever come when he must choose between retribution and inclination and himself fight the dreary battle of the world. The lines of anxiety deepened on his face. Everett Terrill should have lived in the age of martyrs, so adherent was he to his own principles and beliefs. Whatever he felt to be right would be done, no matter what the cost.

There was a Terrill whose name is found in remote history. He went unfalteringly to the stake and died with

a smile upon his lips rather than relinquish one tithe of what he held his sacred honor and religious beliefs. From this man Everett was descended, and those who knew the family history could therefore account for the rather unusual traits he possessed.

Everett was proud and he was deeply humiliated that such a misfortune had come to him. He could not help but regard it as a misfortune. He knew that in the career he had planned, if he succeeded, Beatrice would not be a suitable wife. He felt that she was not a woman of whom his mother would approve. The worst feature of all was, that he had, at best, simply a friendly interest for her. His heart did not harden towards her, for he believed in all things a man should be stronger than a woman. And he never could find it in his heart to censure a woman as a man under similar circumstances.

Thoughts of his own happy home in the east came to him. From this home he had gone forth, their eldest son and pride. His mother, with her strong face framed with brown hair touched lightly here and there with silver, seemed near him. Her words of love and wisdom came to him, encouraging him to do right as he saw right; to be brave, loyal, hopeful and happy, and by so doing he would find an indisputable answer to the question, "Is life worth the living?"

Late at night, when he prepared for bed, he had made his decision. Since he had brought unhappiness to Beatrice he would marry her. He never could tell what, unless it was pride, that led him to decide that he would not for the present at least, inform his family of his marriage when it had taken place. He was almost a stranger in the city, and he felt assured that his private affairs would be of but small interest either one way or the other to the public.

Everett started disagreeably as he heard Mrs. Marshall's footsteps approach his door the following morning. In answer to his response to her rap upon the door, she entered with her head well up in the air, and a look of scorn upon her face. As an injured mother, the woman would have made a hit upon the stage, so clever was she in the role she had assumed.

"Did you rest well?" she asked, her voice peculiarly modulated.

Everett looked at her steadily as he replied quietly, "As well, thank you, as I could have hoped under the circumstances." For the first time since his acquaintance with her he thought her face very unattractive.

"Well, Mr. Terrill," and she stood very straight and stiff; "I have come for your decision."

"Mrs. Marshall, pardon me, if before I reply, I ask you a question."

She looked at him expectantly.

"Does the fact that I do not love your daughter, make no difference to you?"

"I cannot see that it is a question of love, Mr. Terrill," she replied evasively. "To me, it is a question of right or wrong."

"That may be true, and yet a union without love is a pitiable thing. Yes, a sacreligious thing also. There must come times in the life of every man and woman when love alone endures, and then God help the man or woman who married without it.

There was a moment's silence.

Everett looked at the woman keenly, but the inscrutable eyes told him nothing. He then spoke gravely and slowly as though measuring each word. "Mrs. Marshall, you have sworn to me that you have spoken the truth. Unfortunately I cannot recall the details of the evening. I am a gentleman, I hope," and he held his head proudly. "I shall comply with your demand and

marry your daughter. I will do this, but first there are certain things that we must agree upon mutually."

A look of relief passed over her face upon hearing his words, and she said almost brightly, "Well, let me hear the conditions, rules or whatever they be."

"As I have stated, I will marry your daughter. For reasons of my own, however, this marriage I will not, for the present, acknowledge to my family east."

"It is not surprising that you should be rather ashamed of it," she replied.

"It is not that—not that," and Everett thought, "If I were only positive that I had done wrong, I know that my mother would understand me, even in wrong doing but," and the thought ended vaguely.

"Another thing, Mrs. Marshall," and he spoke decisively, "I shall redouble my energies, work and support your daughter. For outward appearance, I shall live in the same house. But to live with her, as a husband, I absolutely refuse. That I decline to do in justice to that ideal love I had hoped some day might glorify my home."

There was a pathetic ring in his voice, that passed unheeded by his listener.

She had obtained what she sought, a cloak to shield her daughter's reputation.

Everett was really physically unable to leave the house. The following day, however, he sent his belongings to a hotel where he decided to remain until after the wedding. Troubled and worried, he left every arrangement in Mrs. Marshall's hands, simply requesting that she send for him when needed.

The wedding preparations moved along apace. Mrs. Marshall determined to make them as elaborate as her means and her limited acquaintance would permit. She decided upon a

church wedding. She knew in her heart, that Everett would dislike nothing more cordially. She realized his superiority over herself and disliked him for it. She knew that she was betraying his confidence and that added to her aversion to him. Then also, to a church wedding, she knew that persons drifted in out of curiosity and thus she would seemingly have the more guests. She had announcement cards prepared and she completed every arrangement with undiminished zeal. Everett hoped devoutly that there would at least be one month's respite before the ordeal. And in that time he felt that there was a possibility that he would grow stronger, and be able to recall distinctly the events of the fateful evening.

In her own particular line, Mrs. Marshall was clever. She knew better than to wait one moment longer than was necessary. Everett had scarcely been at the hotel two weeks, when, returning from his office one evening, he found to his consternation a note from her stating that the marriage would take place the following Tuesday at C—— church. It was then Saturday night.

Since leaving Mrs. Marshall's home, he had developed into a silent and morose man. Not once during that time had he seen his prospective bride. In fact he had not seen her since she had replied to his question and turning from him had run sobbing from the room. Everett had confided his dilemma to no one. His associates attributed his altered appearance to his recent illness. He had no evidence with which to clear himself and therefore he determined to accept manfully what seemed to be inevitable.

Three days later, when he met the wedding party at the church, he looked at Beatrice almost pityingly, for she was very pale.

"Two victims of a loveless marriage," he thought, and it seemed to him, with his ideals of marriage, that to marry without love would be a worse fate for her than the alternative.

The grand old marriage service, that for ages has made solemnly glad and tender the countless hearts of those taking part, but filled his heart with foreboding. He could scarcely command himself to make the necessary responses, and he felt that never again would he feel their sweet impressiveness as he might chance to listen to them.

At last it was over. As in a dream he left the church and entering the carriage rode home with his wife and her mother.

Upon entering the house, Mrs. Marshall handed him an envelope. "This is a little present for you and Beatrice," she said with poisonous sweetness in her voice. "I hope that you will enjoy it."

Everett opened the envelope, and, to his amazement, found two tickets to New York.

"A bridal trip!" he exclaimed. "I shall have to forego it, Miss Marshall—pardon me, I mean Mrs. Terrill; here are the tickets. If your mother cannot accompany you then you had better invite the young lady who lives next door, Miss Stevenson. My work will not permit a holiday."

The mother looked at him angrily for thwarting her plans.

"Very well, Beatrice, I shall not leave the city, so send for Miss Stevenson. The train leaves at nine. Perhaps your husband will have the courtesy to escort you to the station."

"With pleasure," he replied, "and Mrs. Marshall, I will remain at the hotel until the return of your daughter."

During his wife's absence from the city Everett buried himself by day in

his work and often lay awake late at night pondering over the strange situation in which he had so suddenly been placed. Not a word did he say to anyone of his changed circumstances. Deep in his heart lay embedded an almost unconscious and unacknowledged hope that some day an avenue would open by which he might honorably escape from the bondage to which he had consented.

In ten days he received word that his wife was at home and he reluctantly returned to occupy his old room at the house.

For form's sake he sat at the head of the table. Outwardly he was her husband, but the heart of the man was as something dead.

The old pathetic look had vanished from Beatrice's eyes. At times she regarded him hopefully and then wonderingly. He seemed so changed to her, and as the to-days drifted into yesterdays, she never drew nearer to him nor understood him better.

The whole affair was such a mockery of a marriage. From the absence of all sentiment, of everything that would make home dear to a man of his temperament, he grew to have a wonderful understanding and appreciation of what home really would mean to him under happier circumstances.

One winter's afternoon, two months after their marriage, having a severe headache, he left the office and returned home. He was relieved to find that his wife and her mother had gone to the city for an afternoon of sight-seeing and shopping. Even the maid, taking advantage of their absence, had gone into a neighbor's kitchen to chat with the cook. He was at home, absolutely alone. With a sigh of satisfaction he went to his room and lay down to rest. The front door bell rang twice and he rose wearily to answer it. It was a messenger boy. "Mrs. Terrill

sent me for a shopping list that, she said, the maid would find in her desk."

Everett went to his wife's room to comply with her request. It was the first time that he had entered the room since their marriage, and he faltered a moment upon the threshold. Crossing the room, he opened the desk to search for the desired paper. The boy had not stated just where it would be found, and therefore he opened the desk drawer.

An open letter lay before him. His attention was attracted by the large masculine writing. An instant later, his eyes were riveted upon the words, "I acknowledge I wronged you."

Scarcely realizing what he was doing and forgetful of the waiting boy he read the letter through. As though reflected in a mirror, he saw clearly the events of the summer and early fall, to which his wife had once alluded so vaguely. With a sudden and crushing

force the whole truth lay bare before him. He, a man of principle, of sentiment, of ideals, had been but a tool in the hands of an intriguing woman. He, for the sake of his belief in womanhood, had fallen so easy a prey. What a horrid awakening to discover that he had given his clean manhood to act as a shield for her name.

The whole enormity of the plot of which he had been made the victim and to bear the result of another's sin, was disgustingly clear to him. He utterly loathed the woman who, in the friendliness of her bearing, had betrayed him.

He placed the letter in his pocket and wearily sought and found the required paper. In doing so he came across several letters of recent date in the same writing. He shunned them as something poisonous. Why should he disturb them, for in the one letter in his possession lay the evidence to convict his wife.

(To be Continued)

TIM MAHAN'S TORPEDO

By Winthrop Packard

STORIES OF AN AUXILIARY CRUISER—No. 2



It was on the blockade. Eight bells had struck and the tropic night shut in, clouded and sweltering. The trade wind was but a breath and brought with it, now a heavy scent of Cuban jungle, now the reek of unclean Havana. Motionless, lean, and long, the auxiliary cruiser "Prairie" lay like a floating log with her sharp prow towards the Morro, whose light house lamp gleamed defiance.

The starboard watch was on deck,

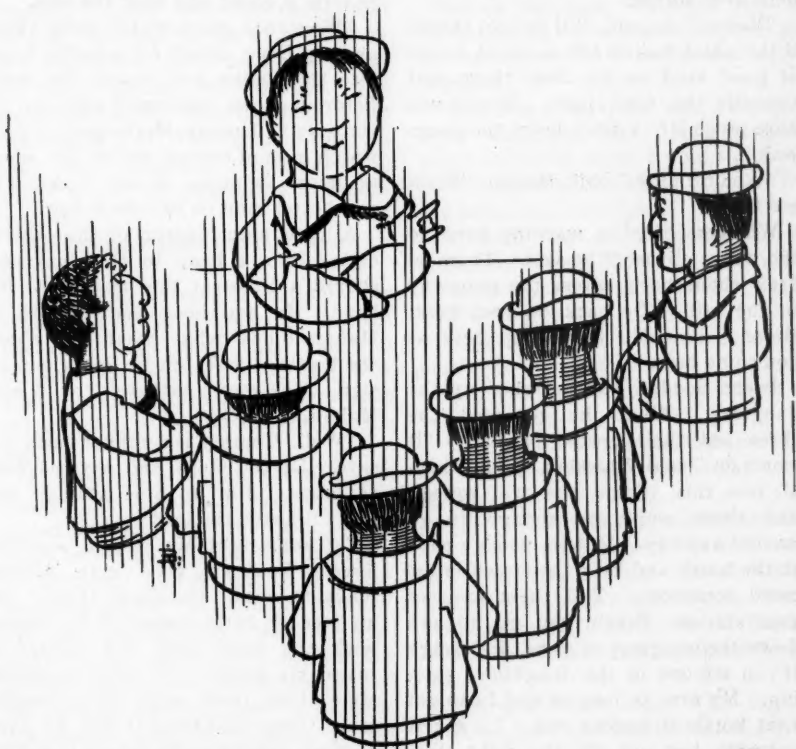
the men of the afterguard stretched on the after hatch with their heads pillowed on one another or on blankets, some trying to sleep despite the heat, others talking and chaffing. Only the gangway patrols moved. Of these two, one on the starboard gangway and the other on the port, marched up and down from the midships six pounders to the hatch and back again, keeping a watchful eye on the sea on either side. No lights were allowed, and the whole ship was an indistinct shape in the darkness.

At one bell, which is half past eight

by the clock on shore, the chief engineer came out of his state-room in the starboard after corner of the deck house just forward of the hatch. The paymaster's room was next this on the port side, the two taking up the whole after end of the deck house, opening into one another, and with deadlight aft to the hatch. The paymaster then

eral spring. The sea down this way would well be salt with the sweat of the sailors. Tell you what, boys, I'm no Irishman. If I was I'd know better than to leave a good job in Boston for a place where there is ten thirsts to the one drink, and the officers getting that one. Ain't that so, Whiskers?"

He poked the man next to him, a



"THE WORST I EVER SAW, THOUGH, WAS THE DAY WE TOOK SOUNDINGS AT KEY WEST"

stepped out of his cabin, joined the engineer, and the two went forward to the wardroom.

Tim Mahan sat up straight on the hatch, his face dripping with sweat and his long locks tousled. He drew the sleeve of his duck blouse across his dripping face with a growl.

"Bedad" he said; "I'm like a min-

bearded six footer, who turned lazily. "Don't you care, Tim," he said; "We'll get a thunder shower as usual before mid-night, and you'll have all the wet you want with that."

"Whiskers," said Mahan, "you may be a good school master when you are down east, but you're no sailor. Your answer shows that."

As if in confirmation of Whisker's prophecy a flash of distant lightning lighted things with a white glare for a moment, and the watch on the starboard gangway, who happened to be opposite the door of the chief engineer's room threw up both hands in amazement, and then chuckled as he stepped quickly to the hatch and bent over Mahan.

"Mahan," he said, "I'll be keel hauled if the chief has'n't left a quart bottle of good stuff on his desk there, just opposite the dead light. Would you dare pinch it? I can't leave the gangway."

"Would I dare!" said Mahan, "Show me to it."

Whiskers lifted a warning hand to the two. "Hush," he said. Then he drew them both across the gangway to the rail. "Go back on your beat, Breen," he said, "and stop here as you come back."

Breen nodded and marched up the gangway. When he returned the three put their heads together. "It won't do," said Whiskers, "to let them all into this. Some one will squeal, and there won't be enough to go around anyway. Mahan, you go back to the hatch and keep the crowd interested somehow. Tell them some of your stories. Breen, you go up and down the gangway as usual and cough if you see one of the doughboys coming. My arm is longest and I can get that bottle if anyone can. I'll get it anyway, but not till the right time comes."

"Boys," said Mahan, as he sat down among the watch again; "I do be thinking the port watch on this ship is the most no good of any gang I ever saw."

The delinquencies of the other watch is always a fruitful theme, and Mahan gained a ready assent.

"They never do their work at all if

they can help it. We always have to follow around and pick up after them. But they think they know it all."

There was a murmur of approval.

"The worst I ever saw though, was the day we took soundings off Key West."

The boys were turning lazily toward him now, and beginning to move so as to form a group and hear the tale.

"We struck green water along there and the Exec. called for a sailor to go into the chains and heave the lead. Before a grown man could sing out, up steps little Tommy McDougall, a port watch man of course, which the same is below swinging in his hammock, and better men on this deck now."

A little man, unseen of the others, curled into a heap in the darkness, stirred a little at this and lifted his head. He had been near enough to Mahan to hear what Breen said about the bottle at first, but he had given no sign. The watch gathered round and Mahan went on.

"Well, Tommy is a rubber neck for sure. Up the steps, and says as bold as brass, 'I'm an able seaman sir, and I'll heave the lead.'"

"That's right, McDougall," says the Exec., "You're a good man, always ready to work. Go ahead there." So up goes his little nibbs into the chains with the hand lead and swings it round his head in the most approved style of the fresh water naval reserve man. Once he swung it and he gave a grunt, ugh, twice he swung it and he gave another grunt, ugh, three times he swung it and had it going round that fast I thought it would take me little man off his feet and overboard with it."

There was a general snicker at the humor of Mahan's tale and no one noticed the little man who slipped away along the deck house side to port, to the paymaster's cabin door,

and hesitated there. Then came another glare of lightning and the little man saw plainly the paymaster's room, untenanted, a quart bottle of red ink by the desk, and through the open doorway between the two rooms, on the desk of the chief engineer, the bottle which Whiskers was watching from the other side. In the darkness that followed he chuckled softly to himself, slipped into the room, and putting the quart bottle of red ink on the engineer's desk took therefrom the other bottle and vanished. His hand had hardly left the desk when the long arm of Whiskers slid through the open deadlight, felt carefully about, seized the ink bottle and bore it away.

Meanwhile Mahan went on with his story.

"He swung it round three times," he said, "and the line whizzing through the air, it was going that fast, and brought the lead down on the deck with a bang like a six-pounder within three inches of the executive officer's toe."

A laugh rang through the crowd, every man of whom was grouped about and watching the form of the story teller, indistinct in the darkness.

"Fellows," said Mahan, "if the Exec. moved a muscle I'm a Cuban refugee. He just stood there and waited. Well me little man gathered in his line and swung it again, and this time he missed the deck all right and sent it buzzing out ahead. Then he gathers up the line as a man should till it was taut, up and down, and sings out, 'Seventeen fathoms and no bottom, sir,' and with that something jerks the line like a big fish and was like to pull him overboard, and there was a big howl from down below.

"'Fhwat in the divvil are ye sluggin' me wid a lead club for at all?' says the voice.

"I'm a county Kerry liar if he hadn't thrown that lead into one of the forward gun-deck ports and nearly killed Paddy McStivvins of the fire room gang, who does always be doing his loafing there. Paddy was round that same day with blood in his eye looking for little McDougall, but Tommy kept out of his way. Oh, they're a fine gang, that port watch crowd."

Mahan had seen Whiskers step to the deadlight and was assured from his movements that the bottle was surely captured.

"Lie down boys, he said; and get what sleep you can. The torpedo boats are likely to be trying at us by-and-by and we'll be all at quarters for the balance of the night."

A little later, a little withdrawn from the others, Whiskers and Mahan were curled side by side on the hatch as if asleep.

"Did you get it?" asked Mahan eagerly.

"Oh yes," said Whiskers, "I got it all right, but—"

"Say no more," replied Mahan. "Let me have the feel of it in me hand, the darlint."

"It's a funny thing," said Whiskers, "I saw that bottle as plain as I ever saw anything when the lightning flashed and it was a quart bottle, but it was flattened. This is the bottle, I'll swear, but it is round. Guess I've got 'em."

"Never mind the shape of it," replied Mahan, "but lend me the loan of a cork screw."

"I have none," said the other, "but Breen has one in his knife. Wait 'till he comes off watch and I'll show you something else to go with this that'll surprise you."

"More to go with this," echoed Mahan, delightedly. "Well, I'd think I was back in South Boston once more. What have you got?"

"Oh, I'll show you later," replied Whiskers, and would say no more.

At the striking of four bells, which is ten o'clock, the three conspirators sought the roof of the galley, aft, where they thought themselves safe from interruption.

"Get out that cork screw, Breen," cried Mahan, "and let's drink to the health of the chief engineer. Long life to him, and many happy returns of this little affair."



"MY SERVICE TO YOU KINDLY,
ME LORD"

"Don't you do it yet" said Whiskers. "Wait till I come back. Breen don't you let him have that corkscrew 'till I come back, will you now?"

Breen promised faithfully and kept his promise despite Mahan's solicitations, till the other returned. As he came gingerly toward them again over a litter of coiled lines and loose blocks on the galley roof he held something in his hand that hissed as he touched a lever at the top.

"Mother of Moses," gurgled Mahan, "It's a siphon! Whiskey and soda, wid a glass! Hully gee! Where did

you get it? And am I asleep or am I down at Tom Early's?"

"You'll be down at the fore hatch, answering unpleasant questions, if you don't make less noise," said Whiskers. "Try this now and keep your weather eye open. That man Brown is the marine on guard down aft there and he is looking for a chance to pinch us. He's a nasty begger."

"But where did you get it?" insisted Mahan.

"Oh, I found it," replied Whiskers, "found it in the after pilot house where the tin-sailor yachtsman, that bought an ensign's commission and was shot in through the cabin window, kept his drink stored. The beer was all gone when I managed to get in there but I found this and laid it up for a rainy day, and to-day it rains, eh? What do you think?"

The cork was out of the bottle from the chief engineer's room and the tumbler pretty well filled with it. Whiskers filled the balance of the glass from the siphon.

"She sizzles like a steam launch" said Mahan, "I believe that siphon is over loaded. Don't drop it for the love of heaven; it'll blow up the ship if it busts."

"Ladies first," said Breen, as he passed the foaming glass to Mahan. "My service to you kindly, me lord," replied Mahan, and raising the glass to his lips, he drained it at a gulp. It was too dark to see his eyes bulge but his gesture and exclamation were unmistakable.

"How is it?" asked Breen, somewhat anxiously.

Mahan swallowed again before he answered. "Bedad, it's a surprise to me insides" he said. "Thry for your-

self. I've not seen the like of that for long."

Breen drained his glass, coughed, looked hard at Mahan in the darkness, then steadied himself and said, "Well, I never had anything like it. Here, Whiskers, it's your turn now, old man. Fill her up, that's it."

Whiskers drained his glass without pause, then gasped and spluttered to the sky one expressive word, and would have said more but a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was Brown, the marine.

"What are you doing up here after taps?" he said. "I shall put you all on the report."

Mahan was farthest from the marine, and holding both bottle and siphon, hurled them overboard unseen. The bottle vanished in the darkness. The siphon, too, cleared the rail but brought up against the barrel of one of the long six-inch rifles protruding from the deck and exploded like a bomb.

"Be Jasies," said Mahan, under his breath, "I've done it now!"

For a moment the very ship seemed to listen. Then four bells and a jangle

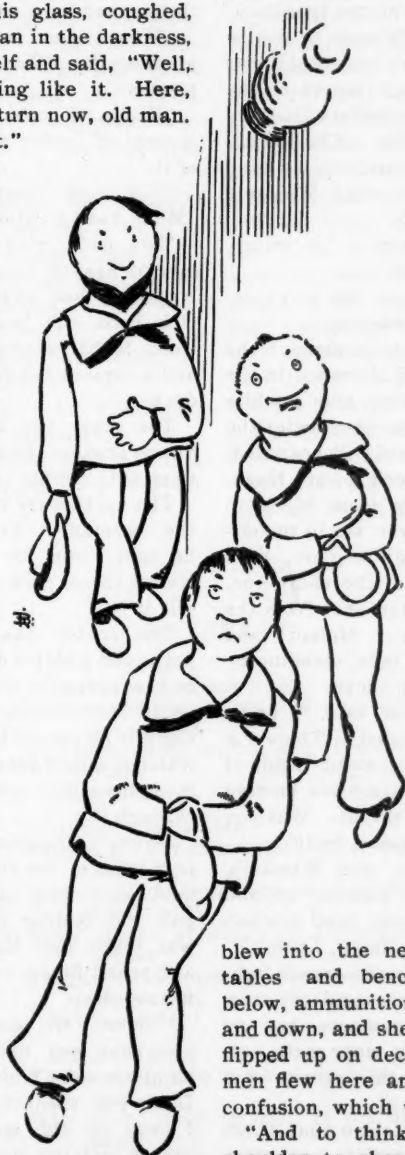
sounded in the engine room; the propeller began to churn up foam astern,

the white eye of the search-light opened, shot a vivid, pencilled glare over the side, and began to write queries up and down the face of the waters. An order rang in sharp, crisp tones from the bridge, followed almost immediately by the peal of the bugle blowing "general quarters."

"La la la la, la la la la, la la la la, la la la la," it sang in clear, steady tones, each measure higher pitched, till the last three tones brought the strain back to the keynote, and at the sound the ship began to buzz like a disturbed hornet's nest. Men burgeoned from wood and iron and began to tear at something. Fire hose flew out, boat lashings gripped the boats, hammocks

blew into the nettings, mess chests, tables and benches coasted down below, ammunition hoists bounced up and down, and shells and powder-cases flipped up on deck, orders rang, and men flew here and there in seeming confusion, which was perfect order.

"And to think," said Mahan, as shoulder to shoulder with Whiskers he took a sway on a boat lashing. "To think that one little siphon of sod



THREE VERY PALE, SORROWFUL MEN STAGGERED INTO THE SICK BAY

would make all this trouble." Whiskers did not answer, and the two dropped to their gun on the spar-deck.

The bugle rang "silence," and in the hush that follows, you could hear the chuckle of breach blocks as the gunners of the secondary battery cocked the six-pounders. The search-light wandered no more, but lay fixed on a dark point in the sea. Whiskers looked sharply at this.

"By the lord Harry!" he swore, "they're coming at us."

The exploding siphon had given unintended but timely warning.

A single command rang through the silence, the last word drowned in the whang of a six-pounder, and a white rush of spray shot up just under the bow of the dark object. It hesitated, swung, and headed back toward Havana Harbor, changing from black to gold, that cleft a silver sea in the circle of the search-light's glare, then fading into the dusk of the shore-line, followed by shot after shot from the ringing six-pounder. Mahan and Whiskers watched it fade, standing by their gun, and Mahan spoke.

"Whiskers dear," he said, "I do be thinking I'm frightened. There's a queer sort of a ground swell inside of me, and my shoe-strings are moored to the back of me throat. Was you ever scared? How does it feel?"

"Don't talk to me," said Whiskers, "I've got cold feet walking up and down my spine, and my head is a balloon. It must be the fever, I think."

A long time the uneasy search-light criss-crossed the waves and the crew remained at their quarters, but no more darting enemies were made out, and after a while the retreat was sounded.

It was about this time that three very pale and sorrowful men staggered into the sick bay and called for the ship's apothecary.

"Oh doctor, dear!" cried Mahan, "I'm killed intirely. Give me something quick."

"What's the matter?" asked the apothecary. "Was you hit in that explosion?"

"Hit, is it?" said Mahan. "I believe it went off inside of me by the feel of it."

"You look faint," said the other. "Here, have a little whiskey."

"No, no!" cried Mahan. "For the love of heaven don't give me whisky! Anything but that. Oh, here I go. Och hone, och hone!" and, with the word, Mahan doubled up over a chair, and a copious red fluid flowed over the deck.

The other two looked at him, then at one another, and took similar positions with similar results.

The apothecary turned to his helper, the bayman. "For heaven's sake!" he said, "run for the doctor, quick! Here's three men killed, and come to tell of it."

The doctor was an old school allopath, and a ship's doctor at that; and of the course of treatment which he administered to the three conspirators there is no record but their statement, which is somewhat confused. Perhaps it suffices to say that they lived through it.

Dawn, straggling in through the port-holes of the sick bay, found three bold sailor men tucked away in cots, pale, but feeling better. No one else was there, and Mahan reached over and poked Breen, rousing him from an uneasy sleep.

"Breen," he said, "the next time you have any nefarious business on hand you take Whiskers into it alone. Don't you speak to me for a partner. I have an old mother living on E Street, and it's nothing but her prayers that has kept me alive this night. That was no whisky, it was rat poison.

There was cyanide of potassium in that bottle. I can taste it now."

But they were not the only ones. Up on the spar deck in the gray glimmer of dawn a small man was crawling about on his hands and knees, mumbling hoarsely to himself, and making little dabs at the deck with his teeth.

"I'm Neb'chd'nez'r," he croaked; "Neb'nzr king of the Jews, an' I'm eat'n grass. Gi' me nuzzer field."

Here the officer of the watch found him. "Why, McDougall," he said; "have you lost anything?"

McDougall swayed uncertainly to his knees and saluted.

"Mizzer Sughrue," he whispered, hoarsely, "I've los' my voice."

The officer grinned and left him there, to be gathered in a moment later by a marine.

Time passes on, even when one is incarcerated in the brig for unbecoming conduct, and after a time Mahan, Whiskers and Breen saw the light of day once more. They spent most of their spare time thereafter scraping the oaken ship's ladders with knives, which is the lot of the extra duty man. Only on their first day out Mahan looked up and spoke.

"Well, boys," he said, "it looks as if the U. S. S. 'Prairie' would be the only ship torpedoed in the whole war, and I'm the boy that did it. Sure, that's great glory, but I'd give it all and my prize money to boot to know how it was that Whiskers got that red ink-bottle in place of the other."

But he never knew; from which it is fair to suppose that little McDougall could keep his own council better than he could heave the lead.

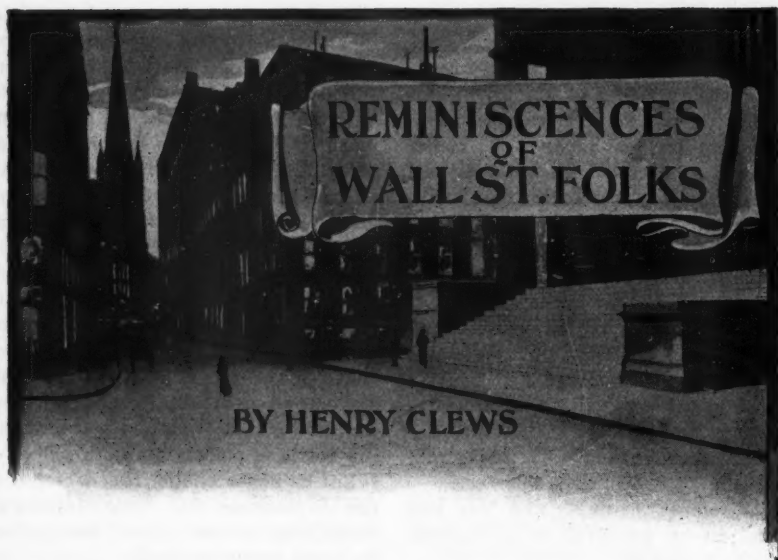
THIS LITTLE LIFE

This little life
That now ebbs fast away
With breath that comes and goes, and
lips so pale,
And little hands so hot and thin and
frail,
But yesterday

In happy baby play,
Shaped all our future with its artless
skill,
Roused all the manhood in a strong
man's will,
Make all the sunshine in a woman's
breast
Taught all the lessons that the world
deems best
But yesterday!

Ah! let it live!
That we may love it while its love is
young.
Why should it die, its song as yet un-
sung?
Ah God! Thou hast so many lives to
give!
One little life!

T. D. L.



ONE of the most unique characters in Wall Street was Daniel Drew. It was he who invented the significant term "watering stock." Before coming to the street to make and lose thirteen million dollars, Uncle Daniel had been a drover, and fed his cattle an unusual amount of salt, in order to create in them an abnormal thirst that would cause them to drink great quantities of water, thus making them appear bigger and fatter when taken to market. After "watering stock" in this way, it was natural that he should make use of a trick or two of his own in disposing of stock of a different kind in Wall Street. I remember a deal in Northwestern stock in which he lost heavily. He was greatly chagrined at his bad luck, while the brokers who had benefited at his expense in the same deal, made no attempt to conceal their elation in his very presence. It seemed almost incredible that Uncle Daniel Drew should have been beaten. The younger men laughed in his face, cajoled and irritated him. It was all a

great joke; but the wily Daniel simply smiled and planned a terrible revenge.

One warm evening he rushed into an uptown club, hurried into the room where many of the young brokers, who had been making sport of him for so many days, were gathered. He appeared to be hunting for some one. Though asked to remain, he declared that he must hurry on. He seemed to have something of great importance on hand. He did pause, however, just long enough to draw a huge handkerchief from his pocket and wipe the perspiration from his face. With the handkerchief had come forth, apparently unnoticed by Drew, a small piece of white paper. It fluttered to the floor, and one of the bystanders covered it with his foot. The moment Uncle Daniel left the room, the paper was snatched from the floor and read aloud to an eager audience. In his own handwriting were these momentous words: "Bring me all the Oshkosh stock you can get, at any price below par."

Here, surely, was a golden tip. Evidently Oshkosh, in some way best known to Drew, was to be sent "kiting." And the brokers, chuckling over their good fortune and the prospect of again beating jolly old Uncle Daniel, formed a pool to purchase thirty thousand shares. Accordingly, the next morning, they bought the stock; but the man who sold it to them was a new broker of Daniel Drew's. A few days later, Oshkosh, instead of "kiting," began to drop off a dozen points a day, and only then did the brokers realize that they had been made the victims of Uncle Daniel's handkerchief trick. Mr. Drew, meanwhile, had raked in from the jokers and their friends more than he had lost in the Northwestern deal.

Another unique Wall Street character was William R. Travers, whose incomparable geniality won him a host of friends, and whose keen foresight in financial affairs won him a fortune. He is the author of that now famous Siamese Twins' joke, which most people believe originated in a comic paper. The first time Travers saw the celebrated twins, he examined the ligature which had bound them together since birth, and then, scrutinizing their faces, remarked: "B-b-br-brothers, I presume."

Another time Travers was aboard his yacht in Newport Harbor, when a delegation from the New York Yacht Squadron, then on its annual visit to Newport, came to pay their respects to the well-known speculator and sportsman. Travers looked at each of his guests in turn. Noticing that they were all bankers or brokers from Wall Street, he glanced across the harbor at the fleet of beautiful white-winged yachts, and drawled: "B-b-but where are the cus-cus-tomers' yachts?"

In Travers' time one of the leading lawyers of the country was "Sam" Bar-

low. He was a recognized authority in railroad law-suits, and used to exact colossal fees from his rich clients. One day he was standing on the curb opposite the Union Club talking, evidently very earnestly, with a gentleman. He had both hands deep in his pockets. Travers and others were looking out of the club window. Suddenly espying Barlow, Travers cried out: "Look across the way, b-b-boys. Th-th-there's Sam B-b-Barlow with his hands in his own p-p-pockets."

In 1864, Commodore Vanderbilt secured control of the Hudson River Railroad. At the same time he induced the majority of the members of the Legislature to consent to vote for a bill uniting the Hudson River Road with the Harlem, in both of which the Commodore had previously bought a controlling interest. Then he came down to New York and began buying more Harlem, in anticipation of the rise that would follow the passage of the bill. The members of the Legislature, after having given their word to vote for the bill, set to work to sell Harlem "short," with a view to ruining the Commodore and making millions in the deal. So they broke their word and defeated the bill. Harlem dropped from one hundred and fifty to ninety; and if the politicians had bought the stock at that price, they would really have made millions, and the Commodore would have been almost ruined. But they wanted more, and decided to defer buying until Harlem should drop to at least fifty.

Meanwhile, this was the darkest hour in the Commodore's life. Despairing, he sent for his good old friend, John Tobin, who in early life had been gatekeeper at the Staten Island ferryhouse. Since that time Tobin had speculated, and had made about a million dollars, principally by buying Harlem and other stocks.

The Commodore now said to Tobin: "Shall we let 'em bleed us?" Tobin sighed, not knowing what to say.

"John," said the Commodore, at last, "those fellows need dressing down. Let us teach 'em never to go back on their word again, as long as they draw breath. Let us 'corner' Harlem."

John agreed to put up all he had for the purpose. One or two others came into the deal, and at last the Commodore had the five millions necessary to play with his opponents at their own game. He then started in and bought Harlem as fast as the legislative politicians sold it short. In due time they were called upon to make good their contracts. Then, to their horror, they discovered that not a single share of Harlem could be bought. The Commodore had, indeed, "cornered" it, having not only bought up all the capital stock, but twenty-seven thousand shares more than really existed, and had all the stock locked up in his strong box. The Albany conspirators were caught in the very trap which they had set to catch the Commodore. They simply had to meet their contracts; but the Commodore refused to sell at any figure within reason. When a compromise was mentioned, the old man shouted: "Never! I'll sell for a thousand—nothing less."

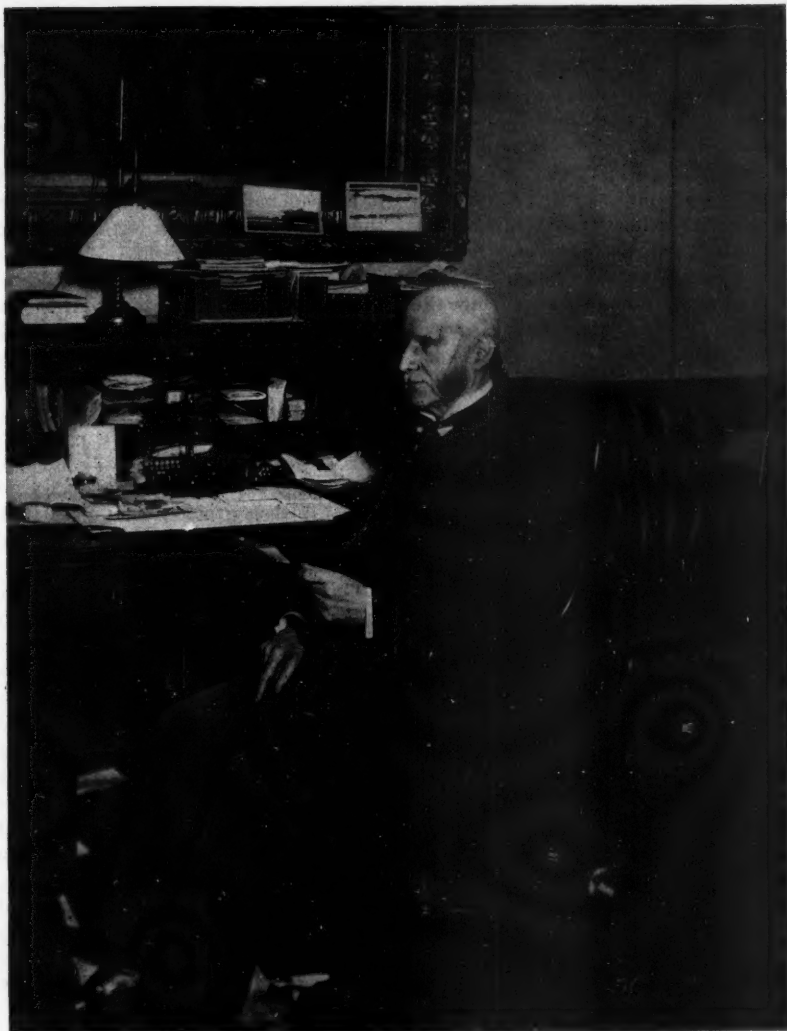
If he had carried out his threat, he would have brought ruin, not only upon the legislative speculators, but upon all their brokers besides. At the critical moment, when all on the short side of the deal were in despair, the Commodore yielded to the advice of Tobin and other friends, and agreed to let the "shorts" cover, at two hundred and ninety-five, and his terms were accepted. Thus, while the politicians were all about ruined, the Commodore added millions to his pile.

In 1872, General Grant was the Republican candidate for a second term

in the White House. Horace Greeley was the Democratic candidate. Boss Tweed was in full power in New York and wanted Greeley elected. One evening Tweed and his ring were making every preparation to bring about a panic in Wall Street to illustrate the evil effects of Republican rule.

The Pennsylvania state election was to precede the national campaign, and in those days, the saying was: "As goes the Keystone state, so goes the Union." Therefore, it was not difficult to understand that Tweed would try to produce a panic in Wall Street just at the time of the state campaign in Pennsylvania so as to influence the election. I immediately summoned Senator Conkling, Governor Morgan of New York and George Opdyke to the Committee Headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and there gave them all the information I had concerning the politico-speculative conspiracy to defeat General Grant. I convinced these men that there was just cause for alarm, that if there should be a Wall Street panic at that particular juncture, it would prove disastrous to the Republicans in the National campaign. Our apprehensions were confirmed by all who had inside Tweed-Ring information. The matter admitted of no delay. One of us must go to Washington and see the President at once.

To bring on a panic, Tweed's plan was to create an artificial stringency in the money market by cornering all the available cash. The city funds and individual funds were to be called in and locked up. The only way to defeat this scheme was for the President to order through his Secretary of the Treasury a large purchase of bonds. Our ambassador to Washington was Mr. Opdyke, who agreed to go there backed up by a letter about the matter from each of us to the President. He left Friday evening and returned Sun-



HENRY CLEWS AT HIS DESK IN WALL STREET

day morning, eminently successful. The President had at once consulted with the Secretary of the Treasury, the result being an offer on the part of the United States to purchase ten millions of bonds and thereby let out a corresponding amount of greenbacks from the vault of the New York sub-treas-

ury, thus putting plenty of money into circulation. The conspirators, of course, were defeated and a panic averted. When the Pennsylvania state election was held, the Republicans carried the day, and a few months later, Grant was elected for a second term.

In 1884 came the panic precipitated by the failure of the firm of Grant & Ward. The whole nation, acting as a jury, acquitted General Grant. He was merely unfortunate in his choice of a business partner by whom he was hoodwinked. The magnitude of the confidence game played by Ward is unparalleled in the history of Wall Street. By means of his extraordinary persuasive powers, his art in dissembling and his marvelous tact in discovering the credulous, he entrapped some of the richest financiers into acquiescence with schemes involving millions.

One gentleman, for instance, upon whom Ward's suspicious pretenses worked successfully, deposited \$50,000 with the young Napoleon of finance, as an experiment. He then sailed for Europe, leaving Ward orders to invest the money during his absence, as if it were Ward's own. Six months later he returned, called at the office of Grant & Ward and asked for an accounting. In the rush of "business" Ward had really forgotten all about this particular customer's money, but simply stating that he "would look up the account," he excused himself and retired to the inner office. Ward's practice was to study faces, to understand his man and never forget that understanding. This was one of the times when he felt sure of his victim.

In a few moments he returned to the customer, explained that the \$50,000 had been invested with the ordinary

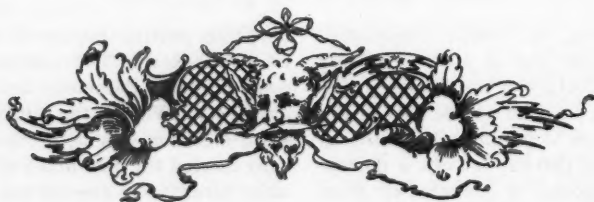
turn of luck that accrued under his management, and that he now had pleasure in handing his customer a check for \$250,000, which, after deducting the usual commission, was the outcome of the investment.

Ward seems to have been what may have been called a mind reader. In the mind of that customer, bewildered by such enormous profits, Ward read as in a book, that the victim would return the check for \$250,000 with instructions to invest as before. For with such a tremendous profit on only \$50,000, it was not hard to figure the harvest which \$250,000 would yield.

And sure enough, when Ward arrived at his office the next morning there was the customer waiting for him. With a gracious smile he took the proffered check for \$250,000 and made a note of it in his book.

This time the customer did not have to wait long to learn the result of his investment. In a few days the failures of Grant & Ward and the Marine Bank were announced in Wall Street, the precursors of a general panic. Ward blandly explained that the only thing that interfered with the second check in producing results similar to those of the first, was the panic—for which, as he told his customer, he was not to blame.

Multiply this audacious experiment with possibly a hundred others very similar and quite as successful, and you have the story of Ward's career in Wall Street.





N POPPY NOR O T MANDRAGORA

By Mark Lee Luther

THE Eminent Archaeologist saw her first in the Llano. He sat upon a stone bench, idly watching the water carriers fill their jars at a neighboring fountain, and as the leisured servants of the public adjusted their zarapes and trudged away, the onlooker pencilled in his notebook an observation on the Mexican sandal. A shadow fell between his page and the westering sun, and a soft voice addressed him in mingled Spanish and English.

"Drawn work, Senor? You like to see it; yes? Fino, fino."

He of the notebook was unmistakably from above the Rio Grande, but he answered like a Mexican and with uplifted forefinger waved his refusal without opening his lips. He did not even raise his eyes to the bit of linen offered for his scrutiny.

"Perdoneme, Senor," said the voice in sad-toned apology, and its owner turned away. The American lifted his eyes; something in what he saw led him to alter his manner.

"A little moment, Senorita," he called, not unkindly, in Spanish, "I will look at your work."

The vender seated herself near him and, piece by piece, spread out the delicate fabric. The Eminent Archaeolo-

gist priced, now and then, a handkerchief, a table cover, or a doily, and commented upon the delicacy of the needlework, yet his eyes sought the face of the seller more often than her wares.

She looked a woman of twenty, but the recollection of previous errors of judgment in the tropics made him fix her age at nearer sixteen. Her dress was the dress of a Mexican, and upon her head she wore, with unstudied grace, the inevitable reboso. Her skin was of a deep olive, with the flush of warm blood glowing softly through; her teeth were even and of surpassing whiteness; her eyes, the glorious eyes of Mexico, neither black nor brown, yet something of both. These things the Northerner remarked, and noted further that her foot was not the foot of an Indian girl; it was small, well arched, and shod in a passable slipper.

"I did not think to find drawn work sold in Oaxaca," he said. "I have seen but little since I left Aguas Calientes. Perhaps, though," he added, "this was made in Aguas Calientes."

"No, Senor," replied the girl, "in Oaxaca."

"And by you?"

"Si, Senor."

"Odd," rejoined the American, with an involuntary movement toward his notebook, which, taking thought, he

checked. "I deemed the industry localized," he mused.

"My mother was of Aguas Calientes," observed the young woman, "she taught me."

"Ah!" exclaimed the nimrod of facts, "that explains it. And do you sell much in Oaxaca?"

"No, *Senor*. Little save to the Americans who come to visit the ruins at Mitla."

Her questioner was not a man commonly swayed by impulse, but he bought two or three specimens of the work, choosing them at random.

"I may wish more drawn work," he said, as the girl folded and replaced her remaining stock. "Where shall I find you? Are you often in the Llano?"

"Si, *Senor*; also in the Plaza de Armas, near the cathedral."

"Near the cathedral. Very well. I shall seek you out, *Senorita*."

"Gracias, *Senor*; I await your coming. Adios."

"Adios, *Senorita*."

When the Eminent Archaeologist gained the privacy of his hotel chamber he sat staring at his purchases with eyes that saw them not. Neither did his surroundings engage his thought. His high-ceiled, massive-walled room should have interested one of his tastes. The old structure wherein he lodged had a romantic past; a monastery first, a governor's palace later, a hotel at last, it was a paradise for ghosts. The palace epoch was especially fruitful of legend, and a revolutionary mob, it is said, had stormed the stout old walls and clamored for the governor's death. It had its secret staircase and its subterranean passage to a church in a neighboring street; it boasted, moreover, its tale of hidden treasure. But of these things the Eminent Archaeologist took no thought.

The results of his excavations lay about him; the hideous idols, the rude implements, the bizarre pottery of a shadow-past, were heaped about the walls and strewn the tiles under foot. Even the balcony without bore its share; a coiled stone serpent, unrealistic, yet, despite its lack of realism, repulsively sinister, lay purpling in the sunset. But of these, too, he was oblivious. For the first time since that memorable morning when, with trembling eagerness he had leaped into the trench among the workmen and, with loving fingers, brushed aside the earth which covered the first found of these, his darlings, he sat among them unmoved; it was unlike the Eminent Archaeologist; it was without historic precedent in his career. Since the days when he was yet undistinguished, the days before his scholarly monograph upon the Antiquities of Yucatan had won him fame, an honored post in that great museum in the North, and, *summa bonum*, the coveted commission to go, his pathway smoothed by generous wealth, and add, by his researches in the sun-bathed, time-cradled South, something to the sum of human knowledge; since those earlier days he had not so swerved from the ruling passion of his life. He did not even see these proofs of his success, these priceless vestiges of an ancient people, these trophies which he should bear back among his colleagues in triumph, which should blaze his name afresh across the pages of science; he saw but the sinuous grace, the marvelous eyes, the warm-tinted flesh of a seller of drawn work.

Guests were few that night at dinner and the landlord sat with him. Over the dulces the Eminent Archaeologist introduced the subject of his reflections, as the thought, with nonchalance.

"A remarkably handsome girl, that

drawn work vender one sees in the Llano and Plaza de Armas."

"Si, Senor."

"Surely of mixed blood. Part Spanish, perhaps."

"Si, Senor."

"A forcible plea for the amalgamation of the two races."

"Si, Senor."

The man of science flushed. The Spaniard's impassivity annoyed him; then, too, he was learning little. The

The Spaniard smiled gently. Later, when he saw his wife, he still smiled.

"These Yankee pigs amuse me," he observed.

"Yes?"

"Would you believe that the basket of chips in our best chamber has blood?"

"The professor?"

"Si, the digger of trenches and worshiper of idols. He is in love."

"With himself?"



boniface watched him from behind drooping eyelids and drew pensively at his cigarette. The American returned to the charge:

"Do you happen to know her name?" he asked, with elaborate carelessness.

"Si, Senor."

The questioner waited, but the Spaniard volunteered nothing. The scientist rose from the table.

"Good night," he said, shortly.

"Buenas noches, Senor."

"Si, and with another—the seller of drawn work."

"Benita!"

"Si, Benita. I read him to-night. They are open books, these Yankees. Our tropic heat plays odd pranks with their reptile blood."

The excavations of the Eminent Archaeologist went steadily on. One would have said that his efforts were redoubled; so were his rewards; his finds outran expectation. The sardonic

Spaniard, however, noted that he studied less of nights; that he frequented the plazas; that his interest in drawn work did not flag; that he often met the drawn work vender; that they held long conversations, touching drawn work doubtless. One night he spied upon them in the Llano. The tender duet ran thus:

"I am fond of your name, Benita; it is as sweet music."

"I am glad, *Senor*."

"It fits you as the flower its stem," averred the impassioned scientist. "Benita, Benita; I love to repeat the sound."

"I would that I could say yours with ease, *Senor*."

"Try it after me: Joseph; Joseph."

"H-h-hosef," faltered the pupil.

"Alas! poor little tongue; it trips upon our harsh, northern consonants. But I have it. Joseph means Jose, in your own, soft Spanish. You shall call me Jose. Say it, Benita."

"Jose, *Senor*."

"No; not 'Jose, *Senor*,' nor *Senor Jose*; simply Jose."

"Jose," laughed the girl.

An interlude of silence, and the ravishing harmony began once more, now bent upon another theme.

"Your father was a Spaniard, your mother a native," mused Daphnis.

"Si, JOSE," shyly fluted his Chloe.

"In you the blood of Cortez and Montezuma's races mingle," ruminated the scholar. "Conqueror sues the conquered, defeat leads victory captive. In what manner did they meet, Benita?"

"You have told me that you have seen Aguas Calientes, *Senor*."

"*SENOR!* Benita."

"JOSE." (Oh melody, oh rapture!)

"BENITA." (A whole symphony is possible with those two notes.)

"You will then remember the hot stream, with its rushes and fig trees

and roses bending over its banks?"

"Can I forget that Arcady and its artless people. I see now their lithe, brown bodies gleam in the sunlight as they bathe; living Cupids; animate Aphrodites."

"It was there, amid the rushes, my father first beheld her. She was very beautiful, was my mother."

"I know it," asservated the learned man, with a look that enfolded her.

"You are the proof."

"He saw, he loved."

"As do—," the strain died low. A vender of helados stilled the idyl with his melancholy cry. The listener pricked his ears in vain, and, with silent fluency, cursed the intruder.

The Eminent Archaeologist was frank with himself; as frank as it is possible for a man in his condition to be. The lover is seldom disingenuous; the passion seems to beget guile. Yet according to his lights the scholar faced the situation with candor. He realized that he was enthralled and before the judgment seat of his New England conscience and common sense, he admitted that his distemper had no very sane or intellectual origin.

He was not the bloodless entity the Spaniard thought him; beneath the mold and incrustation of scholarship was the animal, and it was the unreasoning animal which sought, desired, yea clamored for Benita. He had been shy of women, this man; his erudition had encased him in a non-conducting armor which caused him in moments of loneliness to compare himself to the fruit or vegetables or flesh which purveyors sometimes congeal in cakes of artificial ice. And lo, Benita, coming as a ray of sunlight to melt and pierce the barrier, ignoring the pedant, seeking the man, warming him with the warmth for which he had longed, the Eve of his Eden, the loadstar of his magnetic underself.

But Brutus was an honorable man, so the Eminent Archaeologist. He had pedestaled collective woman so loftily that he could not treat lightly the individual daughter of Eve, whom he now knew in intimacy. Be it said to his honor that no left-handed relation entered his mind; royalty suggested no precedent, the practice of the patriarchs no example. He saw but two ways; he must receive her according to the canons of the Church or he must give her up. Either path was stony. How could he surrender his new found happiness, his righteous due as a man, his mate? Wild thoughts of a misalliance surcharged his brain as he considered. But a great archaeologist must needs be a man of imagination, and imagination this one had. The faculty made him in fancy environ Benita with other conditions. He saw her beneath a slate-colored northern sky, among northern streets, her form corseted and trussed in the abominations of northern fashions, her reboso exchanged for the unspeakable bonnet of northern civilization. Joined to imagination he possesses some sense of humor, and the union of these endowments spoke the pitiless word of renunciation. He determined to school himself for the sacrifice.

Fortunately he need not haste. His time in Oaxaca was not yet run. There was no call for abruptness; he need not be brutal; he could gradually loosen the soft ties, disaccustom custom. The Spanish doctrine of *manana* took on some show of merit in his eyes, and with *manana* on his lips, and with his whole being steeped in the languorous narcotic of Benita's devotion, doubly dear to-day that it must be gone,—*manana*—the Eminent Archaeologist with a procrastination almost human, left matters as they were and danced before his Waterloo. The last week of his sojourn found him still

whispering *manana* to his discouraged conscience and his last night with Benita coursed its minutes through with the parting words unsaid.

That last night: What a bit of poetry it was. They spent it in a foliage-sheltered nook of the Plaza de Armas with active life pulsing all about them, but yet alone with the isolation of the First Pair. Through the orange trees and the palms came glimpses of the bright-garbed promenaders, the shadowy cathedral, the portales of the palace; the air was freighted with the



scent of roses and of orange flowers, the moon rolled full in the matchless sky of the tropics, the Southern Cross hung gemmed against the robe of night, the voices of the throng laughed Benita, the plashing of the fountains whispered Benita, the music of the band sang Benita, and in the face of this harmonious chant of the universe, the poor gentleman with his unspoken farewells could but sigh Benita too.

"Not to-night, of all times," he told himself, though he knew not when in prosaic day should come the opportu-

ity to speak. Reluctant to mar the loveliness of that perfect night he held his peace. As they left the seclusion of the shrubbery a dusky figure drew hastily aside. Benita gave a little shiver of alarm of which the Eminent Archaeologist, with his loverlike propinquity, was made aware with electric swiftness. As the dark form slunk into the shadows he could distinguish the shaven face, the diamond-studded shirt and flat-crowned hat of a bull fighter; the girl was very silent and the acute-sensed lover, surmising a troubled mind, scented rivalry.

"Do you know that matador, Benita?" he asked sternly.

"Si," she answered gently, "it is Pedro, my cousin. He has but lately returned to Oaxaca."

The scientist was vexed and parted from her in scarce concealed displeasure. "How dare she have cousins?" was doubtless his thought had he put it into words. He sat him down in his chamber and tossed aside with petulance a rose which she had given him. Presently he took from its wrappings the drawn work he had bought of her and held it long with bitter face; then he crumpled it and dropped it on the tiles.

"So do I cast her off," he muttered and remained very quiet, brooding over the deceit of women.

"Learning alone is worthy of a man's pursuit," he affirmed resolutely, and taking up one of his grinning images he tried to think how absorbing was this study of the ancient past. But his thoughts would play truant and a woman's countenance persistently blotted out that of the stone god. With a stifled sob he buried his face in his hands, his shoulders heaving convulsively.

A sound as of unused hinges startled him and before his eyes swung slowly ouhwhat seemed a section of the wall.

He started amazed; he knew of the secret passage and stair; this bit of mediaevalism had roused his curiosity; some day he had meant to explore it. No one, however, had told him that it communicated with his room. A pair of eyes glanced timidly from the crevice; the space widened; a softly rounded arm heralded the coming of a woman; but one woman had such an arm.

"Benita," cried the devotee of Learning, and with the cry was allegiance to that ancient dame forsworn. "Benita, my life."

Then spoke prudence.

"But you should not be here, my Benita."

"Your pardon," gasped the girl, striving for breath. "I had to come; you are in danger; I could not sleep with you unwarned; I knew the passage from the church; I played in it as a child."

"In danger," he repeated. "From whom? Speak!" he commanded, seizing her by the arm.

"Pedro, the matador, my cousin. He hates you; he hates you because"—

"Because you love me, my Benita?"

"Si," she responded simply, "because I love the Americano and not himself. He sought me to-night when you had gone. He forbade me to speak with you again. He swore to kill you. He threatened to kill me should I warn you."

"And yet you came," he said, drawing her to him. "You risked your life for me."

She was never more beautiful. The glowing arm and shoulder from whose dimpling curves the reboso had slipped away, made him catch his breath; the wondrous eyes wooed his. He strained her to his breast with sudden resolve. She swayed to him as a reed in the tempest.

"I cannot give you up," he cried

brokenly. "I cannot give you up."

The rows of stone gods looked on unwinking. What is human passion to a deity? Presently the man lifted his face from hers.

"Benita," he asked suddenly, "does he, does Pedro know of that passage?"

"Si, he too knew it as a child. But you are warned, *Senor*. He cannot come stealthily upon you now. With these stones," she added, indicating the precious deities, "you can block the way."

"I am not thinking of myself, Benita. I have no fear. To-morrow I shall appeal to the authorities. This is not the Mexico of the Spanish viceroys; this is not revolutionary Mexico; it is modern Mexico, the orderly Mexico of Diaz, and it will, it shall protect me against murderous assault. I am a law-abiding citizen of a great sister republic which your government will not presume to offend. Nations must keep faith one with the other, Benita."

The girl's eyes spoke love of him all fluently enough, but little comprehension of his homily upon the comity of nations. He heeded it not.

"It is you," he went on, "you, my own, for whom I am afraid. What if this ruffian has followed you? You cannot remain here. Would God you could. To-morrow, ah! to-morrow, we shall meet to separate no more. To-morrow you will be my wife. To-night I must keep you safe."

He hastily buckled on his cartridge belt and examined the chambers of his revolver.

"I shall guard you home," said he.

Benita would have none of it. She did not think that she had been followed; she had used all caution; she could return as she had come, unmolested; his presence with her in the streets would do her no good, perhaps harm; she besought him by their love to yield to her. He wavered irreso-

lutely and then suffered her to dissuade him.

"At least I will see you to the end of this rat hole," he declared and stepped with her into the secret way.

A well-like spiral stair, a narrow winding tunnel shrouded in blackest gloom, a flight of worn, delapidated stairs, and they attained the vine-screened termination of the passage. They pushed aside the leafy curtain and reconnoitred the ruinous, cloistered enclosure without. A great azalea drooped its glorious clusters of magenta in their faces; over by a cactus-crowned patch of adobe wall a poinsettia flaunted its vermilion livery in the moonlight; a dozen paces hence loomed the church; there hard by its tower was the old Spanish gateway whence lay Benita's path to the street.

Half sheltered by the azalea blossoms the lovers stood interlocked in silent, passionate parting. A pebble fell from the pavement over in the murky shadow of the church. They drew yet closer and listened.

"It is nothing," reassured the man.

"A lizard perhaps," said the woman.

Their lips met. A second pebble dropped in the shadows, more insistent than the first. They were oblivious.

"Until to-morrow," whispered he, releasing her.

"Until to-morrow," she echoed.

* * * * *

A moonlight-flooded cloister at midnight, a dingy breakfast on the morrow; the point of view how different. Add loss of sleep and an uneasy mind, result irritation. The Eminent Archaeologist crumbled his bread untasted and stirred his chocolate viciously.

"It's too spicy," he grumbled to the landlord. "It is sickishly sweet."

The Spaniard gesticulated his apologies and hovered about perform-

ing useless tasks. His annoyed guest wished him a million miles away and pondered how to dismiss him.

"A lamentable tragedy, this at our very door," observed the landlord quietly.

"Tragedy!" repeated his now willing auditor.

"Si, a woman killed; stabbed in the old cloister at our rear."

The spoon of the Eminent Archaeologist clattered loudly in his saucer. He perceived it and with a pitifully assumed carelessness strove to raise the cup to his lips.

"You may have seen her at times, Senor," pursued his tormentor. "She was often in the Plaza de Armas and the Llano. She was a vender of drawn work; Benita."

There was a long silence. Then a grim light played in the eyes of the Eminent Archaeologist.

"And Pedro?" he asked fiercely.

"Pedro?" queried the Spaniard with arched brows.

"I mean, that is, her assassin. Where is he?"

"Oh, the assassin. He is still at large."



MOON AND SEA

You are the moon dear love, and I the
 sea,
 The tide of hope swells high within
 my breast
 And hides the rough dark rocks of life's
 unrest
 When your fond eyes smile near in
 perigee.
 But when that loving face is turned
 from me,
 Low falls the tide, and the grim rocks
 appear
 And earth's dim coast line seems a
 thing to fear.
 You are the moon dear one, and I the
 sea.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

NATIONAL POSTAL SAVINGS BANK

Bills Have Been Presented to the U. S. Senate to Establish Them and Congress is Waiting for Pressure of Public Opinion Before Passing Upon Them

By Isabel Loughlin

DURING John Wanamaker's administration as Postmaster-general of the United States, he urged, as one of the most important steps to be taken in advanced postal progress and one of the most important in its application in the want of the masses of the people, the establishment of postal savings depositories.

There appears to be a steadily-growing sentiment in favor of the government providing a safe means for the deposit of small sums by the people. The post office department is repeatedly urged to act the guardian for the people who reside in sections of the country where there are no savings banks. It is claimed that even in large cities depositories under the control of private enterprise do not offer the greatest convenience to the working people, and in the majority of cases will not undertake to deal with small sums.

It has been estimated that there are about twelve millions of people in this country who work at wages for a living. To the greater portion of these people, owing to the ease with which money is earned in the circumstances in which we live, saving does not come naturally. That to these people the government in the interest of better citizenship at least should extend every encouragement to induce them to become savers.

There are two pre-requisites to the successful establishment of the conditions sought to be brought about by

government postal depositories. These are: First, convenient opportunities to deposit very small sums; and second, a guaranty of absolute security founded upon the faith and credit of the United States. Private enterprise, it is claimed, is seldom willing to deal with the inconsiderable deposits of the working people, and cannot offer security satisfactory to all people.

One of the obstacles advanced heretofore was the circumstance that deposits would probably amount to as much as \$500,000,000. That there must be found for this vast sum of money some certain prospective use so that it might be made to earn a small amount of interest and pay the expense of the system; that the natural disposal of the money would be to invest it in government bonds and that government bonds were rapidly disappearing. Still another possible objection would come from private institutions of a like character. The claim has been advanced that the government banks would antagonize them and drive them from business. There are, however, the best evidences to prove, and the most cogent arguments to show why no such results would follow.

In the first place the government could not and would not pay so high a rate of interest as private banks, which would alone tend to keep in private banks all the deposits they now have, and would prevent interference with their business. Moreover, the deposits being limited to \$800 or \$500,

the depositors would naturally withdraw at the end of the year and seek investment yielding higher interest, so that the postal depositories would be feeders for private enterprise.

In the second place it is the uniform experience of foreign countries that government savings banks have not operated to the prejudice of private concerns. They do not exactly serve the same class of customers. In foreign countries the vast majority of the depositors in the postal savings banks consists of minors, laborers, clerks, etc., whilst the private banks have their depositors among persons of greater means.

The plan proposed in the United States is outlined in two bills which have been introduced in the United States Senate by Senators Sawyer and Mitchell, respectively. This plan contemplates that the postmaster-general shall furnish adhesive stamps of the denominations five and ten cents and \$1.00 to be affixed to postal savings cards, to be received as deposits of money. The latter bill provides for the issue of interest bearing certificates of deposit, drawing interest at the rate of one-half cent a day on the \$100, and for the disposal of the deposits by loaning them to the national banks within the state where postal savings deposits have been made. It stipulates that if the certificates representing deposits shall not be presented for payment within two years the funds they represent may be invested in non-forfeitable state bonds of municipalities within the state.

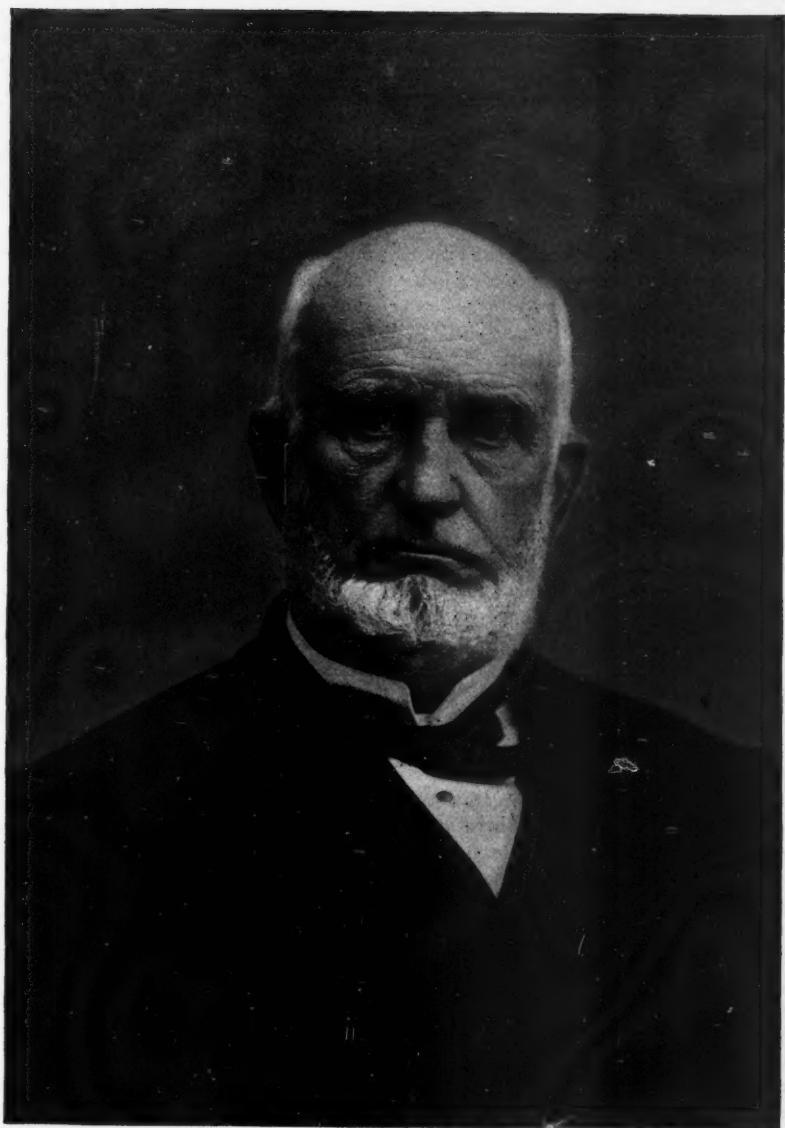
The first bill varies from the other in the following particulars: It provides that the certificates of deposit shall not bear interest on the moneys received; that the funds shall be invested in interest-bearing bonds of the government and of the several states and territories or bonds of the sev-

eral counties, townships, school districts, municipalities which shall have been guaranteed by the government of the United States up to a limit of ten per cent. of the assessed value of all taxable property within the state, county, township, etc.; and, finally, it provides for the distribution of the earnings arising from the investments in such bonds, to wit: five per cent. for the expenses of the business; 20 per cent. as reserved funds, and 75 per cent. as dividends to depositors.

The Federation of Women's Clubs are much interested in these bills which are still before Congress for the establishment of postal, national postal savings banks, and the members have been asked to co-operate in every possible way. The proposed bill is modelled on the English plan, so that deposits large or small made at the post-office may be drawn instantly on presenting the receipt at a post-office anywhere in the United States.

In passing, it may be interesting to state here that a Stamp Saving Society has been successfully established in Boston for the past eight years. The immediate supervision of the society is in the hands of a Board of Directors which is made up of many prominent Boston philanthropists, including Robert Treat Paine, Rev. F. B. Allen of the Episcopal City Mission, Mr. Robert A. Woods, who has for several years been identified with College Settlement work, Miss O. M. E. Rowe, president of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, who has taken especial interest in the working girls' clubs of Massachusetts.

The first year convinced the directors that there was a place for such an enterprise. Wherever the right class could be reached by the right person, success was immediate. Beginning with a central office and seven stations, it has to-day over one hundred sta-



EX-SENATOR PHILETAS SAWYER
Father of the Postal Savings Bank Bill

tions, which have sold during the year more than ten thousand dollars' worth of stamps. As a sale is usually less than ten cents, this means that many people are reached. The Savings Banks of Massachusetts are numerous and good, but do not touch those whose spare money is in cents, not dollars, and whose self-control is in equally small quantities. Such people will not go far or take much trouble to put by these small amounts, but if the opportunity is brought to them, they gladly avail themselves of it.

The Society's first object is an educational one. It tries to teach that money goes further when spent in large than in little sums. The stamp card is like a dam, which holds back the money until it is enough for shoes, or a suit of clothes, instead of candy and ribbons. But the best result is the permanent habit of self-control, which is thus acquired.

The system is as follows:—

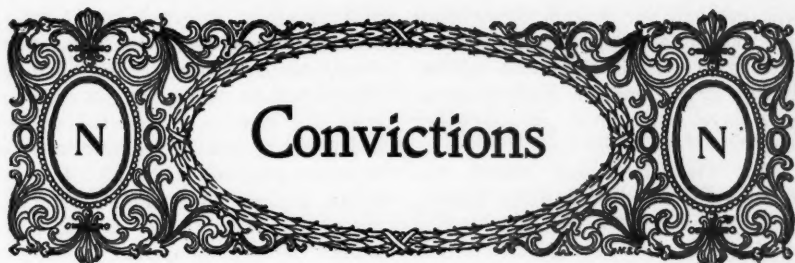
There is a central office where stamps, stamp-cards, etc., can be obtained. Branch stations are established wherever a responsible person thinks he can induce a number of persons to save, as in boys' or girls' clubs, large shops, factories, etc. The treasurer, as the head of such a station is called, obtains from the central office as many stamp-cards as he expects to have depositors, and buys there stamps of different denominations. To each person wishing to become a depositor the treasurer gives a card and sells stamps to the amount of the deposit. These stamps are receipts, and are only good when pasted on the card. When the treasurer has sold all his stamps he has been reimbursed the amount he originally paid in at the central office, and with this money he

buys his next set of stamps. A branch station may be run indefinitely on an original advance of from five dollars to twenty-five dollars.

A depositor who wishes to withdraw his deposit must present his card to the treasurer of his station. The treasurer pays him the amount of his stamps, and is repaid at the central office on presentation of the receipted card. The treasurer is thus only a middleman between the depositor and the central office, advancing a small sum in the purchase of stamps, which is repaid him by his sales to the depositor, and again paying the depositor who wishes to withdraw his deposit, and again repaid on presenting the redeemed stamps at the central office.

The central office is the real centre of deposit. The money received there is placed in the Third National Bank. All the book-keeping is done at the central office. The treasurer has only to see that his unsold stamps, his redeemed stamps and his money equal the amount of his original purchase. The system recommends itself by its simplicity, the entire book-keeping being done in one office, while the branches may sell to thousands of depositors whom the central office alone could never reach. The society cannot afford to pay interest, but depositors are urged to open an account with some savings bank as soon as their savings amount to five dollars.

Experience has shown that a friendly, persistent worker can assure the success of a stamp station almost anywhere. No neighborhood has proved too poor. Schools, shops, clubs, home-libraries, house to house collections—all have been successful fields if managed by a steady, conscientious person.



Convictions

PATRIOTISM

THERE are two distinct forms of patriotism, probably never before in the history of government more clearly defined and differentiated than among the people of the United States as they stand relatively at present. On one side of public opinion are ranged the direct descendants of the clan idea, sustaining the family sentiment, no matter how far removed it may be from the individual opinion of abstract right, proclaiming with the voice of the demagogue: "Whatever the head of the house does is right, because he does it." Silently marshaling its forces on the other side of the political wall gathers another form of patriotism—the kind that weighs critically the proceedings of the head of the family and says, among its members: "Because we love our country 'tis our duty to see that our ship of state is not unwisely piloted."

One man shouts on the Fourth of July: "Hurrah! Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes that can do no wrong!" The other man makes less noise, but in his heart he vows that the Stars and Stripes shall do no wrong.

At a first glance this dual attitude would suggest a precipitating division of family sentiment, but once at the heart of the matter, we decide that double vision is necessary and good, because all great questions like all great men have more than one side.

The main point for congratulation is, that no matter upon which side of public opinion an American may stand, he is always more deeply patriotic than he appears to be. The poppycock American spreading the eagle ad nauseum in times of tranquility folds his wings and proceeds to the legitimate business of protecting the stars and stripes with his own life, if need be, at the first danger signal. A pin prick proves that he is not a bladder.

The indifferent American who affects the clothes and countries of Europe, suddenly develops an unwonted degree of emotional life and desire to act, when upon sailing into New York harbor he sees Liberty welcoming him home, or bares his head to the flag in some foreign port. The present Fourth of July will be written down in red ink in our history, in order that all future American boys and girls may know how, upon this occasion, for the second time in their political life the United States are celebrating unison in the cause of Liberty. First, we got ourselves out of hot water, then, after taking a long breath and disagreeing a few times in the bosom of the family, we shouldered arms to keep our neighbors out of similar hot water, even if they were not especially keen about getting out. To-day as we glorify our own achievements, the best part—even better than the fire-

crackers and the scream of the eagle—is the consciousness that we have tried to do what is right and just, no matter if in some few particulars we may have fallen short of exact fair play.

The Cockadoodledoo Party can never scream itself entirely hoarse, because the owl on the other side of the fence can see by night as well as by day, and sounds a warning note, while the cocks are asleep, thus balancing our Fourth of July demonstrations and keeping our powder dry.

It would seem that we are quite excusable for singing louder than ever about our "land of the free and home of the brave" in celebration of the recent history we have made, provided those sentiments do not swell our heads beyond recognition, and provided our long arm of liberty does not become so infatuated with stretching itself out that it forgets to point a warning finger at internal license—neglecting its own beam in attending to its neighbor's motes.

Liberty once caught must be fenced in, for fear she will run away.



DAME FASHION'S SLY TONGUE

AMONG the many interesting instructions bearing upon conduct written by Lord Chesterfield to his son, can be found the following: "Dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed according to his rank and way of life." Note that even a man given over to almost slavish attention to the niceties of fashion had enough common sense to modify his statement by a reference to the "way of life." He recognized that a "pig in a poke" would be out of order at a court ball; also that full dress was unseemly and ridiculous worn in the morning by a bank clerk on his way to the city. A

nice sense of discrimination, where fashion is concerned, has never been a conspicuous feature of American life until the past ten years. Now, however, it is plain to be seen that women are studying the philosophy of dress to small purpose, after all. Fashion is not as irrational a lady as she frequently appears to be, provided she is dealt with judiciously. Oftentimes her wisest suggestions pertaining to utility and beauty are ignored because the public mind is still unripe for innovations upon established ugliness. Then again, fashion will drop a tentative hint, in a reckless mood, saying to herself, "If they are unwise enough to take me at my word, they deserve what they get as a result." This was no doubt her mood when she suggested to the ladies at the present time the advisability of reducing municipal expenses for street cleaning by wearing trailing skirts on the street, sweeping up as they go all the filth and unhygienic matter lying in wait for the regularly employed street-sweeper. This, too, at a time when women boast their independence and entire freedom of thought, is either a blight upon budding ideas of dress reform, or a clever joke perpetrated by Fashion, whom we can see, with the mind's eye, sitting aloft somewhere behind her invisible throne grinning sarcastically and crying: "Fie! Fie! who would have believed any wanton idea of mine could totally unbalance the modern feminine idea!"

Contemplation of this prevailing weakness brings us back to Lord Chesterfield's hint about "the way of life." Without doubt, in the ideal democracy all ways of life will run parallel without distinction of rank or wealth. So far we are acquainted only with a democracy where there are all kinds of differences between one man's way of life and another man's way; there-

fore, in wisdom, we must admit the essential differences between our neighbor and ourselves, or be mistaken for the clown in the circus of life.

Subtract facts from facts and the remainder will still be facts. One lady is rich enough to own a carriage. Another is not. Dame Fashion says: "For carriage wear, a skirt with a graceful, flowing, trailing effect would be proper"; then she orders the ladies' tailor to cut them so for carriage ladies, not suspecting that within the month all other ladies will be apeing carriage costumes and wearing them behind Shank's mare—a highly improper proceeding, judged by established tenets of hygienics and aesthetics. The rich man who rides in his own carriage or calls a cab whenever he steps out of doors, could easily afford to wear frills on his trousers instead of turning them up, if he deemed such a proceeding advisable; but certainly, most certainly, the clerk, the office boy, the busy broker catching a car on the run, the young man who walks home from business to save five cents, could not reasonably afford to wear frills on their trousers. No more can the emancipated woman—man's equal in every possibility of life—venture to do those things which ought not to be done in matters of clothing without turning the tide of public sentiment back twenty years.

College education ought, at least, to train the feminine mind to an appreciation of the balance attained by sustaining a middle course in all affairs.

Cannot the trousered sex be excused for smiling up their sleeves a bit disapprovingly when they observe the petticoated extremes of the spring of 1899? They have good reason to doubt the results of higher education when they see ladies on bicycles wearing

petticoats a la Little Nannie Netticoat, and ladies shopping in trailing skirts, frayed, and tobacco stained in any spots not grimy with mud and dust.

"Moderation in all things" would be a profitable title for club papers, written by the followers of Dame Fashion's prevailing joke.

THE DECADENCE OF THE RED-SKIN

THE full-blooded red-skin is as untamable as a jungle beast.

It is doubtful whether the half-breed can ever be a respectable citizen, even of a reservation, until the progeny are separated from the parents in infancy and entirely lost to the tribe. After several generations of the aboriginal North American are thus isolated they will be absorbed into civilization not civilized, unless more rational methods are adopted by our government in their education than are employed at present.

After spending several years at Carlisle, Indian boys and girls return to their homes on the reservation possessed of an unsubstantial amount of knowledge.

The Indian schools are unproductive of desired results.

After a few months again among their kind, the girls are sold by their parents to "the Ingun he got the mos' pony" and the boys slide back into their original customs and language as easily as a bear comes down a greased pole. It is almost impossible to induce a school-bred Indian once again on a reservation to speak English.

If the attempt is made by army officer's wives to make servants of the girls, at every reprimand for their particular racial faults of laziness and uncleanness, they reply impertinently "Well, I'll go back to the reservation. They'll use me right there." It appears to be simply a question of ex-

termination or amalgamation for "poor Lo," and in most respects he is not to blame for the prevailing conditions.

Compelling the natural man to live an unnatural life is not civilizing him. Industry and cleanliness are first steps towards godliness.

Neither of these virtues is successfully inculcated on the Indian reservations. The South-western Indian is no less than filthy in his habits, while his brother of the Chippewas and Dakotas is not many degrees better off in these particulars.

The Indian, like a child, must be kept busy else he will be in mischief.

The grave mistake in his present education lies in the kind of occupation offered him. Agricultural opportunities are open to the red-skin, but he is no more fitted for scientific farming than for a college education, so long as he abides with his brethern in a community.

What the Indian needs primarily is practical religion. Natively he is a Spiritualist, and the change from one form of abstract worship of the Great Father to another is no help to him. Simple principles of right offered him, and supported by a few examples of the good results of such means might change the aspect of the Indian question without driving the race into the Pacific, as would be the method of civilization employed by the regular army officer were he given his head in the matter.

Let some of our missionaries come home from the Orient and turn their attention towards teaching our Indians the incalculable value of the Golden Rule, a daily bath and steady occupation; then let our government turn some part of its attention from territorial expansion and the new burden of colonial government, towards a humanitarian, expedient disposition of our hereditary colonists, (so to speak)

whose present control argues ill for the future of our new responsibilities, then we can turn to conquest with a clearer conscience.



LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

THERE is an anecdote handed down from inquisitorial days, relating how a certain political offender was punished by being seated under the continuous fall of a drop of water on his head, the result being insanity. A man travelling through a jungle can more successfully avoid wild beasts than he can escape the attacks of insects. These trite illustrations of the necessity for taking precaution against the incalculable power of small things are employed as a means of emphasis—of driving the nail into the head of "the day of small things."

If man came into the world equipped with an armor impregnable to the onset of mosquitoes he need have no fear of black beasts. Just so in the daily relations of life, if we could nerve ourselves against the inevitable and constantly recurring pin-pricks no force of blows could bowl us over.

The particularly fine element in man's friendship for man when seen at its best, is a certain large and beautiful neglect of small slights, [small grievances, small hurts. Real men pass unnoticed the little grains of sand that make a mighty desert of many feminine friendships.

If we were endowed with a divine telepathic perspicacity teaching us to look for the motive behind every action, and to weigh that motive instead of the act, fine friendship would not be rare. Not being so endowed our best happiness must be found in adapting the attitude of the law towards suspected parties—"no man is guilty until he is proved so." Accordingly,

every friend means what is right in his conduct towards us until he is proved to be in the wrong. This principle of judgment applies equally well to all domestic relations. If that unfortunate offender sitting beneath the drop of water could have forgotten all about the drop in contemplation of larger things, do doubt he would have preserved his mind intact. The hero of domestic living is the man who forgets at once the passing of trivial disagreements.

As long as small things are properly estimated, and their natural dimensions preserved they are harmless. It is only when small things are unreasonably converted into big things that the mischief begins.

One fly walking up the wall does not amount to much, but give him a chance to multiply and he becomes a public nuisance. It is true that "small beginnings make great endings," but it depends entirely upon ourselves as to the nature of these endings whether they be for good or evil. The nature of an ending is often determined by the turning of a hand.

★ IDLING WITH PAIN

ROBERT Louis Stevenson, who knew how to say most things more simply, more truthfully, more delightfully than any one else, expresses the longing of men and women confined to the city on summer days, when

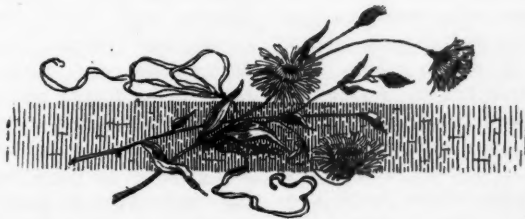
their entire being calls for life out under the stars, and moon, and sun, by the child's complaint in verse:

"And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?"

This longing to be close to nature at her cleanest and purest is a most convincing sign of a higher life growing in every human heart, no matter how little it may appear upon the surface of the man.

Every time the child in every man is permitted to voice a longing, men are living at their highest level. When the child begs for the refreshment of sea, sky, breezes, woods, mountains or valleys, the first duty of the man is to gratify his finer nature calling—without delay if possible. Lose a few dollars and grow an inch of soul.

There is much commonplace, unproductive pleasuring in summer time; much that reeks of the city on board yachts at fashionable resorts and various other places where pleasuring is followed laboriously and commonly, but, on the other hand, Americans grow every year into a higher understanding of God's meaning when he made the summer time. Every boy and girl revelling in the free pure side of life on the beach, developing unconsciously by means of nature's lessons is establishing a vein of rich ore in the future of the American people.





MRS. ANNE KITCHELL

MRS. ANNE KITCHELL is an elderly, childless widow, possessed of a fine sense of humor, united to social attractiveness, that make her greatly in demand as a guest among her numerous relations. She always insists that centrifugal force overcomes her centre of gravity, meaning thereby that friendly, social inducements frequently overbalance the attractions of her own little home in which she spends but a small portion of her time.

Last winter she decided to pay a visit to her married brother, a surgeon in the army, at that time detailed to one of the large western army posts situated not far from a thriving city, whose people were in constant social communication with the military flock whose delightful social qualities never go begging. Put an American army officer and his family down in the jungle of Africa, and in lieu of any human acquaintance they would soon be on friendly terms with the wild beasts. Aunt Anne, by which name Mrs. Kitchell was best known among her kindred and friends, made the trip half way across the continent with an ease possible only to herself and a few other elderly ladies whose youth is renewed at least once a year. Dr.

Jacobs, her brother, his wife and daughter, were awaiting Aunt Anne's arrival with a true army welcome and a serenade from the regimental band sent down by the colonel to express the feelings of the officer's quarters at the prospect of renewing acquaintance with Mrs. Kitchell. All of this pleased the old lady greatly, and after a round of military gayeties she drove one day ten miles into town to call, with Mrs. Jacobs, upon the daughter of an old friend, recently married to a wealthy citizen of this city adjacent to the post. The bride was not at home, and they heard nothing from her for several weeks.

About that time Mrs. Jacobs was experimenting with Chinamen upon the servant question without good results. Sam, the last one, who had been discharged because he insisted upon serving the roast in the soup tureen and shaking the rugs indoors, had left the day before, and accordingly Mrs. Kitchell was seized with what she called her "annual fit of industry." At breakfast she said to her sister-in-law, "Belle, I have some sewing to do this morning, but when you go out this afternoon I intend to take a broom and give the parlor a thorough sweeping—something it hasn't had during the reign of Sam Lung."

When Mrs. Jacobs and the doctor drove off that afternoon Aunt Anne presented an interesting spectacle—a personification of female labor, arrayed in an old black Henrietta cloth dress, made with a polonaise over a sweeping train, preserved in the garret for old clothes purposes. She had turned up the front of the dress skirt and pinned it with a safety pin about her waist, revealing a short alpaca petticoat underneath. Around her head she had bound a towel, with a red border, to preserve her gray locks from the inroads of dust. In this array she performed several feats of the drum majors with a portentous-looking broom for the benefit of the family, as they drove off amid great laughter at her appearance. Then Aunt Anne began to sweep—which meant business and dust. The house had evidently been planned and built by an amateur, for a long parlor led directly off of the verandah, and back of it was a small, square hall, from which mounted the front stairway. Aunt Anne, in the midst of her fine frenzy, heard wheels. Looking out of the parlor window, where she was at work, she saw a stylish trap driven up to their door by elaborately-dressed people. This much was revealed at a single glance, and in immediate fear of being caught by callers in the remarkable attire, she hastily shut the front door on them, and made for the little hall, expecting to vanish up stairs while her niece, the only other person about, answered the bell. She stood in the hall panting, laughing and listening to find out the identity of the callers as her niece welcomed them, and they settled into the disarranged parlor chairs. It proved that they were the bride and groom, upon whom they had recently called in town—people who made a great point of "good form."

"Thank Heaven, I escaped!" exclaimed Aunt Anne to herself, drawing a breath of relief. She started upstairs, leaving the door slightly ajar. At the fourth step, in her hurry she tripped on the tail of her gown and down she went, head over heels, not stopping when she struck bottom, but, turning the angle towards the parlor, in she rolled, pushing the parlor door ahead of her, into the presence of the fashionable guests. More mortified than hurt she picked herself up as soon as she stopped rolling, and, without meeting their astonished gaze, ran out of the room, her turban awry and her trail rent asunder. Behind the square hall was a spare bedroom, in which she took refuge. Half angry, half laughing, she ran to the bed and sat down with the full force of her matronly weight. Down came the bed with a crash, plainly audible to the guests, who by this time were laughing confidentially with Miss Jacobs. Mrs. Kitchell says that last blow to her pride was irresistible. She could not rise again to the occasion, but laid perfectly still, a part of the debris, for fear of what she might do next if once on her feet.

Finally, the callers were heard driving off, but still Aunt Anne was afraid to trust herself. There her niece found her a few moments later, none the worse for wear, and rapidly recovering from her gloomy survey of the immediate past, aided by her rescuing sense of humor.

"What is this you have been giving us, Aunt Anne?" asked her niece, doubling up with laughter at the sight of the trail, the turban, the old lady and the broken bed all in a heap.

"A demonstration of the power of matter over mind," replied Aunt Anne, gravely, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

Jeanette Ralph.

THE KING'S LESSON

From the Legends of the Dervishes

IN far away India there was once a king who very much loved to build large structures, palaces and mosques, gardens and parks, towers and pyramids. He not only loved to erect, but he loved also to go and watch the workmen, encourage them, distribute gifts among them, and spend hours examining the progress of the work.

One day as he stood with his chief men, watching how the workmen lifted stones and other materials upon their shoulders, and, sweating and groaning carried them to upper stories, he noticed that one of them shouldered the largest stones and, gay and singing, carried them up, without a halt, without a moment's rest; though more frail than some of the others, he constantly worked and never seemed to be tired with his hard labor.

The king was astonished, as were also his ministers. Who was this man who performed the most heavy labor with a smile and a song on his lips, who never made a complaint or drew a sigh of weariness? Where lay the secret of his strength, his gayety, his endurance? What was it that made that delicate body stronger, more industrious and more enduring than the rest?

"Speak," said the king, turning to his second Grand Vizer; "make a guess. What is the deep secret of this worker's gayety and endurance? Why is it that all these able-bodied, and, apparently, strong workmen, constantly groan and sigh under less heavy labors, and yet that laborer, so delicate, so slim, is so cheerful and industrious?"

The Grand Vizer was silent; he thought and thought for a long time, and could not find an answer.

"Speak also you, my ministers," said the king to the others; "whoever of you tells me this secret will become my favorite and friend!"

But who was able to guess what was known only to God and to the toiler himself?

"Sire," said a minister, "give orders to put that man under a much heavier labor, and let us see whether he will work again so gaily singing."

The king commanded that the laborer be ordered to set up, all alone, the great pedestal of a stone column.

The workman came near, looked at the giant stone, invoked the name of God, smiled, and, stooping down, with one movement rolled it to the base of the column. Then he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, always humming his song, he lifted the stone and put it in its place.

Everybody was astounded. There was something in this—some magic secret, undoubtedly, which had endowed this insignificant laborer with superhuman power.

The king called the workman to him, gave him a purse of gold, praised him, and then asked; "Whence is your strength, brave laborer?"

"I do not know, sire," smiled the man; "all I know is that I am happy—I have not a single sorrow—that I work and I live, contented!"

The king's curiosity was not satisfied by this answer. He ordered his council to investigate and find the secret, and he gave them five days in which to accomplish it.

While all the sages of the kingdom were at conference, the Grand Vizer, who had heard with great attention the laborer's words, asked permission to be away for a day. He went and watched the work of Hassan (this was the workman's name), and when in the evening the latter finished his daily labor, he approached him and asked

a permission to be his guest for the night.

"O Vizer," said Hassan, "I am a poor laborer, and have but a shanty to live in. Is it fit that a man of your rank should enter there and share my frugal supper?"

"Never mind that, my son, I want to see your home, and your mode of living. I also want to ascertain whether it is true that you have not a single sorrow and live always happy, always contented, and always singing."

And Hassan took home with him the Grand Vizer.

As they were about to enter the little cottage there appeared upon the threshold a lovely young woman, who, with an affectionate smile on her lips and a baby in her arms, rushed to her husband, embraced him, kissed his forehead lovingly and fondly, placed the baby in his arms, and, with true joy shining in her eyes, took his hand in hers and led them in. Then she brought in the supper and fed them with such extreme care, and with such fond endearments toward her husband, that the Grand Vizer was moved to tears.

When they had supped, the father took the little child and began to play with it. The gay, innocent laughter of the child filled the little cottage and so charmed the Vizer that he also began to cheer up and play with the baby. But the loving, charming wife was so affectionate, so tender, so caressing to her husband, that the Grand Vizer, enchanted, exclaimed;—

"By the name of God and His Great Prophet, in all my long life I have never before seen such a precious and loving wife!"

"Or a husband who so much adores his wife," added the wife, gently putting her fair head upon her husband's breast. "My husband loves me, we are happy, contented, and uncomplaining;

the wrongs or this world cannot cross our threshold, being afraid of love and harmony; sorrows avoid us, griefs are frightened away; our physician and our saviour is love."

"God is my witness, O woman," said the Grand Vizer, "the Great Prophet is my witness, that you are right; there is not a greater comforter than love, true, guileless and constant love, which, with a single smile, makes heroes, crushes rocks, removes all obstacles, and before which the world is powerless, sorrow unreal, pain a dwarf. You are right, woman; I understand now the secret of your husband's strength. Strength is the offspring of love; love alone is the great power which can remove mountains, change the world, unarm all wrong and oppression, and turn each thorn into a rose."

Thus he spoke and went away enchanted, bewildered, and told the mighty king all he had seen and heard.

The king was surprised, and did not believe him. He had not known true love, for he had never been loved, but always feared; he did not understand the power of love, for they had never loved, but always flattered him.

"You have lost your senses, you old simpleton!" cried he. "Do you believe that the secret of Hassan's strength is in that? Who is better loved than I? Is it not true that all heads bow beneath my glance? Have I not numerous wives and sons? Do you mean to say that none of them love me?"

The old minister, fearing for his life, bowed and stood silent.

"Go! go!" said the king, with contempt; "you are a dreamer; you have grown old; and now I will show you that your mind is disturbed. I will give orders at once to drag that woman and her child into my harem, and if the woman is as beautiful as you say, I

will keep her for me, and you will see by this that none of Hassan's strength will fail him."

And the mighty king gave his command.

Five horsemen immediately surrounded Hassan's cottage by night; they broke in, upset everything and carried Hassan's wife and son to the king's harem.

Next morning the king was standing near the same structure when Hassan, sad and tearful, came to work.

Everybody gathered there was watching him. He stooped down, tried to lift up a large stone, but could not; then he tried a smaller one, but his arms were benumbed, his knees trembled and gave way; he could not even move the smallest stone.

And he stood up, hung down his arms in sad despair; then he sank to the ground and sighed with sorrow and bitterness.

"Alas! I have no more strength!"

And the king believed.

Khorene M. Antreassian.

Translated from the Armenian of V. Papazian.



SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER

"WHEN I was a boy an' lived in Iowa," said Uncle Joshua, "we use'ter have storms that meant business. None of yer little two-cent, asthmatic, dropsical kind of April showers, but genuine old ring-peelers that use'ter come erlong early in th' mornin' an' stay ter supper.

"First there'd be a little grumblin' sound off ter the so'west, an' maybe a flash or two of lightnin'. Then th' chickens'd kinder squint up at th' clouds an' shake their heads sorter solemn like an' sneak off towards th' barn, and th' cat'd come inter th' house an' get under th' stove. Then about th' time we'd get everythg in snug an' th' grindstun tied ter a tree,

th' thunder'd begin ter roll back an' forth 'cross th' prairie, an' th' lightnin' ter frisk 'round in th' dooryard like two kittens.

"Then th' rain'd come. We use'ter call it rain then, but folks nowadays'd say it was a flood. Why, I've seen it fill our well six feet above th' top in less'n three minutes. Yes sir, th' water'd come down so fast thet th' ducks'd swim right up inter th' air.

"An' talk erbout wind. Th' hired man left an axe stickin' in a log one day an' th' wind blew the handle out; an' one poor foolish rooster thet didn't know any better, flew up onter the fence an' crowed an' flapped his wings an' a little puff of wind came frolickin' erlong an' blowed all his feathers inter him. Yes, jest left th' end sticken' out.

"I had a dog I use'ter think a heap of. He was th' knowinigest dog I ever see, but he got fooled at last. He was out huntin' gophers one day when a storm came erlong sudden like an' caught him 'fore he could get ter th' house. He was on th' last stretch when th' wind reached him an' blew him through a hole in th' fence. Th' hole was several sizes too small fer him an' he'd always prided himself on being a pure-blooded shepherd, so I s'pose 'twas nateral fer him ter feel kinder slighted like at bein' turned inter a daschund.

"But I was ergoin' ter tell yer how it use'ter rain. One year it was so wet thet all th' chickens hatched out had web feet like ducks, an' th' fields was so muddy we had ter turn 'em all over an' plant th' under side. Yes sir, that was a awful wet season, an' no mistake. We had ter shovel roads through th' water, an' th' sun came out so hot thet th' steam from th' ground cooked all th' apples on th' trees an' made scrumptious apple sass an' fillin' fer pies."

Mailland Leroy Osborne.

CLUB WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.

Conducted by Mrs. M. D. Frazer

ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON

By Emma C. Brown

THE name of Abba Goold Woolson is so closely associated with the Castilian Club of Boston, which she founded some twelve years ago, and of which she is still the honored president, that no account of her busy life would be complete without a brief history of that famous Spanish Club. But her valuable work as teacher, lecturer and author, had already made her name a household word long before the founding of the Castilian Club.

Born in Windham, Maine, April 30, 1838, the greater part of her girlhood was spent in Portland, where she was graduated from the high school for girls, as valedictorian of her class, in 1856. That same year she became the wife of Professor Moses Woolson, principal of the high school in Portland. Here, in the "beautiful city seated by the sea," she resided a number of years, and here she first began to write for the press.

Her first sonnet was published in the "New York Home Journal," then edited by N. P. Willis, and in 1859 she began a series of anonymous poems that were published in the "Portland Transcript," and which attracted much attention. Having removed to Cincinnati, where her husband had accepted the position of principal of the Woodward High School, Mrs. Woolson consented to serve as professor of belles-lettres in the Mt. Auburn School

for girls in that city, and in spite of her many duties at this time, she was a constant contributor to the leading periodicals of the day.

After a brief residence in Concord, New Hampshire, she came to Boston. This was in 1868, and it was in this year that she wrote an essay on "The Present Aspect of the Byron Case," which was published in the Boston Journal, and which soon became the subject of much discussion.

In 1871, while taking a pleasure trip with her husband to the Pacific Coast and the Yosemite Valley, she had an interview in Utah with Brigham Young. An account of this journey was published in the Boston Journal, for which she was a regular contributor for three years. These essays were subsequently collected and published in book form.

Two years later, in 1873, a volume of her essays was published by Roberts Brothers, under the title of "Woman in American Society," of which Whittier wrote; "I read the papers with lively interest. They seemed to me gracefully written, yet with a certain robust strength—wise, timely and suggestive—their language clear, felicitous, and pliant to the author's requirements. Apart from their literary merit, as the well-considered words of a clear-sighted, healthful-minded woman, upon subjects of general interest, but essen-

tially relating to the opportunities, duties and responsibilities, as well as the rights of her sex. I cannot but believe they will find favor with a large class of readers."

It is interesting to note how prophetic his words have proved in the passing years, and how greatly the sphere of woman has been enlarged since the earnest, helpful book was written.

In 1874, Mrs. Woolson, who had edited "Dress Reform," a series of lectures by the women physicians of Boston, published a volume entitled, "Dress as it Affects the Health of Women."

A few years later, appeared her delightful "Browning Among Books," and then "George Eliot and Her Heroines," the latter volume published by Harper Brothers in 1886. Written some five years after the death of George Eliot, the book gives a singularly just and appreciative estimate of the life and work of the great novelist—an estimate that is now universally endorsed by the best literary critics.

During her first trip to Europe, in 1883, Mrs. Woolson spent three months in Spain. Having read with absorbing interest in her girlhood Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," she determined to see for herself what traces still remained, in buildings and other works, of the glorious reign of Isabella.

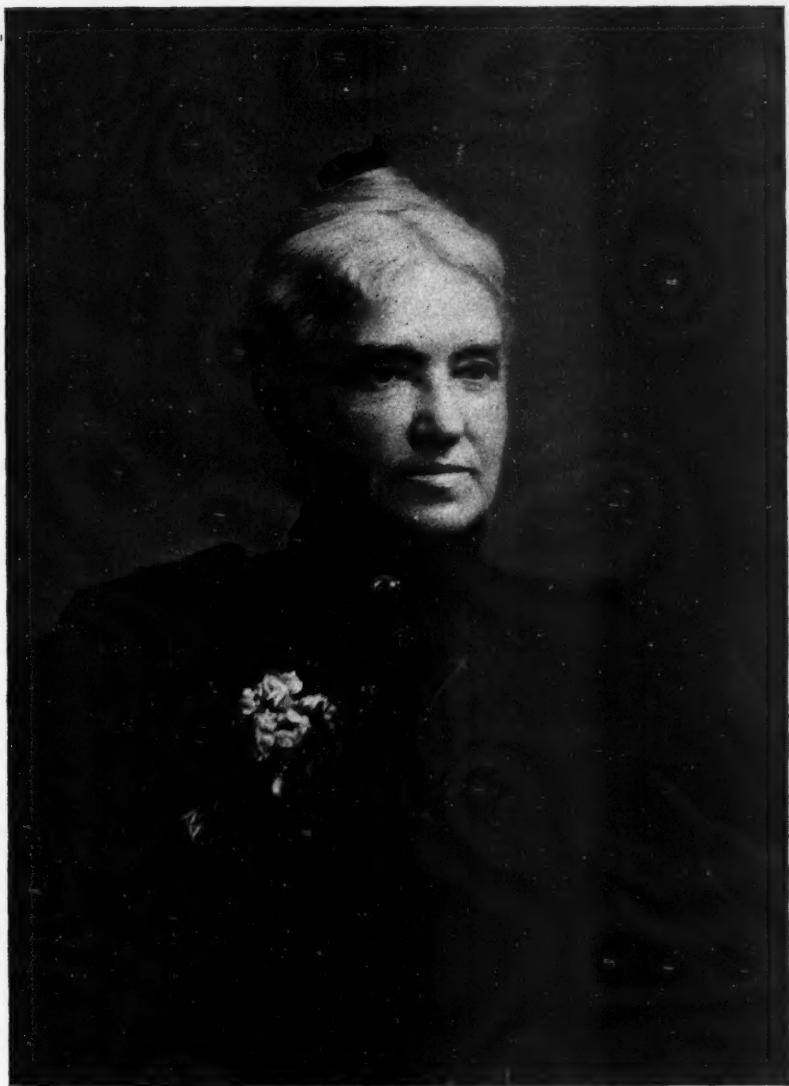
A few years after her return to Boston she delivered a course of lectures in the Hawthorne rooms, upon "The Historic Cities of Spain as Seen To-Day." Among her audience were many who had also visited Spain, and who expressed a desire to hear more of that picturesque country and its people. The lecturer also wished to hear from them the narration of their own journeys in Spain, and so an in-

formal meeting for that purpose was held on the morning of December 27, 1887, in the pleasant parlors of Miss Clara M. Fowler, on Brimmer Street. The immediate result of this delightful gathering was the formation of the Castilian Club.

As stated in the Constitution, the object of the Castilian Club is "to acquire knowledge concerning Spain, its geography, history, arts, language, literature, and social conditions," and carefully prepared papers upon these subjects are given by members of the Club at each of the regular meetings. Copies of these essays illustrated with many rare photographs and engravings, are bound at the close of the year, and presented to the Boston Public Library. Beginning with the history of Spain under the Romans and the Goths, the Club after twelve years' study, has now reached the reign of Philip IV.

The membership of the Castilian Club, at first limited to sixty, has been extended to 125, and ever since the organization of the Club, Mrs. Woolson has filled the office of president. Indeed it is to her enthusiasm and executive ability that the Club owes its growth and prosperity. It will also be remembered that the project of the Woman's Club House in Boston originated with Mrs. Woolson, and that the present president of the Corporation, Mrs. Isabella A. Potter, is a prominent member of the Castilian Club.

Having returned to Spain in the winter of 1891, with the intention of remaining a year abroad, Mrs. Woolson wrote home declining the renomination. On urgent solicitation, however, the request was withdrawn, and the vice-president filled the chair during her absence. Four years afterward, Mrs. Woolson withdrew her name in order to secure more time for



ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON

her own literary work, but by a rising vote, the Club decided to elect no president until Mrs. Woolson could again take the chair.

During her second trip to Europe, Mrs. Woolson spent eleven months in

Spain, visiting all parts of the Peninsula, including Portugal, and was present at the celebrations of the Spanish Government in honor of the four-hundredth anniversary of the surrender of the Alhambra.

With her marvellous power of recalling and revivifying historical epochs, and always without notes,—her comprehensive grasp of details, her ready and graceful flow of language, her clear voice, and her charming manner, Mrs. Woolson has always been a popular speaker; and upon her return from Spain, she gave a very successful series of lectures in Boston and other cities. Beside her "Historic Cities" and "Travels in Spain," her lectures embrace a wide range of subjects. One course is upon "English Literature in Connection with English History;" another is upon the "Historical Dramas of Shakespeare," while other and shorter courses, are upon "Ancient Empires as Treated by English Writers," "Foreign Historic Influences in English Literature," "Six Great Queens of History," "Homes in France of the Early English Kings," and "Homes of the Elizabethan Poets."

For the last three winters, she has given a series of morning lectures in the large DeMedici Salon of the Hotel Tuileries in Boston,—the lectures of the present season ending with a delightful evening with Marie Antoinette, illustrated by many portraits and scenes in the life of the beautiful, ill-fated Queen.

Since the death of her husband in 1896, Mrs. Woolson has made her summer residence in Windham, Maine, having remodelled the delightful old homestead where so many of her ancestors have lived and died. It was

here where her father, the Hon. William Goold, was born, and where, after a long and busy life, he passed away. Like his gifted daughter, Mr. Goold showed an unwearied enthusiasm for historical research. It will be remembered that he was for many years the Corresponding Secretary of the Maine Historical Society, and wrote many articles on local historical subjects connected with Maine and Massachusetts. His chief work was a large volume, published in 1886, upon "Portland in the Past."

Besides contributing to the leading journals of the day, Mrs. Woolson is, at present, writing an extended "Life of Queen Isabella," having secured during her last visit in Spain, important data never before given to a foreigner.

Reading and speaking the Spanish language "like a native," there are few people outside of Spain who know the Spaniards so thoroughly as Mrs. Woolson, and during our late war her ready pen did noble work in helping our nation to understand and to rightly appreciate the better side of the Spanish temperament.

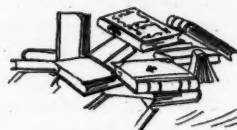
A leader in the Moral Education Society, and in all progressive reforms, an ardent friend of the oppressed Armenians, and all down-trodden races, the name of Abba Goold Woolson stands in the foremost rank of the women of our century.

The noble women, true and pure.
Who leave such work as shall endure.

Emma C. Brown.



A Glance at New Books



By Helen Ashley Jones

"PLAINS AND UPLANDS OF OLD FRANCE"

LIKE the rapid flight of a bird through the air, who pauses now and then for rest on a tree and glance over the country comes the little book "Plains and Uplands of Old France" by Henry Copley Greene, a book of prose and verse. One wonders how Mr. Greene saw so much of country buildings and people, as he whirled through and passed them on his bicycle. His descriptive powers are fairly good, but the book has such a hurried "wheely" quality that one cannot judge what the author is really capable of doing—it simply demonstrates what the objective and subjective minds can do in close conjunction in a limited time, in the way of receiving impressions. Small, Maynard & Co.

"THE BLACK DOUGLAS"

SINCE the production of "The Stickit Minister," Mr. T. R. Crockett has, I think, accomplished no book quite as interesting as "The Black Douglas" of recent publication.

The very name of Douglas challenges our attention, and piques our curiosity—we wonder what a writer of to-day, with its practical views and mercenary life, will accomplish in the way of a story of the days of chivalry, with all its pageants and tournaments—the glitter of mail and clash of swords. The romance is however, very creditable, the historical facts around which the story is woven are accurate enough to present misleading. In reading these sort of books however, not a too close acquaintance with Wright and Jousserand would be necessary to complete enjoyment. The book weakens very perceptibly after the death of young Douglas, and merges into, or very near the fairy tale, but in spite of our grown-up selves we like to imagine that LaMeffraye was the were wolf after all, the battle with the were wolf is indeed spirited and strongly imaginative, in fact, Mr. Crockett's imagination has rendered him good service through the entire book, and it is at least interesting. Doubleday & McClure Co.

OMAR IN RICH HABILIMENTS

THE last year has seen the art of book-making develop unusually beautiful work, new editions of old favorites being so exquisitely gotten up that it is a constant temptation to possess these friends in such rare and wonderful habiliments. Lovers of Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, or those who feel bound to affect it from other reasons, will be charmed with a recent edition that has been issued by L. C. Page & Co. The cover is pleasantly suggestive, the type excellent, and the paper, which was specially made for the edition, is printed on one side only, adding an elegance which is decidedly agreeable to the aesthetic mind. The book is harmoniously illustrated with twelve photo-etchings from drawings by Gilbert James and Edmund H. Garret, and a fine portrait of Fitzgerald as frontispiece. It is a reprint in full of the first, second, and fifth editions, together with comparative notes. The text and the bookmaking combine in the formation of a rare and complete volume.

"THE SON OF PERDITION"

A BOOK, interesting principally from its selection of Judas Iscariot as its leading figure, has recently come from the pen of Dr. William A. Hammond. "The Son of Perdition" is, in itself, a suggestive title, and a bit sensational. Judas is treated throughout as a psychic or spiritual medium (which he undoubtedly was), attracted to Christ, in whom he recognizes one whose powers are superior to his own. An interesting feature of the book is its strong contrasts in character, the antithesis existing between Christ as the Son of God, and Judas, a veritable son of the devil—as the author assumes him to be—with, however, the saving grace of repentance; but

it would be hard to imagine or create a more sensual, crafty, and altogether unscrupulous being than Judas. In the delineation of the sinful and licentious, Dr. Hammond has succeeded well, but falls far short of the lofty and beautiful ideals we find in Ben Hur, for instance.

But it is akin to desecration to speak of them in the same breath. They are antipodal in their conceptions—one too high above the other for any comparison. The book is largely imaginative. Although the author has, by acquainting himself with the recent theories relating to psychical phenomena, applied the knowledge ingeniously to the character of Judas, in the license taken in his hypnotism of Mary Magdalene, he has somewhat marred the hypothesis. To enjoy this book, and read it intelligently, one should first read the "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and supplement it by "The Son of Perdition." Published by H. S. Stone, Chicago.

"THE MADONNA IN ART"

THE Madonna mania possesses all art students sooner or later. Some will produce their own conceptions, some imitate in the most servile manner, and some will write books on the subject, wherein they will cling always to the old tradition with almost reverential faithfulness. It is pleasant to study the development of different schools and painters through the Madonna, to note the different conceptions of great masters of the Christ Child, and his earthly Mother, but if we read one we have an excellent idea of them all, and find nothing new or strikingly original in "The Madonna in Art," by Estelle M. Hurl. The book contains some very good reproductions of the numerous noted Madonna pictures, and on that account is interesting. Published by L. C. Page & Co.



THE NATIONAL QUESTION CLASS

Conducted by MRS. M. D. FRAZAR

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLASS

All communications must be addressed to Mrs. M. D. Frazar, National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Make your answers full and complete. Give name and full address with answers.

To become a member of this class apply to the magazine for a National Question Class Certificate. You need not be a subscriber.

Answers must be received before the last day of each month.

Every reader of "The National Magazine" should become a member of the Question Class. Our idea is to make this a pleasant and useful method of study.

PRIZE WINNERS FOR MAY

First Prize: Mrs. Charles A. Davis, 23 Washington St., Concord, N. H.

Second Prize: Hyman Askowith, 82 Albion St., Boston, Mass.

Third Prize: Mrs. A. W. Turner, Davenport, Wash.

Fourth Prize: Bertha E. Williams, 18 Springfield St., Cambridge, Mass.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

Literature

1. Geoffrey Chaucer was the father of English poetry. In 1372 he was sent on an embassy to Genoa and has been supposed to have had an interview with Petrarch, and to have heard from his lips the story of Griselda. On his return he was appointed comptroller of the customs for schools, and in the same year the King granted him a pitcher of wine daily for life.

2. David Ross Locke, an American humorist, wrote under the name, Petroleum V. Nasby. Nasby refers to the battle of that name, Petroleum to the rock-oil fever raging in Pennsylvania at the time when the Nasby Letters were written and Vesuvius to the outburst of the petroleum fever.

3. Letters of Junius, a famous series of political letters signed "Junius" which appeared in London newspapers, The Public Advertiser, during the last year of the administration of the Duke of Grafton, and the first two years of that of Lord North. They were forty-four in number. The first of the L. of J., published January 21, 1769, treats of the "State of the Nation," and may be said to strike the keynote of all later correspondence. Whoever Junius was,

his life depended upon his preserving his nom de plume. Sir Philip Francis was probably the author of them.

4. "By the present law a copy of the first edition and of every subsequent edition of every book published in any part of Her Majesty's dominion must be delivered at the British Museum gratuitously."

5. Paul Blouet's grandfather was Max Blouet, an officer in the French army. Being taken prisoner he was sent to England and fell in love with an Irish girl named O'Reil, whom he married.

Art

1. Apelles succeeded in representing the foam on Alexander's horse by throwing a sponge at the picture, after repeated failures to get the desired effect.

2. Nimbus in Art, especially in Sacred Art, is the name given to the disk or halo which encircles the head of the sacred personage who is represented. Its use is almost universal in those religions of which we possess any artistic remains—the Indian, the Egyptian, the Etruscan, the Greek and the Roman. It is comparatively recent in Christian art, appearing first toward the end of the fifth century. Later in Christian art it became almost a necessary appendage of all representations of God or of the saints. Its form is the circular or semicircular.

3. Blenheim House, near Oxford, England, is the seat of the Duke of

Marlborough and was erected at the public expense in the reign of Queen Anne as a testimony of gratitude to the victor of Blenheim. The royal estate of Woodstock, in which it stands, was granted at the same time. The building was designed by Sir John Vanburgh, and is a grand though heavy monument of his powers as an architect. The interior is proportionately magnificent. The collection of paintings, which was one of the most valuable in Britain, was sold at auction in 1886. One of the principal pictures was the Madonna of the Ansidei family by Raphael and was purchased by the government for the National Gallery.

4. The French sculptor who came to this country by invitation of Dr. Franklin and took casts for a statue now in Richmond, Va., was Jean Antoine Houdon. The statue is of George Washington.

5. The Venus de Medici is generally admitted to be the finest relic of ancient art. It was dug up in several pieces at the portico of Octavia, in Rome. It was placed in the Medici Palace, in Rome (whence its name), was carried to Florence by Cosmo III. and is preserved in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

General

1. Tableaux Vivants (living pictures) are representations of works of painting and sculpture or of scenes from history or fiction by living persons. They are said to have been invented by Mme. de Genlis at the time when she had charge of the education of the children of the Duke of Orleans.

2. Bomba was a kind of nickname given to Ferdinand II. King of Naples, and Sicily, in consequence of his cruel bombardment of Messina in September 1848.

3. In July, 64, a great conflagration occurred in Rome, by which two-thirds of the city were reduced to ashes. Nero is believed to have been the incendiary. He rebuilt the city with great magnificence and reared for himself a splendid palace, called, from the profusion of its golden ornaments, the "Aurea Domus" or Golden House.

4. In 1870 the Emperor Napoleon declared war against Prussia, the cause of which was a fancied insult to

the French envoy, M. Benedettis, by King Frederick William. The result was most disastrous for France; her armies were everywhere defeated, and the Emperor Napoleon III. was taken prisoner at the battle of Sedan, surrendering with an army of 84,000 men. Thus the name the "Man of Sedan."

5. Toast is the name given to bread dried or scorched before the fire. So early as the 26th century, toasted bread formed a favorite addition to English drinks. The practice of drinking healths, particularly that of an entertainer, is one so natural, so likely to spring up spontaneously, that it is impossible to say when it began. Certain it is, however, that it received an artificial development in 17th century. It became the fashion to drink not to the health of the entertainers only, but to that of each guest and of absent friends.

Mrs. Chas A. Davis, Concord, N.H.

FIFTEEN QUESTIONS FOR JULY

Literature

1. How was Aristotle, the philosopher, cured of love?
2. What English writers of the 19th century have been called of the "Spasmodic" School?
3. What London banker was a poet of rare taste, and what were his three great works?
4. What famous allegory (English) was written by the son of a tinker while serving the time of a sentence in prison?
5. What book is supposed to have been written by King Charles I, and under what circumstances?

Art

1. What great English artist, who has lately died, went to Oxford intending to enter the ministry? Who were his intimate friends, and who married his niece?
2. What famous English portrait painter was in love with Angelica Kauffmann, and what sad event happened in her life?
3. Why is the form of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair" round?
4. Sir Joshua Reynolds called Romney, the portrait painter, the "younger man in Cavendish Square." Who was Romney in love with, and whose life was marred through her influence?
5. What is the legend of the "Veronica" Napkin? Whom did it cure—where is it—what modern artist has finely painted it?

General

1. Who was Ude, and why did he leave the service of the Earl of Sefton?
2. Where was the "Fountain of Perpetual Youth" that Ponce de Leon was seeking?
3. Who was the "Maid of Saragoza?"
4. What was the story of the ship "Black Warrior" and the Ostend Manifesto?
5. Why were the kings of France crowned at Rheims?

PRIZES FOR JULY

- First Prize: "The Professor's Daughter." By Anna Farquhar.
 Second Prize: "Great Commanders." By Gen. Manning F. Force.
 Third Prize: "So Runs the World." By Henry Sienkiewicz.
 Fourth Prize: "Fall of Santiago." By Thomas J. Vivian.

LET'S
TALK



IT
OVER

THERE will be no difficulty in discovering a Fourth of July spirit in this issue of the "National Magazine." Without indulging in pyrotechnic word or phrase, there is special significance in the celebration of our national birthday to "The National Magazine." The nation is spelled with a positive big "N" nowadays, and a magazine touching on all sides and phases of national life, finds a quick response among the people. Every section of the country is reached by this publication and we can safely count on loyal friends every where, and every month finds thousands of recruits in the way of new subscribers. These facts are gratifying, not only from a business standpoint, but for another important reason. "The National Magazine" is one of the few periodicals that have not, directly or indirectly, been apologists for trusts. Without indulging in the spirit of rant, "The National Magazine" believes it is time for thinking people to call a halt. The obliteration of competition and individuality in the business world means ultimate disintegration. Our national existence is threatened and no amount of threats will deter "The

National Magazine" from an adherence to this policy. It is not a time for temper, but for temperate and conscientious action in meeting and overcoming the threatened disaster.

— — —
THE trusts must go! Peacefully if they will; under the ban of the law if necessary.

Either they must be ousted from their supreme control of financial, and political affairs, or all thinking Americans must confess that they no longer live under a republican form of government, but under the iron rule and utterly merciless policies of the most powerful plutocracy "of which this world holds record."

— — —
VAINLY have the laborer and mechanic made known to the world the illegal importations of cheaper labor; the arbitrary reduction of wages and seasons of employment; the inauguration of black-lists, which doomed the freeman to slow starvation, if like a man, he insisted upon his rights.

Vainly has the producer inveighed against "gentlemen's agreements,"

elevator syndicates, millers' organizations and transportation consolidations, which stifled competition, and exacted unholy and unjust tribute. Uselessly have manufacturers remonstrated against a war of extermination, which under the euphemism of legitimate competition, reduced hundreds to beggary and thousands to enforced liquidation and retirement from business.

To little purpose have jobbers indignantly protested against rebate systems, which force them to distribute trust goods and guarantee payments for nothing, and to loan the trusts capital without interest and now 75,000 traveling salesmen are ruthlessly thrown out of employment to increase trust dividends.

We have seen without apprehension or pity the great class of retail merchants and small tradesmen decimated yearly nor have we cared that the new concerns is in no just proportion to the growth of population and the increasing products of national effort.

The artist, doctor, lawyer, divine and educator are but just beginning to realize that the ends, aims and spirit of the last generation gave them an ample field of effort and prosperity, which is not reflected in existing conditions.

THE press itself, long constrained and blinded by apparent self-interest, only begins to realize that it cannot long escape the levelling force which inevitably tends to the centralization of all profit in the hands of a few enormous corporations, directed by a handful of utterly selfish individuals.

The great city governments are all struggling with a popular demand for conditions, privileges, and improvements, which cannot be kept up because their resources are lessened and

delayed by the constant depreciation of taxable property, and the increase of untaxed wealth.

Above all the decay of reverence for divine and human authority, the indisposition to form family ties, and assume the higher duties of existence, the popular distrust and indeed almost incredulity of official and judicial honesty, and honor, and that terrible weariness of life, which proceeds from hopelessness of success and fear of poverty and degradation, should awaken every American to an honest and searching investigation of the evils which threaten his own manhood, and in a great degree the future of his children.

THE eradication of individuality must cease, and even the bankers begin to see that they had better serve the lamb than feed the wolf. The fire which began in the grass and spread through bush and vine has scorched the trees of the forest at last.

It is safe to say that in 1900 the platforms of all the great parties will contain a most outspoken and radical denunciation of the trusts. It is equally certain that the trusts expect it.

They will not oppose it, but will employ men to construct and advocate the same and extract the claws of the tiger as far as possible.

Only by electing to office men who will do their bidding, apologize for their abuses, and delay the overthrow of their power, can they hope to delay the inevitable.

"Politics is business, and business is politics." It is the duty of every American who cares for his own well being and the future of those whose life is dearer to him than any other material consideration, to forget the prejudices and affiliations of the past, and to strike for his own land and for the



Miss Blossom

Pure Ivory, (so painters knew,)
Brought out the beauties, when they drew
The fine-arched brow and dainty dress
That marked the style of loveliness
Which seems so quaint to me and you.

Altered fashions quite eschew
The empire waist and high-heeled shoe;
Yet modern beauties need, no less,
Pure Ivory.

For May, whose skin is like the hue
Of orchard sprays when Spring steals through —
Her hand, and hair, and summer dress
So soft, their touch seems a caress —
Finds Ivory her dependence, too —

Pure Ivory Soap.

Any person wishing an enlarged copy of this picture may send to us
10 Ivory Soap Wrappers, on receipt of which we will send a copy (without printing)
on enamel plate paper, 14 x 17 inches, a suitable size for framing.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

IT FLOATS.

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republic, "that the government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," to be replaced by the "government of the people, by the monopolies, and for the trusts."

COMPETITION is as essential to trade as air is to life and once the legitimate channels of trade are tampered with, something must sooner or later give way. Now is the time to act. Another year and the people will be able to meet this question at the polls, and the platforms of party organizations are now crystalizing, and taking root. Every member of the next congress should be unequivocally pledged to support drastic measures that will check this wholesale engulfment of all the individual rights of humankind which are the basic principles of our government. The incorporation laws of various states make it necessary to secure national and uniform incorporative requirement to get at the root of the evil. The laws of New Jersey and West Virginia are notable instances flagrantly favoring fraudulent methods.

Let Anti-trust clubs be formed in every town, village and hamlet in the United States to affiliate with a National League to be organized.

The Leagues are formed for the purpose of focusing sentiment in all parts of the country in order that concerted action may be taken in securing the election of a congressman who will advocate and support a law keeping trade combinations within bounds.

MR. MAC QUEEN STILL AT THE FRONT
WIDESPREAD interest has been manifested in the articles written from Manila by Peter MacQueen for "The National Magazine." The letters have given a first comprehensive and intelligent report on the inside of the

situation in the Philippines. Besides being a wide traveler, Mr. MacQueen is a strong writer and a profound thinker on large questions.

He will finish the campaign with General Lawton and then visit principal points on the islands, and later make a trip to the interior, after which he will visit China, Japan and the Hawaiian islands. His last letter to "The National Magazine" was stamped with the seal of Aguinaldo's congress.

Mr. MacQueen was the orator at Manila on Morro Day, and was the guest of Admiral Dewey, before the latter sailed for this country.

How little we dreamed when Mr. MacQueen took up his Manila portfolio and left the office of "The National Magazine" in January last, of how much he was to experience in the ensuing months. Wounded several times, and always administering to the wants of sick and dying, never flinching in the face of danger, Peter MacQueen has proven himself a hero in the Philippine campaign.

"THE NATIONAL" TAKES FRONT RANK

A NUMBER of the leading newspapers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and in many other of the larger cities as well as nearly 2,000 newspapers in smaller cities, contained commendatory notices of the June number of "The National Magazine" and some of the leading papers voiced the sentiment briefly, but effectively expressed by the Philadelphia Call: "A full score of contributors add an attractive miscellany of story, description and illustration that puts the National easily in the first rank among June magazines."

In our June issue was published a sketch "The Truth About Sherwood" in our "Smiles and Tears" department in which the name of the author, Mr. E. Carl Litze, was inadvertently omitted. As this department is composed of signed contributions it was apparent that the omission was purely an oversight.

Romances

OF

Modern Trade and Travel

SKETCHES

Treating of Everyday Topics, Giving the Literary Flavor for the Purpose of Interesting
Readers in Buying the Right Things at the Right Time

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A TROPHY OF HOOK AND LINE	Wisconsin Central Railway
HOW THE HOME WAS WON	Col. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

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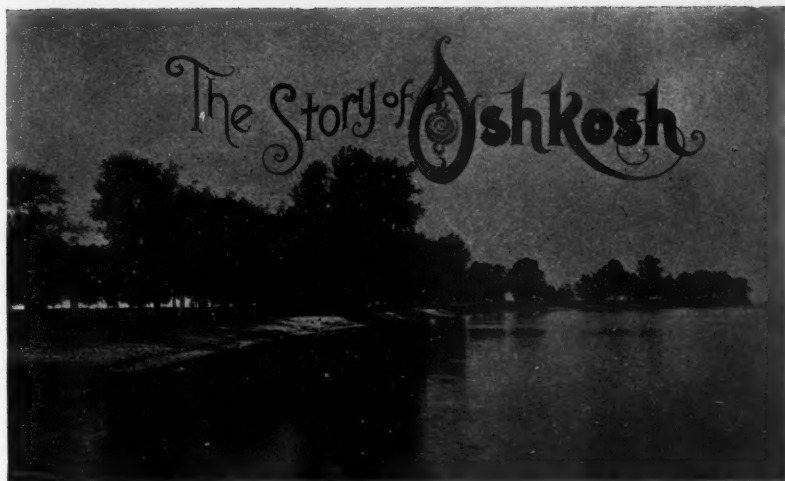


Photo by Luck

By Fenton S. Fox

ONE of the greatest marvels of the century is the wonderful development and growth of progressive American cities. History will underscore this as an important phase in the advance of civilization, because these cities have not only grown in the direction of accumulating buildings, factories, and sky-scrapers, but the evolution of the home life—the educational, religious and social environments are quite beyond the adequate comprehension of those who have not made a careful investigation of the subject. After the earlier struggles of pioneer days, the American city at once launches courageously into the long cherished ideals of home. These growing cities afford great opportunities for industrial investment and crystallization of an ideal home—the ambition of every true American.



THE STORY OF A WESTERN CITY

It was midsummer in Boston.

For many days the sun had blazed from a cloudless sky, making outdoor life quite impossible for all inhabitants. Adding to the discomfort, the heat-laden west wind, so hateful to the dwellers of New England coast cities, swept through the streets, penetrating every nook and corner of the place.

One evening when the heat was almost unbearable, a party of young men and women sat about

the rustic summer pagoda or lolled upon the grass at the upper end of Jamaica Pond, wooing the cool breezes.

In the party were musical students, a young artist, a teacher of physical culture, a writing man, a graduate of a school of oratory, a physician, and a newcomer in newspaper work who styled himself a "journalist." It was as typical a group of that class of per-

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



LOOKING UP MAIN AND HIGH STREETS

sons as one might expect in Boston.

We were warm friends, not especially because of the torrid atmosphere, but warm in our heartfelt sincerity for one another. The time was fast approaching when the majority of us would go our several ways into the world, and we were making the best of the few remaining days of comradeship by being together as much as possible. This was our last meeting.

"I would be almost willing," said a Western woman—a young physician who had made a place for herself in Boston,—“to abandon my practice for the sake of getting away from this terrible heat, if I could be transported without delay to

the lake region of Wisconsin. When the sun sets there,” she continued, fanning herself, furiously, “no matter how hot the day may have been, a cool breeze springs up and one can be delightfully comfortable. Sometimes as

I sit in my office and swelter, I close my eyes and fancy that again I am a girl out West, under the shade of the great forest trees that line the banks of lakes and streams, and I grow desperately homesick, I would



FOX RIVER

not require much persuasion, when I am in that mood, to turn my back on this career and return to my girlhood haunts.”

“Would you?” I asked, doubtfully. “Is the West truly so enchanting and



Photo by Craw

RESIDENCE STREET VIEW

THE STORY OF OSHKOSH



RESIDENCE STREET VIEW

seductive as all that? Is it such a veritable paradise on earth?"

"Every bit of it; and if I were a descriptive writer instead of a 'saw-bones,' I'd not wait a minute, but would pack my grip, camera and fishing-tackle, and fly away

'To revel in fair Nature's moods,'

as our poet friend has expressed it, in the delightful haunts of picturesque Wisconsin. But, seriously now, why is it that you, who spend so much time tramping

about in search of something to write, don't go out there with pen and camera to 'do' the region?"

"Never occurred to me; but I may, some time," I replied.

"Y-e-s," drawled the artist, who had been puffing away on a cigarette "to improve the air," as he explained in self-justification, "do it, by all means; and if you stumble across Oshkosh—

or is it Kalamazoo? —in the depths of some dismal forest, photograph it for me. Make a lot of pictures of the natives. I want a full set to go with those Landeau sent me from Old Mexico, during his expedition there with Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, to

the haunts of the cliff dwellers."

"Look here, Mr. Bob," said the physician, sitting up very straight, "don't you know that Oshkosh is one of the handsomest cities in the country?"



A SCENE ON FOX RIVER—CITY FRONT



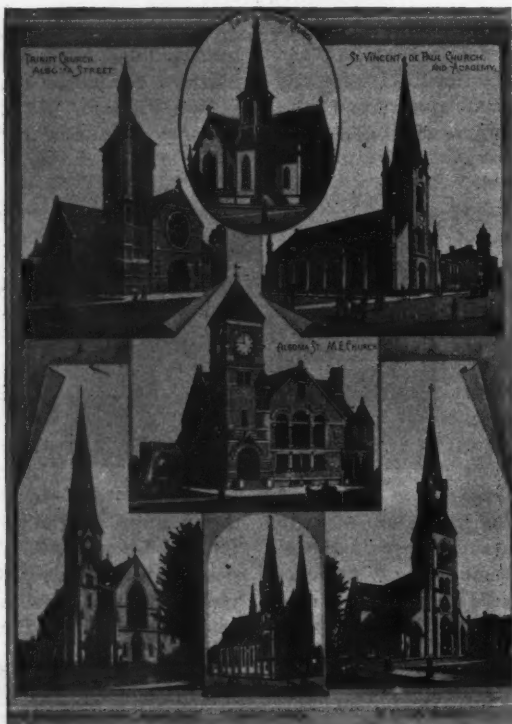
RESIDENCE STREET VIEW

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

"Nope! Don't believe there ever was such a place," was the lazy reply of the artist, as he rolled over on his back, blowing clouds of smoke into the air about him.

"Well, there is, just the same. It is in Wisconsin, about four hours north by rail from Chicago. Of course you know where Chicago is, for I have heard you tell of being out there to

choking. "There never was such a place! It is a by-word—a place of fiction, like Hades. It is the creation of the fertile brain of some backwoods humorist. Osh-kosh! Wow! If such a place ever existed, it was at the jumping-off point in some dismal swamp, inhabited only by musk-rats, vampire bats and hoot owls." Then he rolled and laughed again.



the World's Fair, although I am inclined to believe that you were never west of the Hudson River."

The "journalist" toppled over on the ground. He laughed long and boisterously, kicking his heels into the turf, and throwing handfuls of grass into the air.

"Osh-kosh!" he gurgled, like one

There was fire in the physician's eyes. She waited until the "journalist" regained his composure. Then, turning to me she said: "You will go there, some time, will you not, and photograph and write of the city as you find it, for the benefit of these benighted and doubting friends of ours?"

"Yes," I replied, "if it is ever con-

THE STORY OF OSHKOSH

venient. But tell me—why is it that you, a native of Ohio, are so interested in this matter?"

"That is just the point, my dear fellow. The first settlers—the founders of Oshkosh—were Ohio men and women. They were the sons and daughters of 'Sons and Daughters of the Revolution,' and offsprings of 'Colonial Dames.' Could such stock found

with his approval, and, consequently, the city can possess no merit."

Several years have elapsed since this incident occurred, but I have never forgotten my promise to the physician.

After a year spent in Wisconsin, the past month of which has been in Oshkosh, I can, in a measure, appreciate the enthusiasm of the physician. All



a place populated by vampire bats and owls, as our friend suggested? If the name were Athens instead of Oshkosh, as was originally intended, our 'journalistic' friend would be more than willing to stake his 'reputation' on the city being a centre of wealth, refinement, culture, literature and art. But the old Indian name does not meet

she said in praise of this city, and a great deal more, is true.

Oshkosh is a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, and its attractive location, together with a thrifty, progressive population, would be a credit to any of the New England or Eastern States.

In 1830 the present site of Oshkosh

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



POST OFFICE

was uninhabited save by Indians. In 1835, Webster Stanley, a hardy son of the Buckeye State, a direct descendant

This city owes its notoriety to the jealous wit of an editor in a near-by place. Another city was founded on the lake shore a few miles from here shortly after the first settlement was made in Oshkosh, and the bitterest kind of rivalry sprang up between the two places. The city was originally called Athens, while the other was named Fond du Lac. The old Grecian name meant nothing to the Indians, while Fond du Lac is the Indian for "foot of the lake." Shrewd traders at this place, in order to tickle the vanity of the Indians and draw their trade, took to calling the settlement "Oshkosh," out of deference to the Chief of the Menominees, which pleased the



BUSINESS STREET SCENE

of substantial New England stock, brought his little family here and laid the corner-stone of the present city of Oshkosh. The early history of the place could be woven into a thrilling romance; and the wonderful panoramic views of the city, made for "The National Magazine" by a resident photographer who invented this plate process (which is used now for the first time in magazine work), makes it easy for me to convey a comprehensive conception of the character and remarkable attractiveness of the city of Oshkosh.

tribe very much, bringing them here in great numbers to do their trading. Eventually a mass meeting of the settlers and Indians was held, and after a great deal of smoking and pow-wow-



CITY HALL

THE STORY OF OSHKOSH



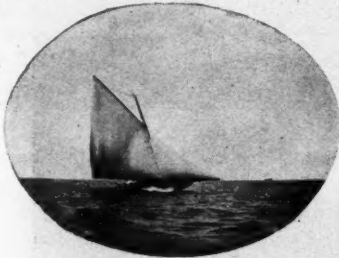
BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF MAIN STREET, LOOKING SOUTH

ing it was decided, by a large majority vote, to change the name from Athens to Oshkosh.

This place outstripped its rival up the lake, but in doing so brought upon

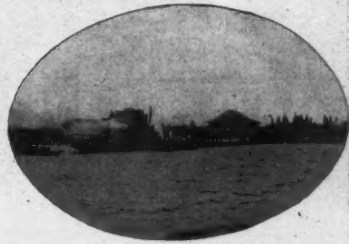
ister who was riding horseback to Oshkosh one Sunday morning. A few miles from the city he met a man who gave every evidence of having been roughly handled. One eye was black, a piece of one ear was gone, there were bald spots on his head where the hair had been pulled out, and he seemed in a very dilapidated condition. The sympathetic parson stopped and asked where he had been and what had happened to him.

"Oh!" the man replied, "I've been over to Oshkosh, having a little fun with the boys."



ON LAKE WINNEBAGO

itself the satire of a Fond du Lac editor, which gave it a world-wide notoriety that thirty-five years have failed to dissipate. And as a result it will always be known as a place where men go to "have fun with the boys." The Fond du Lac editor wrote and published, without the slightest foundation of truth, a story telling of a min-



YACHT CLUB

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

"What will your wife think of you when you get home?" asked the astonished minister.

"Say, parson," said the fellow, pulling an assortment of human anatomy out of his pocket; "what do you suppose that fellow's wife will think of him?"

That yarn made the rounds of all the papers of this and every other city throughout the land.

Fond du Lac may have been outstripped by Oshkosh in a business way, but this city owes its reputation to the witty editor at the head of the lake; and the Fond du Lac people feel that they have more than balanced the account by making the mere name "Oshkosh" a by-word.

Oshkosh is admirably situated on

the banks of Lake Winnebago, a body of water thirty-five miles long, which has its outlet through Fox River, giving direct water communication with Green Bay and the Great Lakes. The city also has water communication by way of the Upper Fox and Wisconsin Rivers with the Mississippi, and its railroad facilities are unex-

celled. At the present time there are, in round figures, one hundred manufacturing enterprises, covering a great variety of industries, including the largest sash, door and blind factories in the world. A local board of trade, with Colonel S. W. Hollister as president, F. H. Josslyn, vice-president; W. K. Rideout, treasurer; and Leo Haben, secretary, is ever on the alert



SOUTH PARK



ISLAND PARK

THE STORY OF OSHKOSH



Photo by Nicholson

to take advantage of those opportunities which will add most to the city's welfare. They are bidding for and offering inducements to manufacturing industries to locate here.

It is also an educational center. The largest State Normal School, two busi-

ness colleges, the vicinity is an ideal spot. The lakes and rivers afford unlimited possibilities for boating and fishing. It is not an uncommon thing for a fisherman to catch all the bass, pike and pickerel he can carry in an afternoon's angling.

As my physician friend in Boston said, "Oshkosh is a reality," and I feel that in a measure I have fulfilled the promise I made to her that night at Jamaica pond.



PUBLIC LIBRARY

ness colleges, a school of telegraphy, being located here, in addition to one of the finest public school systems to be found in the state. A magnificent new public library is in the course of erection.

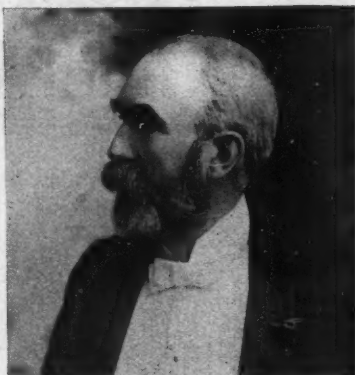


FOX RIVER AND FACTORIES

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE



MAYOR J. H. MERRILL



COL. JOHN HICKS
Daily Northwestern



CHARLES ROSE
Wisconsin Telegraph (German)



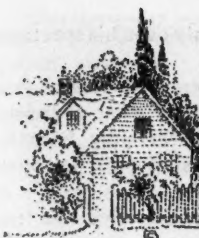
W. C. JENKINS
The Oshkosh Morning Times



JOHN D. DEETS
The Evening Enterprise



BEN HOOPER
Pres. Union Club



BOBBY AND HIS BARBER-POLE FENCE.

BOBBY Shoemaker was a boy of ideas. In fact his versatility of ideas had kept a fond mother and indulgent father on the alert for mischievous pranks since his days in kilts, when he was pursued down the village street, and later tied to the bed post to do penance, the hopeful heir's originality remained unchanged.

The Fourth of July was approaching and how long and lingering seemed the last days of June in the village school. The old swimming place at the ferry never seemed so inviting; the fish never were more accommodat- ing in biting; the soldier camp on old Tompkinson's lot was never so alluring as during these blazing days of June, when the old village school bell rang out its mandatory summons.

Every possible penny was hoarded for the Fourth of July explosives during these days, and Bobby's fond father soon found his appropriation for picking peas, hoeing corn and potatoes, mowing and sprinkling the lawn was

rapidly diminishing under Bobby's diligent solicitation.

"Mamma, I've got to have nuther dollar for the Fourth anyhow," pleaded Bobby one morning.

"Why is that Bobby?"

"'Cause Fuzzy Palmer has more'n I got. Can't you find somethin' else so Pa can give me money for—"

"Why, Bobby, father is already too indulgent. You stop for too many dishes of cream at Allen's after school."

"Well, Ma I just can't help it. Oh, my, Ma! Can't I paint the fence?"

It was the modern Tom Sawyer that spoke.

"Well Bobby, that might be done although—"

"All right, I'll go right down and get some Asbestine I saw advertised in the Youth's Companion" shouted Bobby, starting off down the street, not waiting for the mother's answer.

"Robert, come here!" she called. Bobby knew the consequences when she called that way and he returned.

"See Ma, the old whitewash is all



BOBBY

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

peeling off. Oh, come now and let me" he pleaded as he approached her in that meek way that always softens a mother's heart.

"Bobby, are you quite sure you could do it before father returns to-night?"

He gave the fence a critical glance and sighed. The pickets appeared to have multiplied seven fold since his first estimate.

"I'll see Fuzzy and Toots, Ma."

"Very well, now I am going to leave the selection of color to you, Bobby, and be sure you have something appropriate that will please your father and give him a happy surprise, as I am not to return till after tea."

"All right Ma"

A whistle brought Fuzzy and Toots from two neighboring gardens, where they had been with hoes, but later lay in the shade of the triangular hedge to see what Bobby had in view.

Bobby bought three distinct and positive colors and the clerk smiled as he called for red, white and blue and had it "charged" to his father. "More deviltry," he mused.

Bobby soon returned to his home, having made terms with his playmates for a proper division of the profits.

"Fuzzy, you take red, Toots the white and I'll see to the blue, and we've got to hurry, boys. Get it on in the regular style—red, white and blue."

The Asbestine was mixed with cold water and they were ready for work. The gorgeous color effects pleased them and they worked assiduously.

Passersby and the farmers driving home smiled as they saw the busy boys.

"'Guess Shoemakers's goin' to hev a barber pole fence," said John Falcon.

"That's what I call permanent patriotic expression," remarked Judge Balsam, vigorously blowing his nose on his large, red handkerchief.

"Shoemaker's going to run for office sure, thistime," responded Dr. Fogstaff,

looking suspiciously over his spectacles at the boys.

But the trio were oblivious of it all in the anticipation of what a division of profits meant for July Fourth—"more big glasses of pink lemonade and a real pistol."

The fence when completed was truly gay and the gate posts were given the true barber pole touch.

When Ma and Pa Shoemaker returned, their breath was taken away in concert, and the mutual glances exchanged brought forth an expression as they came forward and viewed the flaming color on the fence.

"Bobby!"

"And Asbestine," Bobby added, quickly. "Isn't it a daisy!" he continued. "You'll get the prize for decorations this time, Pa."

* * * * *

The dawn of the national holiday found Bobby awakened at the first sunrise salute. The mysterious bundles he had recently stored away were brought forth, and he was not slow in joining the chorus of explosives—for what would a Fourth of July be without a deafening noise to a healthy American lad! The fire-cracker fusillade had brought the sleepy-eyed chums to the scene of action, and they were all soon in a blaze of patriotic fervor. The rival small boys next door were also soon in action, and before the tired and sleepy elders could focus their ears and eyes to the general volley and powder-laden atmosphere, there was a wild cry of "fire!"

Bobby had been the first to give the alarm. The blaze had broken out in the house adjoining, as a result of the carelessness of the neighbor's boys. The entire village was soon on the scene armed with buckets. The old hand side-pump fire-engine was trying to extract a supply of water from the muddy little creek—but the flames

BOBBY AND HIS BARBER-POLE FENCE

spread. The Shoemaker house, which adjoined, was soon in danger, and the excitement was intense. Bobby had worked like a trojan, and unbeknown to the others, except his two chums. Fuzzy and Toots, who were helping him, had crawled on the roof and were smearing the shingles and exposed parts with Asbestine, left over after painting the fence. The fire raged hotter and hotter, and they were at last driven from their position; but in the meantime they had been able to give the exposed side of the residence a heavy coating of the red, white and blue Asbestine. The flames rose higher and lapped the walls of the Shoemaker home, but that was all, for the Asbestine demonstrated its qualities as a fireproof paint. When the fond parents and the astonished spectators saw and realized the wonderful work and forethought of Bobby and his companions, there was a shout of praise. Bobby had saved the home with Asbestine.

That evening after Bobby had laid his little tired head to rest on the pillow, his father and mother sat long into the evening.

"Martha, it's wonderful what a boy our Bobby is," said the husband, puffing at a cigar. "I was thinking how much he takes after you."

"No, James, he is your exact counterpart."

"Wife, we won't either of us be selfish enough to claim him entirely. He belongs to us both."

Well, the colors were changed on the zebra-ribbed fence, but Asbestine met a test in that village which is verified in the Fourth of July legend concerning Bobby's barber-pole fence.

ASBESTINE—WHAT IT IS

Asbestine Weatherproof and Fireproof, Cold Water Paint is adapted for use on barns, fences, county

fair buildings, courtyards and rear walls of flats and office buildings, air shafts, freight sheds, freight cars, warehouses, barrel heads or on any surface requiring a cheap and durable coating. It also makes a first class priming coat to be covered with oil paint. Its covering capacity is many times that of oil paint.

The white is several shades whiter than oil paint and will not turn yellow with age if applied to a neutral surface, such as wood, brick or stone. It will not rub or scale off.

On account of its low price and durability it is extensively used on surfaces that would otherwise go bare and unsightly. It is not a whitewash, but a paint of high quality, which should be applied with care. For many purposes it is superior to oil paint. Wednesday June 21 Chandler

The tests which have been made by the Messrs. Alden Speare's Sons the past eight years with Asbestine have proven that it fills a place that nothing else can supply. The phenomenal increase in sales each year has surpassed all expectations, and Asbestine has become, in fact, a necessity that more than meets all requirements. There is not a state or territory where it is not in general use to-day.

The contract for the interior of the new Terminal Station, Boston, covering an area of twenty-eight acres, has been secured for Asbestine exclusively, and as it is the largest contract ever placed, it tells a story of the merit of Asbestine.

The Alden Speare's Son's Co. have offices in Boston at 367-369 Atlantic avenue; New York, 74 John street, and Chicago, 59 Market street, and every reader of "The National Magazine" who is at all interested in the matter will find that a postal card will bring all that is required to be known to become a constant user of Asbestine.



THAT DINNER FOR FOUR

"Isn't it a shame!"

"And we cannot allow them to go away."

"That would be impossible! To think of their coming so far, and then for us not to be able to return their hospitality."

"Well, Myrta, we must make up our minds quickly. The invaders are at the outer gates."

"Dare you trust yourself to prepare dinner on the strength of your Cooking School Diploma?"

"Trust myself! My dear sister, I am ready to provide a spread for a prince."

"And of course Aunt Fanny had to bring along that darling nephew from Philadelphia, about whom she has always been talking."

"If she had only left him at home, we should have nothing to fear. But tell me, sis, is he really good looking, and do you think he is fussy about

what he eats?" said Myrta, in that open, piquant manner, which is always irresistible.

"How could I tell when I was so frustrated with thinking of dinner, with mamma and Sarah away."

"Yes, and they timed it well, dearie, because it is nearly noon and not a thing ready, and with their early breakfast at Rusher Junction, they must be very hungry, poor things."

Myrta, the younger of the two sisters, said this in a sincere and sympathetic way, as she tried to catch a glance of the visitors through the door as her sister returned to continue the usual ceremonies of welcome at the hospitable Holcomb home.

With the air of one dashing into battle, Myrta made her way to the kitchen, rolled up her sleeves, and started in with a determined air to prove herself worthy of Puritan ancestry as a cook and home-provider.

• THAT DINNER FOR FOUR

The outlook was dismal enough as she took a quick, mental inventory of supplies on hand. The only welcome and consoling aspect for the young Spartan was a new Magee Grand Range, which seemed to mutely appreciate the situation, and kindly offer its best services. Sarah, the cook, had, of course, put everything "in place"; but it would wear out ordinary human patience to find that "place." Busily Myrta worked, and her "higher knowledge" of cooking, in connection with the plain common sense and fundamental duties of housekeeping instilled by a prudent mother, served to good purpose.

"Now for some dainties to surprise Auntie—and—why did she insist in bringing that feather-head of a nephew?" she thought to herself, wrinkling her pretty eyebrows.

The ante-dinner laughter and chatter came to her through the opening and closing doors. With a dainty array of flowers and smilax, the dinner-table was given the cheerful hominess that only a woman's taste can furnish.

Myrta even sang softly at her work, becoming very much interested in it. It was the first dinner that she had ever prepared entirely by herself. The results were gratifying. The mute "jewel of a Magee Range" seemed to blaze with enthusiasm as the preparations progressed. The soup was just right; the roast was luscious; the pies (always pies in New England), had dainty, blushing brown crusts, and as she took them out, her face glowed with pride at the perfection of the oven control. The Spanish cream, the vegetables and the salads looked palatable beyond all expectation. In a systematic manner, the young cook had mastered the task before her much as she would a knotty proposition in calculus. She was as much

interested in that meal as in the "exams" which had won her well deserved diploma at college.

The nephew, trying to be gracious to his aunt and gallant to sister Belle in the library, was one of those young men who early become Aristotlean philosophers and emphatically insisted that model wives and housekeepers were a thing of the past, and not to be found among the college girls of to-day. He strongly expressed himself on the subject, unconscious of the twinkle in the eye of his aunt, as she exchanged glances with her neice.

"Of course every young man should be financially able to protect his wife against the drudgery of housework, but the great evil of to-day is the crowding of women into professions and callings of men and the home, the one place we have all been taught to reverence and love is deserted."

"The college young ladies!" he continued. "Why, I think they have become merely dressed dolls!"

This much Myrta had overheard from behind the portiers as she was placing the finishing touches in decorating the table.

"So he thinks we are all dolls, does he? The impudent—he doesn't deserve a dinner. Why don't Auntie box his ears."

Dinner was announced and Myrta, flushed from the last finishing touches, after giving the dutiful kiss to auntie, was formally introduced to the nephew. It was an ideal summer dinner and the nephew sitting at Myrta's right, was confused in his admiration of the pretty little hostess. He asked for four lumps of sugar in the dainty tea cup.

This little straw and similar absent-minded remarks impressed those present in a quiet way that the nephew was under a spell. Every girl unconsciously imitates her mother and Myrta's

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE •

achievement occasioned a remark to that effect from the aunt who insisted that the good old fashioned way of preparing meals was all right with modern trimmings.

The appetites were perfectly attuned to the repast and everything was

which is a sign of sure progress in love affairs.

"And did you prepare this famous spread all by yourself?" he said under his breath to her in a tone of tender admiration.

"Oh no! The Magee range did the



daintily served and well cooked. The little trimmings, dainty old china, doilies, smilax, platters garnished with parsley, all combined to tempt the appetite and when the nephew discovered through the fragments of conversation that the dinner was prepared by one of those doll college girls, he could not resist the impulse to blunder again,

cooking," she replied seriously, "and then you know I only followed college receipts." That was a remark he recalled when further progress was made in acquaintance.

• • • • •

He came often after that, and oftener without his aunt. There was

THAT DINNER FOR FOUR

of course the idealized moonlights, but he never could forget that quotation from Lucille about dining and the fact that Myrta knew just how to keep a home.

Contrary to the boast of his earlier Sophomore days, he did not require his wife to submit to a civil service examination in cooking. He just fell in love, blindly, stumblingly and blunderingly, in the good old way.

A short time before the wedding, Myrta remarked in her sweet manner, "Now we are to start housekeeping in a small way, and remember your college doll insists upon a Magee range, the fire of which must be ignited always in the morning by the head of the family; and also a Magee furnace. That's your part, Jack, you know."

"Yes, I know," responded Jack, radiantly, "and I know further that I am to have the dearest, sweetest, and most accomplished little wife that—"

"And still she is a college doll," interrupted Myrta.

"Yes, but the post graduate course at home simply caps it all—Why Myrta, that first dinner, all by yourself—"

"The Magee range, Jack, you forget was there."

"Well I have a prize, and will seal the ver—"

"Here comes auntie," broke in the bright and happy girl.

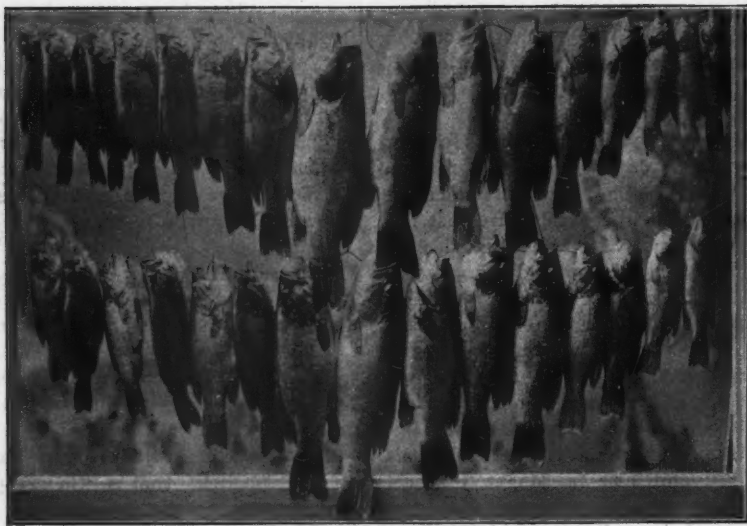
"Auntie will you come and see us often, you know you were instrumental in it all."

"Yes, my dear, and Nephew wasn't such bad company to have for that first dinner, after all, was he?"

"No," spoke up Jack; "and those doll college girls—that is—their diplomas are well merited."

He kissed them both and made a notation in his note-book, "Mag-fur-range," and mused—"the foundation for a true home."





A TROPHY OF HOOK AND LINE

"NOW, Papa, I am tired of these imaginative fishing ponds, and eastern summer resorts, where the fishing is so suggestive of matrimonial angling. Where can we have some real Isaac Walton fishing?"

"Let me see," said the good natured father, as he rummaged over a large pile of folders. "Seems to me, I've heard from a Pond up in Wisconsin, where there is some big fishing."

"Don't say pond, they're lakes, papa, and such dear little lakes too, as cousin Jack says. And we can catch big fish there?"

"Just catch them to order,—so the book says. An indicator on the pole gives the size desired—you press a button—and flop comes your order."

"Now stop your joking, Papa, I am real serious. I've explored Europe, Asia and Africa, now let us find out something about our own country."

"As you said, Eleanor, but are you quite sure?"

"I'm quite positive. Just telegraph to the Wisconsin Central for tickets from Chicago to—well any good fishing lake, as they are all on that line—and we'll let the Fates take their course."

The orders of the beautiful and imperious Eleanor were obeyed, and they were soon on their way north towards Lake Superior, in the unsurpassed "Limited" of the Wisconsin Central.

The northland of Wisconsin is dotted with inland lakes that teem with gamey bass. It is a veritable paradise of piccatorial devotees, for here the fish are in their wild and primeval state. They have the enterprise and energy of the west in resisting hook and line negotiations.

The days of July and August passed like a dream in Fairy-land. Eleanor was in all her glory, and she found

A TROPHY OF HOOK AND LINE

on the banks of Lake Winnebago every comfort and convenience of summer pleasure—golf links, tennis courts, rowing, sailing; the complete curriculum was available, except salt water, and even that was furnished us in the aquarium and swimming-pools.

It seemed to be one of the inviolable rules of fate that each summer time should have its romances, and despite Eleanor's determination to the contrary.

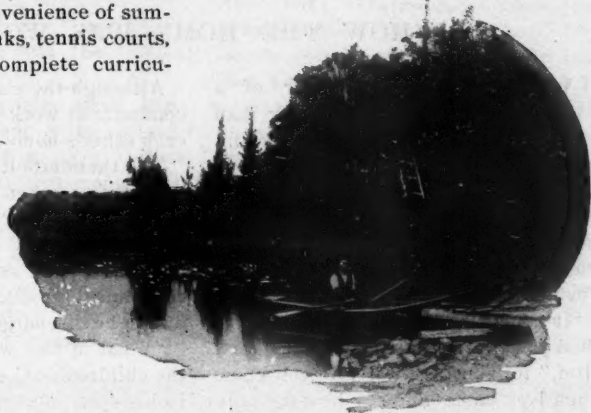
Cousin Jack, by way of exploration, appeared upon the scene.

"Why did you come, Jack?" she protested.

"Because I was here first; and when a fellow finds a good fishing-spot, he owns the world and all parts of it for a time."

"Well, you must not begin that way. Just let me catch fish."

The tingling excitement of pulling them out after a "run" and baiting was such as cannot be described. It was days of that rare, quiet pleasure; the lakes, so limpid and isolated, seemed majestic in their solitude. It stimulated all the poetry that exists in human-



PEWAUKEE LAKE, NEAR WAUKESHA, WIS.

kind, and for which Eleanor could never cease thanking her thoughtful cousin after the fishing campaign.

Jack declared that there was only one way to square accounts.

"Just say 'yes' to my catechism, and I'll keep putting on the bait. It takes two to fish for all the good things in life."

So there are prospects of a wedding in the early autumn, and Eleanor has planned that the wedding spread shall be a fish dinner—and fresh water fish, at that.

The romantic lakes of the interior of Wisconsin have given supreme pleasure to thousands in the days of summer outings, and in no other locality in America has there been such superb fishing for bass.

The great, primeval pine forests and the sweet-scented cedar and birch, are environments which breathe a serenity of mind and body in the oft-told legends of the unknown.

Readers of "The National Magazine" who desire an outing that involves fishing, should address J. C. Pond, G. P. A., Wisconsin Central, Milwaukee, Wis., without further delay.



FLAMBEAU RIVER, WIS.

HOW THE HOME WAS WON

"WITHOUT the anchor of a good home any ordinary man is likely to go to the devil," said Tim Payson to his fellow clerk that hot July afternoon. "Here I have been," he continued, "working on this meagre salary for twelve years, and I am no nearer able to be married than when I left school."

"It takes all I can earn to live," replied James Hawkins, who was called "Jim," for short. "Why, do you know when I go home and see how my wife drudges, and how the children have to get along, it makes me feel almost like giving up the fight."

"Well, you've got a large family on your hands, Hawkins."

These words indicated the trend of a conversation that had occurred so many times between the two men at the noon hour that it had become almost as familiar as a ritual.

They were sturdy, hard-working, honest fellows, the prototypes of thousands of others who were born in the country and gone up to the city to make their fortune. Existence had been a struggle from the start, and Jim Hawkins often remarked:—

"How Mary ever managed to bring up those four children on my salary is more'n I know."

But it had not been done without its cost. The wife's wan face told the story, as she tried to hush the little one at her breast with a soft lullaby. It is true the oldest daughter, now eighteen, was a great help and comfort to her mother, but her small wages and unsteady hours was necessary to keep up the family income.

They were not the sort to grow bitter at their lot, but made the best of it.

Although the men had become close comrades at work they knew little of each other's home life.

The thunderbolt came one day about a year after, when they were both discharged after years of faithful service. The factory had been "absorbed" by the trust and in order to secure more economical production scores of men had to be discharged.

"What in the world will Mary and the children do?" said Jim, with tears in his eyes, meeting the younger man. He had been on a fruitless search for work.

"Never mind, we'll find something. And now I propose that we enjoy our vacation by all going to the Buffalo Bill's Wild West this afternoon."

But, Tim, that is an expensive luxury for men out of work; besides there's Mary and—"

"Never mind, I have secured work the few days while the Wild West is here and these tickets are a portion of the velvet; and I want your whole family to come, Jim."

"Won't Mary enjoy it—it has been years since she has had a day like it." The joyful news set the little Hawkins in a war dance and it was something of a ray of sunshine in the gloom of "no work."

* * * *

The day arrived and it was here that Tim Payson first met Mina Hawkins, the eighteen-year-old daughter, and a new ambition in life came upon him. He helped care for the little Hawkins, while Mary and Jim were real lovers at a circus again. It was here that Tim and Mina first read of the Shoshone Irrigation Company and the offer of homes in a stray circular.

"If I were only a man I would own

HOW THE HOME WAS WON

some land—a farm, a home—and get away from flats,” said Mina.

“You can in Wyoming,” said Tim.

“Yes, but what would the folks at home do?”

“You have the Spartan spirit, Mina. I will be a man—I am going to start next week for Wyoming. Colonel Cody has been a public benefactor in more ways than one and somehow I have confidence in this circular.”

They all had a glorious day at Buffalo Bill's and the small boys were more fervid in cowboy hero worship than ever, and Tim Payson as carefully

Here we have no ‘lay-offs,’ and now is the time. There is a school here which needs a teacher.” . . . And so the letter continued. Later there was a separate letter to Mina.

Hawkins was soon on his way with money loaned him by his former superintendent, and in another three months the entire family were there, living in a snug little house with “plaster paris” roof, made of gypsum. The home was a forty-acre farm of irrigated land, and the young Hawkins' played cowboy in earnest. Of course Tim Payson's farm adjoined, and the school-



THE SHOSHONE AT CORBETT

tucked away that circular as if it were a government bond.

* * * *

Tim Payson's letters back to his old friend Hawkins, giving the glowing accounts of his farm in the Big Horn basin, had a suspicious way of reading between the lines, as if intended for one particular member of the family.

“It'll be all right Tim as long as I am able to earn something and have it to spend in a good cause.”

“I owe all my success to Miss Mina's suggestion. Now don't depend on odd jobs any longer. Come out, Jim.

house in which Miss Mina taught was on his land, so he laughingly remarked:—

“There is only one way to make the position permanent.”

And she agreed.

So there was a Wyoming wedding, and the happy father remarked:—

“In this state it's hard to say who is the head of the family, as you are both voters; but I tell you, Tim, we've got homes to anchor us, now. See these blooming cheeks on Mary again. Why, Mary and I must be having our second honeymoon.”

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

"And Mina and I insist that the Garden of Eden must have been located in the Big Horn valley."

"Well, we enjoy here what God intended every human being to enjoy—good air, good health, and a contented home. What more could mortal ask?"

And now Tim insists that his first love letter was a Shoshone Irrigation Canal circular which pointed out to him clearly the way to maintain an independent station in life, to woo and

western part of the State and affords an interesting study to the traveler and investor. It was formerly the bed of an inland sea. The Basin is encircled on all sides by a chain of mountains—the famous Big Horn and Pryor Mountains on the East, Snowy Range on the north, the Rocky Mountains proper on the west and the Shoshone Mountains on the south side. The Shoshone River (known to the Indians as the Stinking Water, on account of



CODY CANAL AND RESERVOIR, NEAR IRMA VALLEY

win a wife and establish his own hearthstone. . . .

Every story has a moral. Wyoming is a young and growing state. It is rich in resources. It is settled with a young, active, industrious and intelligent class of citizens. There is no better place for enterprising men and women. There is no state offering better opportunities for the investment of capital

The Big Horn Basin, of which we shall specially treat, is in the North-

its impregnation by the great Sulphur Springs) has its source on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and at the eastern boundary of Yellowstone Park, thence through vast Mesa's valleys and benches northeasterly to its confluence with the Big Horn. The South fork of the Shoshone, like the North, has its source in the southeastern edge of Yellowstone Park, converging at a point just west of Cedar Mountain, forming the Shoshone River proper, which forces its way at this point through the range, causing a pic-

HOW THE HOME WAS WON

turesque canon in the creation of which the resistless forces of Nature seemed to have combined. The immense drainage of the snow clad

times, as the burning sulphur deposits, the extinct geysers, hot springs, and other phenomena indicate; thus enabling the drainage of the mountains



mountains meeting at this point, with a weight and velocity irresistible, seem to have been provided for by an upheaval of Nature in prehistoric

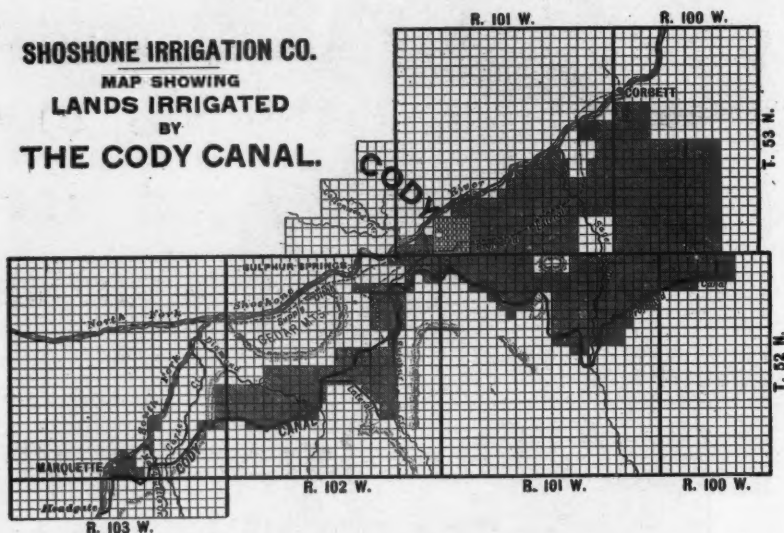
to find its way to the sea. From this canon eastward to its junction with the Big Horn River, it courses through the centre of Shoshone Valley, and

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

through the vast lands extending from its banks on either side to the mountain foothills, grand plateaus as level as a table, easily susceptible of irrigation, which will be watered by the Shoshone Irrigation Company's aqueduct, the Cody Canal. The survey of this canal shows it starting from the south branch of Shoshone, about seven miles above Cedar Mountain. In the acreage it covers, the unusual engineering features involved in the plans for its construction, it is one of the

tion Company's Canal is a rich, sandy loam. In all cases a large percentage of silica enters into its composition, making it peculiarly adapted to small grains. It ranges from a gray color along the streams to red on the higher ground, and a sandy loam with a small amount of gravel on the table or bench lands. It is considered by experts the very best of soil. What it will produce is the best evidence of its fertility, and must be seen to be appreciated.

The Basin is indeed a "new empire."



most interesting and important irrigation works yet projected in this state. From the head to its proposed terminus there is a difference in elevation of over 1,500 feet. There is one vertical drop about 150 feet over a rock bluff 2,700 cubic feet per second will pour over this precipice when the canal is full. The canal covers over 400,000 acres. The total length of the canal, as projected, is 150 miles; estimated cost of completed works, \$1,750,000.

The general character of the soil to be irrigated by the Shoshone Irriga-

tion Company's Canal is a rich, sandy loam. In all cases a large percentage of silica enters into its composition, making it peculiarly adapted to small grains. It ranges from a gray color along the streams to red on the higher ground, and a sandy loam with a small amount of gravel on the table or bench lands. It is considered by experts the very best of soil. What it will produce is the best evidence of its fertility, and must be seen to be appreciated.

W. F. CODY, Pres.,
 Shoshone Irrigation Co.
 GEO. T. BECK, Secy.,

Cody, Big Horn County, Wyoming.

Renews the hair, makes new again, restores to freshness, gives new life. This is precisely what Hall's Hair Renewer does.

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If your druggist cannot supply you, send one dollar to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.
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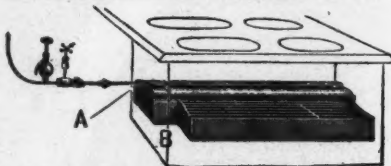
Delivered to you? It will double the wear of your shoes. We have a special prize offer given with every bottle sold from this advertisement which will interest every boy in America.

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Worcester, Mass.

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Price for outfit with oil tank on the wall, \$12, with air pressure tank, \$15, net on board express at Boston.

Demonstrations made daily from 9 to 5 at our office. Mail orders solicited. Send for circular.

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29 Cornhill, Boston.

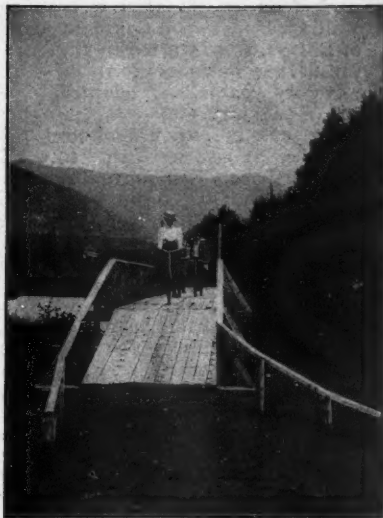
Eleven Points. 1. A gas fire in three minutes; a complete substitute for other kinds of fuel the year around; no dirt, no noise, little care, no danger; does not warp the range; does not burn itself out; does better cooking than can be done any other way; economical; approved by insurance companies.

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The Links have been put in the finest condition for season of 1899. Few Golf Courses in the world exceed the Mount Pleasant in natural interest or in perfection of improvement.

The Bicycle Path to Crawford Notch is now in perfect form, both in grades and surface, and no wheelman should miss the delight of experiencing the novel features of this route.

The Bridal Trail to the Summit of the Rosebrook Range was completed last fall and restores to the White Mountains the enjoyment of the old time expeditions in the saddle through forests and ravines to lofty summits overlooking the sea of mountain peaks.

Daily Concerts in the Big Music Hall continue to be a feature at the Mount Pleasant House.

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THE LITTLE RED DEVIL

THE first people in America to pack food in tin cans were William Underwood Company of Boston, who started in the preserving business in 1822, and some twenty years later adopted this method of packing.

After many years of patient and untiring effort, they at last were able to turn out the article which is to-day known all over the world, in both Hemispheres, as being without equal in quality,—the Original Deviled Ham, with the trade-mark of The Little Red Devil. This result was attained some thirty years ago, after long and ceaseless experimenting, and the first year their output was 100 cans. The one special requirement from the very beginning was that the quality should be absolutely first-class in every respect, and this quality has been maintained to the fullest degree, so that the demand for the Underwood goods, the Red Devil Brand, has increased steadily year by year until at the present time the annual output reaches into the millions,—this firm now having factories in Boston, Cape Cod, Mt. Desert and Jonesport, Maine, and Nova Scotia.

When the attention of the consumer is called to the brand of the Underwood goods, no other goods can be substituted, but there are many instances where the order goes through a servant and no attention is paid to the brand, so that when a can of cheap quality is brought back and found unsatisfactory, the consumer immediately refuses to have any more Deviled Ham in the house, not realizing that the servant has not asked for the right brand of goods to insure fine quality, but has taken whatever the grocer has offered. This is exactly the point to be established; when you try an article and find it suited to your taste and requirements,—take note of the Brand, and then always insist upon having that special brand and do not allow your grocer to substitute any other. Perfect satisfaction is guaranteed to anyone who will insist upon having the Red Devil brand of Deviled meats as the quality is always the same high grade. There are manufacturers who succeed in getting up a good article but as soon as they have established their reputation and created a demand, they allow the quality to gradually deteriorate,

relying on their name instead of keeping the quality of the goods up to the highest standard. This fault cannot be found with goods packed by Wm. Underwood Co.

Always be sure to get the goods bearing the trade-mark of The Little RED DEVIL, and you will be satisfied.

During our late war with Spain our Government bought immense quantities of this Deviled Ham to send to the troops, knowing that here was an article made entirely from the very finest sugar-cured ham and the purest spices. Not one word of complaint was ever made with regard to these goods, either by the officers or the men; moreover, they could not get enough goods supplied by the Government to satisfy their demand. One of our soldiers was lying in a hospital tent when a box from home was brought to him, and he said afterward that the thing he enjoyed the most in that box was a can of Deviled Ham, which he held for a long time, the little RED DEVIL on the label taking him back to dreams of picnics at home, and he soon forgot his misery of the moment and imagined himself off on a picnic sitting in a hammock with a pretty girl; for they always at his home used this special kind of Deviled Ham.

There are endless ways in which this Deviled Ham can be used, but perhaps the best known is in making these delicious sandwiches—spreading it on lightly-buttered bread that has been cut thin. There is nothing the school-children like better than this for their lunches, and it is very generally served at Afternoon Teas and on all such social occasions.

In these days, the demand is usually for either the very cheapest, or else the very best. The Underwood Deviled Ham is the very best, and for a person of any taste, it is therefore the cheapest. As we all know, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," and if your grocer does not keep this brand, send him and your name on a postal to Wm. Underwood Co., Boston, Mass., and they will very gladly send you a 15c can of their Deviled Ham—enough for making four large or eight small sandwiches. If you do this, you will never again be without this Red Devil brand of Deviled Ham, and you will refuse to accept any substitute.